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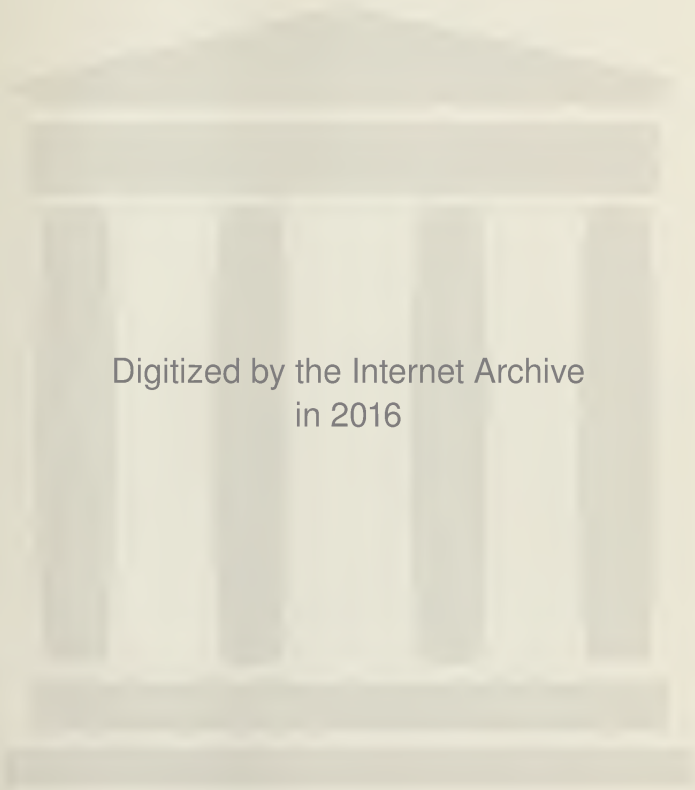
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THE

MEDFORD HISTORICAL REGISTER

VOL. XIII., 1910

Vols 13-16 1910-1914.

PUBLISHED BY THE
MEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY
MEDFORD, MASS.

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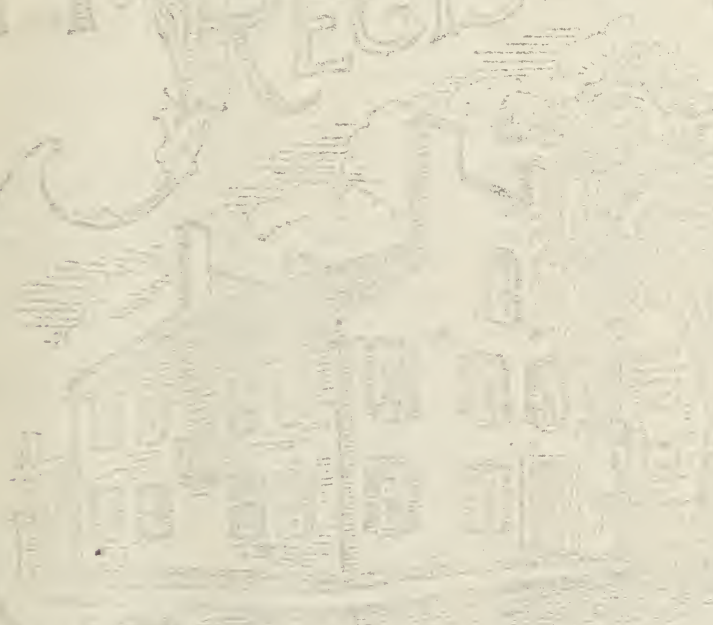

JANUARY, 1910

PUBLISHED BY THE
MEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY
MEDFORD MASSACHUSETTS

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year [illegible], by the
[illegible] Society, Medford, Mass.

MEDFORD HISTORICAL REGISTER.

Published [illegible] January, April, July and October,

BY THE

Medford Historical Society,

AT

No. 2 Ashland Street, Medford, Mass.

[illegible] Subscription price [illegible] per year, payable [illegible]
[illegible] at the Society Rooms and to the Treasurer.

Publication Committee.

GEORGE S. T. FULLER, Chairman. MISS HELEN T. WILD.
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FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to the Medford Historical Society, in the County of Middlesex, and State of Massachusetts, the sum of _____ Dollars, for the general use and purposes of said Society.

(Signed) _____

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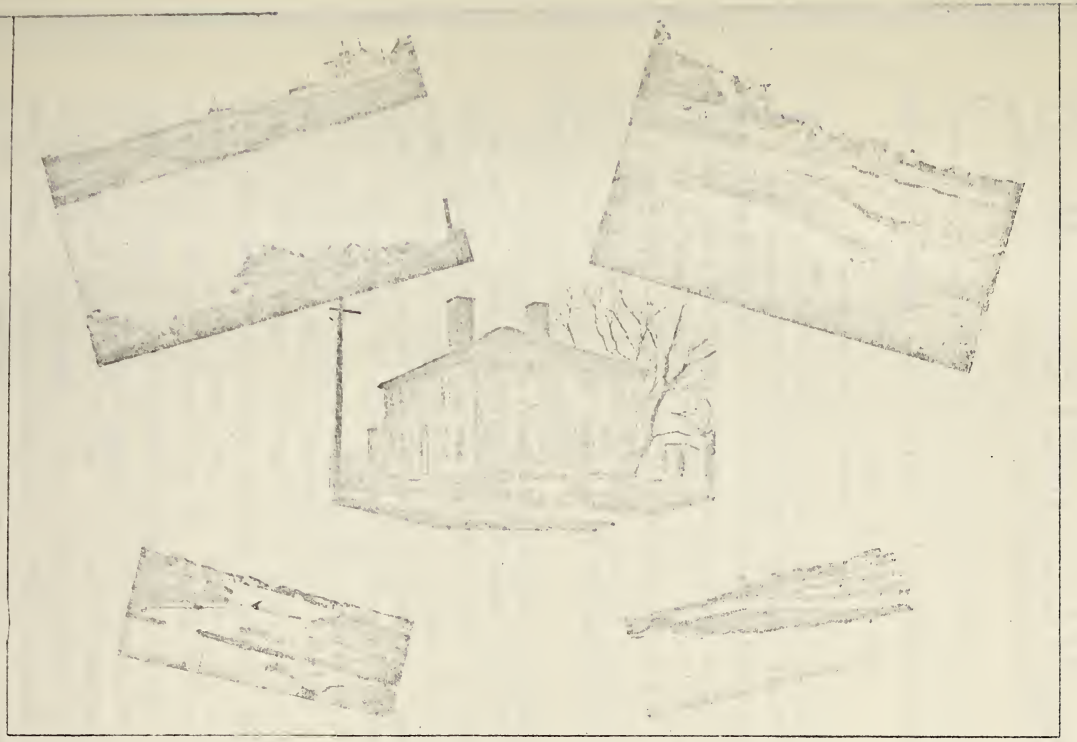


SITE OF BROUGHTON'S MILL
From Medford side.

SITE OF BROUGHTON'S MILL
From Arlington side.

DUNSTER OR DeCARTERET HOUSE

NEW BRIDGE AND MENOTOMY RIVER
(Looking northward).

TEMPORARY DAM ACROSS MYSTIC, 1908
(Broughton's mill site at left).

The Medford Historical Register.

Vol. XIII. JANUARY, 1910. No. 1.

ANCIENT LEGAL CONTENTIONS IN UPPER MEDFORD.

By Arthur E. Whitney, of Winchester.

[Read before the Medford Historical Society, April 3, 1909.]

TWO hundred and fifty years ago our colonial ancestors did not agree in all things any more than do their descendants of today. The court records show that legal disputes were fully as popular, according to population, and as necessary, perhaps, for the good of society, as they are at present. Some of these contentions are interesting as showing the characteristics of the people who engaged in them, and the manner of dispensing justice in the early days of the colony.

The first contest to which attention is called, relates to an acute misunderstanding between Edward Collins of Medford (Governor Cradock's successor in ownership of the Cradock "plantation") and Josiah Converse of Woburn, who owned the ancient "corne mill" and farm, which descended to him from Edward Converse, the father of Woburn, who built the first house and mill in what was then called Waterfield, later Woburn, and at present Winchester. Edward Converse, in his will, devised the mill, now known as the Whitney Mill, Winchester, to "the longest liver of his two sons." The successful "liver" proved to be Josiah Converse, his brother Samuel having been killed at the mill February 21, 1669, by being caught by the water-wheel when chopping ice from the wheel. As an interesting record, we give the conclusion of the "jury of quest on the untimely death of Samuel Convarse." "We saw much blood in the place whereabouts he was judged to stand, also there was blood on the snow from the place to his house;

as is said, he was carried to his house alive and being set in his chair his blood quickly settled within him wholly preventing him from speaking & in about half an hour he was quite departed. We found the back side of his head greatly bruised, his nose grizzle, as we think, was broken, so that the said Convars, his head lying as before expressed, we judge his death to be by the water wheel of the Corne Mill."

In the case of Collins *vs.* Converse, it seems that Collins charged Converse with "detayning" a mare and her colt at the Converse farm, which belonged to Collins, and which Converse took from Collins' "yard." Josiah Converse's property was attached June 7, 1670 (the next year after his brother's death), as security for Josiah's appearance at the county court, June 24, 1670. The witnesses for Collins were all Medford citizens — John G. Wiggin, Daniel Markham, Joseph Blanchard, and two negro servants or slaves belonging to Collins named Francis and Fortune. Wiggin testified that he "perfectly knows her to be the same mare he once bought of Mr. Collins notwithstanding shee is disguised by the clipping of her mane, eares & tayle, yet perfectly knows her to be the mare aforsaid, which himselfe first bought of Mr. Edward Collins and since sold to Daniel Markham." Daniel Markham testified that he bought the mare in question of John Wiggin, who bought her from Collins in the first place. He testified that he "hath divers times ridden her," and that she was the same mare that originally belonged to "his friend Collins," and had been sold by him back to Collins after Collins sold her to Wiggin, and Wiggin to the witness, Daniel Markham. Markham also testified that the mare had her colt after he sold her back to Collins, and that he branded the mare with an M when she was in his possession. Joseph Blanchard testified, "that having occasion to go to Josiah Convars mill, and accidently going by his yard he did see a mare and colt which he knew to belong to Mr. Collins shee having been bred upon his father's farm and is the very mare

and colt now in contraversie." The two negro servants of Collins testified "that being sent to Josiah Convars farm to see the mare and colt afforsaid do affirme thay do certainly know them to be their master's mare and colt notwithstanding the mare being clipt as aforsaid."

In defence of his ownership of the mare and colt Josiah Converse put on James Thompson, James Convars, Nathaniel Hilton and Isaac Brooks. As neither plaintiff or defendant were allowed to testify in their own behalf in 1670, neither Collins or Converse personally appear as witnesses in the case. The Converse witnesses testified that the mare would not leave the Converse farm as it was her home. When taken away five miles to better feed "shee returned home againe and futher shee hath all the qualities of the breed she came of." They testified that the mare is the mare "Josiah Convars bout of his owne and had not been ridden except once or twice or thereabouts." "Shee was as unrewly as colt never broken & shee would rune backwards, fowards, to ye right hand or to ye left and shee is but 4½ years old or under, not like other mares." James Converse and Isaac Brooks testified that "shee hath not the least part of a brand on her neare shoulder."

Notwithstanding that the mare was "not like other mares," the jury decided the mare and colt belonged to Collins, and both were given up to him. But Converse would not admit a permanent defeat, and six months later, December 10, 1670, he brought action against Collins for review of the case. The witnesses in the "review" were mostly for Converse. They testified that after the court the mare "was carryd to Mr. Collins but she came back again, and being fetched away she returned again after harvist." When "lett gow at liberti shee might agon away, but would not at any time." Jacob Cole, Samuel Frost, John Carter, Johnathan Wade, Thomas Gleason, Jermiah Sweyn, Samuel Champney and others all testified that the mare and colt belonged to Converse, that she was not branded, and that "colt's

teeth were found in hir mouth and that she was coming five years old." One witness testified "shee was going six years old" and had never been branded. It is evident that the mare and colt claimed Josiah Converse as their owner and his farm as their home. As the mare would not remain at the Collins farm, and could not be of much use to him, it is probable the jury thought best to legally return the "unrewly" pets to Converse, and it decided in the second trial that the mare and colt belonged to Converse, thus reversing the decision in the first trial. Thus the controversy ended, as many law suits do at present, with no advantage to either side, except that Deacon Josiah Converse successfully defended his good name against the reputation it might have obtained in the highest circle of Medford's colonial society of his being a horse thief.

The next neighborhood dispute to which attention is called is that of the Rev. Zachariah Symmes, first minister of the Charlestown church, with Mr. Thomas Broughton and Mr. Edward Collins, both of Medford. These three gentlemen were men of distinction in their day. The ministers of the early colonial churches were often paid for their services with other "considerations" than pounds, shillings and pence. Land was cheap, and much of it was given to the ministers. Both John Harvard and Rev. Zachariah Symmes were presented with farms in ancient "Waterfield," the locality now known as Winchester but originally belonging to Charlestown. This fact may account for the high moral tone for which the town of Winchester has always been celebrated!

The Harvard farm was situated near the present Catholic cemetery in Winchester, and the Symmes farm, of several hundred acres, was situated at head of Mystic lake, and extended nearly to present Winchester center. The first Symmes house was erected in the center of the Winchester playground, and was occupied and afterwards owned by William Symmes, the only son of Zachariah. There are several homesteads in Winchester now owned by descendants of Zachariah Symmes which have never

passed out of the family possessions. When the lines of Medford were at last established the Symmes farm was included within Medford bounds, but later this part of Medford was set off to Winchester.

Previous to 1860 the upper part of present Mystic lake was a meadow, large in extent, and not flowed over as at the present time by the Mystic Water Works dam. It was known as the Symmes' meadow, and the grass was cut for cattle. Previous to the contention now under consideration, it seems that Thomas Broughton and Edward Collins had erected a mill-dam on the Mystic river which was erected so high as to flow the upper part of the river, Mystic lake, and the Symmes' meadow, to the great damage of Symmes, according to the record. The location of the Broughton dam is said to have been just above the crossing of Arlington and Jerome streets, West Medford, but nothing in the record states the location of the dam. This mill privilege passed away long ago, and no one living remembers anything about it, but if it had been maintained to later times it would have been a valuable water power, as the dam must have flowed a very large reservoir, even if it had not flowed over the Symmes' meadows.

The record in this case is as follows: "At a County Court held at Charlestown, June 16th, 1675, Mr. Zachariah Symmes, plaintiff appears against Mr. Thomas Broughton and Mr. Edward Collins, defendents, in an action of the case of a nuisance done to his meadow lying at or near to Mystic Ponds, by stopping the flow of the water course by a mill Dammn, whereby his farm is rendered incapable to maintain his cattle in winter and part of the summer." Under attachment, both parties legally and personally appeared in court, the attachment was read and the evidences are all on file with the record of this court. The jury brought in their verdict, finding for the plaintiff with damages, "Forty and One Shillings and costs of court, Three pounds, Thirteen Shillings and Eight pence." County Court Records, Vol. 1st, Page 296.

"The evidences" (testimony of the witnesses) in this

case are not to be found, but it is plain that Symmes won the suit, and that the costs of court were much larger than the amount of damage, as is liable to be the case today. The record shows that "Johnathan Whitney of Watertown," one of the writer's ancestors, was one of the jurors in this case, which has a tendency to make him believe that the verdict was a just one!

Another contention which was settled in court in Charlestown, October 6, 1663, was of a little different character from either of the other two already cited. It indicates how closely bound together were the church and the people, and how the former insisted, as much as possible, in doing all the thinking for the people, especially in church and religious matters. But some of our ancestors had commenced to think for themselves, and no amount of coercion or court proceedings could stop them. The case now under discussion was that of the church at Charlestown against Ursula Cole, wife of John Cole of Charlestown, who is recorded as being one of the owners of a Waterfield farm, now Winchester. The complaint was, that Mrs. Cole indulged in "defamatory talk" against the Rev. Zachariah Symmes, who was also a Waterfield and, later, a Medford, land owner, besides being minister of the Charlestown church. After a long trial and many witnesses were examined, the said Ursula Cole was found guilty and fined "Five Pounds and costs of court, to be paid by her husband, or to be publicly whipped." History does not record whether the husband paid the fine (a very heavy one for those days) or allowed his wife to be whipped, but it is recorded that the sum of her offending, for which she was sentenced to such a grievous punishment, was this: it was proved beyond a reasonable doubt that she had said she "had as leife hear an old cat mew as hear the Rev. Zachariah Symmes preach." Perhaps Mrs. Cole's judgment was good as regards the preaching the people had to listen to in Charlestown, but she was not at liberty, as we of today, to "talk about the minister" or the church or religion when and where we please.

EARLY IMPROVEMENTS ON THE MYSTIC.

The building of Mystic Valley Parkway between Wear and Cradock bridges, with the construction of the dam above the latter, has transformed a tidal stream, dreary marshes and unimproved land into a water park and boulevard now approaching completion. With the planting of trees and shrubs, the coming years will add to its attractiveness. But this is only a portion of the comprehensive scheme which affects for good other areas. The largest tributary of the Mystic, for many years known as Alewife brook, is undergoing a radical change, both in its course and in its sanitary conditions. Deepened, widened, and its extreme crookedness eliminated, it will afford passage for canoes and motor boats to Spy pond, and perhaps, in some future time, may connect with the greater water park of the Charles.

Near its confluence with the Mystic, over two hundred and fifty years ago, when the Massachusetts colony was young, was built the "corne" mill and fulling mill of Thomas Broughton. This was in Charlestown territory, which extended westward to and along Medford pond, now called Mystic lake, and because of its adjoining New-towne (Cambridge) border, was called the "linefeilde."

Ancient Charlestown had other such fields where their cattle were kept, and in which the early settlers acquired a proprietary by fencing; in this, one of four rails was required.

This field contained a little over two hundred and thirty-five acres, beside the tract of Edward Johnson, which contained ten acres. Through this latter flowed the stream later known as Sucker brook, which drained the great meadows above the "Foot of the Rocks." Mt. Pleasant Cemetery and the gas works in Arlington are in its bounds.

As early as 1637 it was ordained "That a ffooteway bee made over Wenotomies & A way bettween the Lotts lefte 3 pole wide." An ancient plan, produced in a lawsuit near the close of the seventeenth century, shows this "bridgway" parallel with Cambridge boundary, and run-

ning straight from the "ffooteway" (Broadway bridge) to near the baseball grounds beside the cemetery. Extending from the boundary to "Misticke weare" was a highway in much the same location as Arlington's Medford street. From the three-pole bridgeway was another, where is now River street, which connects with Harvard avenue by the Usher bridge.

No island is shown at the weare, but two are shown much farther down the stream.

Some thirty-five persons acquired rights in this tract and are named on the plan.

Charlestown anticipated the modern parkway at that early date by reserving, possibly some along the Mystic, but certainly several rods bordering on "Wenotime river."

On the other side was the wooded slope of Walnut-tree hill (now College hill) where Governor Winthrop, lost in the forest, spent a lonely October night a few years earlier, and sought the friendly shelter of the vacant wigwam of Wonoquahan, the Sagamore.

The year before the footway was established, the college at New-towne, the earliest to be established, was begun, and the following year (1640) its first president, the Rev. Henry Dunster assumed its charge, coming hither from Boston, where he had for a short time lived. A few years later he became the owner of about one-half of the "linefeilde," which was conveyed to him by deed of twenty inhabitants of Charlestown. In their deed they style it Wenatomie, *alias* Menatomie field, and its eastern boundary "Menatomie brooke."

Seventeen of them made acknowledgment in 1646, and three "on 2nd of 10th month" (*i.e.*, December), 1654, and all before Increase Nowell, one of the few men then styled Mister.

Jno. Fownell, the Charlestown miller, "sould" thirteen acres, "wch I recovued by law from the estate of George Cooke Coronell, for the educacion of his daughter."

Robert Long, the tavern-keeper of Charlestown, was the first grantor named. His portion was sixteen acres

and a house; none others mentioned houses, only land. According to the plan named this comprised two lots of four acres each and one of eight. The latter extended from the bridgeway to the Mystic, and southward from Usher bridge.

Many residents of Medford will recall the very old house demolished but a few years since when work began on the parkway. By the thoughtfulness of members of the Arlington Historical Society, a photograph of the same was secured just before its demolition, which by their courtesy we are able to present.

While there is no absolute proof that it is identical with the one Robert Long conveyed, it is highly probable that it was.

Returning to President Dunster, we notice that he acquired this dwelling and land in what must have been to him a strenuous time, one of much affliction and sorrow. He had then guided the affairs of the college for fourteen years. During the previous year he had seen fit to depart from the existing custom, and had not presented his infant child for baptism.

This was nothing less than rank heresy in the eyes of the theocratic leaders of the time, and led to his resignation on June 10, 1654.

Consistent in his belief, he publicly gave utterance to his views in the meeting-house on July 30, and resultant on action of the overseers, he made a final resignation on October 24.

On November 4 he asked his just due, an accounting for his services, which the General Court did not see fit to grant, evidently fearing he would take up the profession of law. Six days later he petitioned for liberty to remain in the president's house, which was allowed until the end of the year.

In March (the first month of 1655) the court took action against him for his speech of the previous July, and on April 3 arraigned him for the crime (?), sentencing him to be publicly admonished therefor.

The query naturally arises, To what place did he remove on March 1st, 1655? Possibly an answer may be found in the following, recorded on page 184 of second book of Middlesex Records: —

"To all people to whome these prsents shall come, Henry Dunster of Manottimy, within the precincts of Cambridge . . . Clarke, Sendethe Greeting . . . for Divors good reasons & considerations him hereunto moving, but especially for the consideration of the sum of ten pounds, . . . payd . . . by Thomas Broughton of Boston margt. . . . do confirm unto . . . Broughton . . . all that parell of Land on wch the Corne mills & fulling mills stands wch the said Thomas Broughton built on Menottomye land & in the River of Mysticke, together with twenty-foure Rods in length by the Riverside aforesaid, the one halfe of the said Rods to be above said mills & the other halfe below said mill, next adjoining to it: & twelve Rods bk into the sd. minnottomie fields from the said Riverside, with two Rods broad for a highway (from the sd. Mills) to go too & fro betwixt the said Mills & Concord way throu all the land of the said Hen. Dunster till it shall come unto the publique country highway to Concord, to be layd out as strayte as conveniently may for all passengers & carriages with all priviledges in reference to said land & thereto appertayning, . . . and lastly [ ] the now wife of" [H. D. &c].

The above bears date of March 6, 1656, and was witnessed by Edward Collins, Thomas Gleason, David Dunster and John Stratton.

His son David was then eleven years of age, but made mark thus, T. Mrs. Dunster's signature does not appear.

As the grantor is thus (a year subsequent to his removal from the president's house) styled of Menottimy within the [west] precinct, it is not impossible but that he then occupied the house purchased of Robert Long, which, though in the territorial bounds of Charlestown, was but a short distance from the line and in Menotomy field. Of this, however, there is no proof; but what more probable than that he moved from the president's house into his own when the inclement winter had passed and the time the overseers had ungraciously granted him expired?

What more likely than that, in view of his coming removal, he should have secured the completion of his

title to Menotomy land immediately after his petition of November 10, 1654? With the opening of 1655 it is evident that work on the mills and dam across the river had been begun, as it required time then, as now, and more so, to do such work.

The Broughton dam, which, as shown by the above deed, must have been built in 1655, extended across the river from the lot deeded to President Dunster by William Brackenbury to land in Medford purchased by Edward Collins of the Cradock heirs, and was the first to be erected in the river of Mysticke. How it was constructed we may never know, but those who observed the recent building of the Cradock dam can well realize the extent of this undertaking so long ago. Probably clay from the present site of Arlington street was used, as in the recent dredging of the river, clay at that point, and no other, defied the effort of the steam dredge, but yielded at last to increased power and dynamite.

In June of 1905 the writer, in company with the Messrs. Hooper, went over the ground and searched for some trace of the ancient structure, and none too soon. Mr. H. secured photographs of the old mill site and raceway, which by his courtesy we present. Three days later the whole was obliterated by the grading work of the contractors.

Retiring from the college, Mr. Dunster had entered somewhat into business life, but had given mortal offence to the ever watchful authorities. So on April 3 he was called up for the public admonition before mentioned. Mr. Broughton, having completed his mills, received the deed of land and way thereto, and probably Mr. Dunster retained some interest therein.

By the building of this dam the river above and Medford ponds assumed a higher level, and soon complaint was heard of flowage of meadows.

Of these but one has come down to our notice. Preserved in Boston Public Library is the following, whose date shows that one of the watchful leaders of the theocracy

that would brook no opposition to established forms and ideas was early on hand. This bond, which is in the handwriting of Mr. Dunster, not only shows his willingness to arbitrate the issue, but also the talents the theocratic leaders felt might be employed in the legal profession.

"June 10th, 1656. These prsnts witness yt. Mr Thomas Broughton of Boston. Merchant, Mr Edward Collins of Medford Merchant & Henry Dunster of Cambridge Clark, on ye, one pt. & Mr Zackary Sims of Charlestown pastor of ye Church of Ct there & Mr William Sims his son of Charlestown on ye other party do oblige and bind ourselves each party to other in ye sum of ten, [pounds] to stand unto & abide by ye finall issue & Determination of Edward Convers Samuel Richardson James Convers & Thomas Emes, of in & concerning such wst. or damage as they shal finde yt ye meddows of foresd Mr Sims & his son have sustained [*this year*] by reason of any ponding of ye river outside its wonted course by ye mill just below on yt river; but not for any other accidental Damages yt have befallen ye sayd meddows or may so whether by excessive rains this spring or rooting of hogs or pasturage of Cattle after due time of restoration of ye said meddows from cattle; or ye like, yt do or may appear to be other Diverse & heterogenory causes from ye pdning [ponding] of water for ye mill; wch only & ye prgt (?) & Ill consequences therof, ye aforesd four men have powr by these pysnt to issue & Determine; as upon Due evidence good reason & Consciencous grounds, they Soe finde, learne, concieve, or can be informed, provided also yt if ye four psons afforte canot Determine & issue unanimously or by joint consent ye sayd Difference; That yn they shal take in unto yn John Wyman for a fifth and yt according to ye purport of ye prmissor & not otherwise, any three of sd five shall by their act and deed Determine ye cause dependent. In witness of ye prmissors the parties above sd hereunto st their hands.

"Henry Dunster for Mr Thomas Broughton
"Edward Collins
"Henry Dunster for himself
"William Symms for Mr Zechariah Syms
"William Symms"

It would be interesting to know the conclusion reached by the referees, but one thing is clearly evident — Mr. Dunster drew the bond so closely as to closely limit the damage (if any) to flowage of water. It is to be presumed that the case was satisfactorily settled, as no account of the same is known till nineteen years later.

But Mr. Dunster was not allowed rest. On December 29 of the same year his daughter Elizabeth was born. As he did not present her for baptism within three months, the grand jury took action in the matter on April 7, 1657, and on June 16 the court at Charlestown bound him in the sum of ten pounds (Richard Russell furnishing bond) for his appearance before the Court of Assistants at Boston. Mr. Dunster finally removed himself entirely from the Massachusetts colony to the more tolerant one of Plymouth, and on February 27, 1659, at Scituate, passed away, after having made provision for his burial in the "God's Acre" at the college he had faithfully served. Conscious of his integrity, as many another persecuted one has been, he wrote to his oppressors, "I am not the man you take me to be."

A granddaughter, Elizabeth, married Philip Carteret, or DeCarteret, and doubtless lived in the old house alluded to, long known as the Carteret house. Substantial in construction, it outlived the vicissitudes of two centuries, though at the last it was sadly neglected. The dwellers in and thereabouts were not of the highest order, and the near territory came to acquire the sobriquet of Goat Acre. In its last years it fell into two ownerships, and one-half being repaired and painted, the other suffered by contrast.

On portions of the old Linefield, later Wenatomie, and latterly, by general use, Menotomy, are extensive market gardens. But summer crops do not satisfy the demand, and under the glass of the great greenhouses are grown, the year round, the supplies of the Boston market. The sand of other portions has been for years used in the plaster of Arlington and Medford houses, and its gravel in the concrete sidewalks, thus leaving unsightly pits here and there.

The "mills ware," once a source of revenue to Newtowne, exists only in early records. This was beside the footway, and near the present St. Paul's Cemetery.

For half a century the mill served its purpose, under

different owners, and the "two rods broad" became a highway passing over the dam and extending to Grove street, the road from Cambridge to Woburn.

Forty years ago, ere the extreme west end of Medford was built, there was a growth of birch and cherry (such as grows along road sides) in a diagonal line across the plain. The ground adjacent was full of small stones, evidently placed there as the fields were cleared for cultivation. These, doubtless, marked the position of this old road from the river northward.

Just when the mills ceased to be used and the road discontinued is difficult to determine, but probably long after the suit of Symmes *vs.* Collins, described in the previous article by Mr. Whitney.

Mr. Symmes had several acres of upland and some marsh bordering on the Menotomy which, situated *below*, was quite near to the Broughton mill. The building of the dam "in the river of Misticke" may have deflected the tidal flow southward into the Menotomy to a greater degree than usual. Some have thought this to be the meadow said to have been damaged, but as it was salt marsh it is doubtful if the hogs rooted there.

The other meadows of Mr. Symmes were nearly two miles away on the Aberjona, just beyond the Medford ponds. According to Mr. Brooks, the tidal flow affected the pond a few inches. If the Broughton dam was of a height much higher than flood-tide, it is evident that its effect would be to "damnify" a fresh-water meadow. If so, it is also evident that the power thus created was great and the privilege valuable. It was across the Aberjona, just below the Symmes' meadows, that the massive stone aqueduct of the Middlesex canal was built in 1828. There, on February 15, 1855, an ice-jam was formed by a sudden thaw, and these same meadows were soon several feet under water, the railroad bridge at Wedgemere wrecked, and Main street, in Winchester, at the railroad crossing, fourteen inches submerged, and boats rowed thereon. In 1861 the aqueduct was removed, and in

1865 the Symmes' meadows disappeared altogether at the building of the Mystic dam.

But during the years the Mystic and Menotomy rivers have been bringing down the detritus, as their wooded slopes have been denuded, while the inflowing tides have in a measure barred the outflow. The smaller stream, doubtless much larger in President Dunster's day, shrunk to narrow width, was doubled on its course at intervals, and robbed of the natural outflow of Fresh pond, became sluggish and unsanitary in the extreme.

But during the past two years all this has been changed. Instead of the narrow, serpentine stream flowing both ways, with adjoining marshes a foot lower than those a mile down stream, is now a broader, deeper channel, with easy, graceful curves, and spanned near its entrance to the Mystic by a graceful arch of concrete masonry forty feet in width. Over this extends the boulevard through the twenty-four rods by the riverside of the Broughton mill site. This is at Medford's doors, and of interest if we ask, "Who is our neighbor?"

A year ago the Medford Historical Society took steps looking to the restoration of the ancient and appropriate name of the boundary stream which, neglected, had become a menace, and also to suggest an appropriate one for the bridge, built at a cost of $10,000. The societies of Cambridge (New-towne), Arlington (Menotomy), and Somerville (Charles-towne), cities and town that "butt & bound" thereon, have co-operated. The result is petitions to the Park Commission, which it is hoped will secure the names in future of Menotomy river and Dunster bridge. The former has historic precedent, and abundant warrant by "documentary proof." What can be more fitting than the name of the learned college president, who suffered for conscience sake, and through it all foresaw the coming of the time of liberty of conscience for all men; who made way for the industrial development of Menotomy field, and whose descendants lived therein?

M. W. M.

MEDFORD YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

By Benjamin Pratt Hollis.

[Read before the Medford Historical Society, April 7, 1906, by C. H. Loomis.]

In the autumn of 1866, thirty-nine years ago, a movement was made in Medford to establish a Young Men's Christian Association. To that end, the various churches in town were requested to discontinue the evening worship on a certain Sunday and meet in a union service at Mystic Congregational Church. The meeting, which was well attended, was presided over by Mr. Baxter E. Perry, and the principal speaker was Mr. L. P. Rowland, secretary, at that time, of the Boston Young Men's Christian Association. A substantial collection, taken at the meeting, provided the embryo society with funds to commence its work.

The first meeting of the Association was held December 31, 1866, when the following officers were elected: —

President,	Baxter E. Perry.	
Vice-president,	Joseph L. Goldthwait,	Methodist.
	Elisha B. Curtis,	Baptist.
	Eleazer Boynton, Jr.,	Mystic Congregational.
	Almarin F. Badger,	First Congregational.
	Gardiner P. Gates,	Episcopal.
Treasurer,	Alonzo E. Tainter.	
Secretary,	Charles E. Joyce.	

On the fifth of April, 1867, the society took possession of a room in Usher's building on High street, subsequently occupied by the Medford Savings Bank. The apartment was well furnished with magazines, newspapers and suitable periodicals, and the walls hung with appropriate pictures.

The following extract from the constitution will show the reason for its existence: —

"The object of the Association shall be the improvement of the spiritual, mental and social condition of Young Men."

At the second choice of officers, in 1867, Charles H. Merrill, of First Congregational, was substituted as vice-

president. Mr. Badger had resigned soon after his election, and Francis H. Kidder had been chosen to fill the vacancy. At the same time Charles E. Joyce tendered his resignation, and Arthur T. Tufts was elected to the office of secretary.

At the third election, in 1868, when the membership numbered ninety-two, the following board was chosen: —

President,	Daniel W. Wilcox.	
Vice-president,	Charles C. Newcomb,	Methodist.
	Elisha B. Curtis,	Baptist.
	D. B. Callender,	Mystic Congregational.
	Francis H. Kidder,	First Congregational.
	Benjamin P. Hollis	Episcopal.
Treasurer,	Alonzo E. Tainter.	
Secretary,	Arthur T. Tufts.	

A literary class, a Bible class, and a course of lectures were maintained, with occasional interruptions, for two years.

The Association was sustained in a more or less flourishing condition until the spring of 1869, when, at the annual meeting in March, this entry upon the records tells the story of its dissolution: —

"It has long been apparent to the members that the Association has failed to accomplish those objects for which it was organized. The past year it has accomplished but little. Various attempts have been made to infuse life, but they have not been successful. Feeling that the Association was practically a failure it was moved by the Secretary, that the Executive Board be authorized to sell all the property of the Association, including the lease of the room, and use the proceeds, after paying all bills, to their best judgment; and that when the meeting adjourn that it adjourn *sine die*."

Thus, after an existence of less than three years, the Young Men's Christian Association of Medford came to an end. To attribute the cause of the non-success of the undertaking, or enterprise, would require an extended dissertation upon the conditions that operated at the time. One remark, dropped at a meeting by one of the clergymen of the town, in the course of an address, may be cited. It was innocently uttered, but blighting in its

effect upon the minds of those who listened: "I shall not be with you much."

The aloofness of Episcopalians, the self-centered interests of the Baptists, the multifarious activities of the members of the Mystic and Methodist communions, and the willingness of the clergymen to allow matters outside their own parishes to run without special help, coupled with the absence of that subtile spirit of self-sacrifice which animates the true missionary, the undeveloped correlative element that sees the need of unity in Christian effort — these may be recorded as some of the causes of its failure. The causes were known to some, the fact was deplored by many. This may be considered a drastic arraignment of the existing incumbents, and, in extenuation, it may be pleaded that it is thought by many that such societies sap the life and weaken the energy of the churches.

But let us suppose the institution had been sustained and could now be numbered with the one thousand six hundred kindred associations in the land, its capacity for the improvement and entertainment of young men, increased by the addition of a gymnasium, bowling alleys and a swimming pool, supplemented by the opportunity to participate in in-door games, and the encouragement of "current topics" discussions, what a vast benefit might have accrued to Medford, what a powerful influence for good upon her future!

Since then two other efforts have been made to establish beneficial associations, the "Improvement Society" in 1884, and the "Good Government Club" in 1900. The former survived about two years, the latter a shorter period.

In the light of these experiences, may not the question be asked most significantly, "Has Medford made the most of her opportunities?"

THE LAST MEDFORD INDIAN.

Mr. Brooks, in his "History of Medford," written more than fifty years ago, devoted some space to the Indians, and before closing with a somewhat elaborate flight of fancy, said, "In Medford they lived in 'Turkey swamp.' . . . The last Indian here was 'Hannah Shiner,' who lived with 'Old Toney,' a noble-souled mulatto man, who lived on the Woburn road, in West Medford, opposite where the town schoolhouse once stood."

It may be noticed that this location is that of the present Sarah Fuller Home, and near to the home of Mr. Brooks. Doubtless, in his early boyhood, as a neighbor, he had abundant opportunity to learn what were this old Indian woman's characteristics. He wrote, "Hannah was kind hearted, a faithful friend, a sharp enemy, a judge of herbs, a weaver of baskets, and a lover of rum." This is all the information he gave us of her, but alluded to a Thanksgiving dinner, probably spoiled in the total destruction of "Old Toney's" house by fire. We may query whether Hannah cooked the dinner that was to have been served to Toney's dozen "colored friends;" and also how the fire originated, but all in vain: the time, even, is unknown, save that it was at Thanksgiving time.

But later, Hannah Shiner lived in Turkey swamp. This is a locality the younger people of Medford do not know by that name. Doubtless many know of the Winchester reservoirs lying between the hills to the north of Ram's Head and the observatory. A few years ago a native of Woburn, a close observer of people and events,* wrote of her, "Hannah Shiner, an Indian who for many years lived in a little hut on the east side of Turkey swamp, just under a hanging rock. On the spot is a cool and never-failing spring that now runs into the north part of the south reservoir. For seventy-five years it has been called the Hannah Shiner spring. The land on which it is was once owned by Samuel Hutchinson and

*Col. N. A. Richardson, late of Winchester.

was then called the 'Donty Richardson lot.' The town of Winchester now owns it." But cool and refreshing as was the spring water in 1820, Hannah was still a lover of rum, and on December 22 came down to see Mrs. Hutchinson while under its influence. After venting her displeasure upon that good lady's "earthen milk pans," much to their detriment, she continued on her devious way to the village of South Woburn (Winchester). In going over the foot-bridge that spanned the Aberjona, she fell into the water and was drowned.

The same writer said, "She had a little dog that always went with her; the dog commenced barking and gave the alarm. Abel Richardson (who owned the mill and lived near by) and his sons took her out of the water and carried her into his house; from there, two days after, she was buried. There was a great attendance at the funeral, the Rev. Joseph Chickering of Woburn preaching a sermon from this text, 'And hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth.'"

Some have thought her drowning was at the bridge on Main street, near by, instead of at what is now Pleasant street. Both were near Abel Richardson's house, and as the wind blew fiercely down the valley on that winter day, it overcame her as she emerged from the old trail that led down from the highlands between two eminences by the river side. The river then flowed where is now the Scientist Church, lately the Episcopal Church of the Epiphany, its course having been moved several rods westward about thirty years ago.

Hannah Shiner's "hut under the rock" was not within Medford bounds, but a little over the line in Stoneham. The ledge rose perpendicularly and faced toward the south. Her rude shelter was but a rod away from it, and the spring mentioned close by.

The location of her rude home in Turkey swamp, sheltered by the ledge, high, straight and long, was an ideal one for the last survivor here of a vanished race. The

proximity of the old trails, the sunny exposure, the clear, cool spring, and the turkeys, abundant in number, that gave the swamp its name, and which she doubtless snared, all these appealed to her aboriginal nature, for she was of full blood. Tradition has it that she found sale for her baskets, and occasional employment, among the housewives of the adjoining towns, and doubtless her knowledge of Indian remedies hinted at by Mr. Brooks was also profited by.

And so, for some years after the fire at Old Toney's, she lived her wild life in that rocky fastness among the hills, till on that winter day, just two hundred years after the day of Plymouth rock, decrepit with age, benumbed with cold, but inflamed by the fire-water of the white men that her ancestors called *Oncapee*, she came to her death in the chill waters of the Aberjona.

Her funeral is mentioned, and also her burial. Possibly she was not buried, for somewhere, up to a few years ago (and, possibly, still), a skeleton of an Indian, said to have been that of Hannah Shiner, was preserved. It was articulated, and used in the demonstration of anatomy to medical students.

On the Woburn records (some years ago printed) is this entry among the deaths: —

Shinar, Hannah, Indian, pauper of Medford, Dec. 22, 1820, 82 yrs.

The town record here quoted gives clue to the way by which an old practitioner came into possession of the body. The gruesome details of its preparation we may well omit, only local tradition has it that the last Indians had fear of such fate; though they feared not death, the former, doubtless, with good reason.

Later it passed into the possession of another and eminently worthy physician, and when not in use as an "anatomy" (as the common term was) was kept in an "ancient hair trunk under the bed in the attic." There our informant slept in childhood. He saw it many times,

and seems not to have had the fear thereof that the gruesome relics may well be supposed to inspire.

At the present time, both the site of the hut and spring are ten feet below the surface of the water of the middle reservoir, from which the "hanging rock" or ledge rises. Doubtless the spring boils up as clear as ever, but at the time the man wrote this reservoir was not complete, and being higher than the south reservoir, the water flowed in that direction, thus making this spring one of the sources of Meetinghouse brook.

Along the eastern edge of Turkey swamp was the old Indian trail to the Merrimack; and across the swamp westward, doubtless the way the aged Indian woman went for the last time on that winter day, was another. A causeway of logs made passage through the bog secure; these were with some difficulty removed in preparing the reservoir, which lies between two ranges of hills. But not all of the old swamp where Hannah Shiner roamed and gathered herbs or basket stuff has disappeared. Near where the old trail lay is an island which refused to be submerged, but rose, floating on the waters as they gathered, and is held in position by some unseen connection.

Our venerable friend wrote that Mr. Chickering was an able preacher, that as "dissatisfaction had sprung up in his society he took the occasion to preach an impressive sermon," and added that his informant, there present, said, "Not a dry eye could be seen in the audience as he described the sad end of this poor Indian woman."

Mr. Chickering owned some land through which a brook flowed; one of his parish wished to purchase and use the same as a mill site. He would not sell without security from flowage of his other land. This was declined, and ere long discontent began to be noticed, and so continued was it for several years that the good man's efforts were made void, and a few days after this funeral occasion some action was taken that resulted in his asking his people for dismission.

Yet he came to the burial of this poor old Indian

woman, the last of her race, dead because a "lover of rum," with the same graces and gifts in exercise, as to the wealthy and beloved of his parish.

After one reads Mr. Brooks' closing words referred to, this thought recurs:—

> "Lo! the poor Indian whose untutored mind
> Sees God in the cloud and hears him in the wind."

Doubtless the Great Spirit hovered over the lonely hut in Turkey swamp, caring for her whose "kind heart" had ample opportunity to there behold Him in the clouds and the tempests that raged over these rocky wilds.

Mr. Brooks was twenty-five years old in 1820, and just entering his work as a Christian minister. Doubtless he was absent from Medford when this native American, over four score years old, whom he had known in his boyhood as a faithful friend, perished in the cold waters of the Aberjona, or he might have written thereabout in 1854.

M. W. M.

QUAINT OLD RECORDS.

Old Medford records are not more peculiar than those of other towns, as witness the following:—

Woburn Dr. to Daniel Reed Junior, to boarding Sally priest nine weeks at 2*s.* per week ending —ye 5th of March —

£.	*s.*
0.	18. 0

to her bringing the itch into my family I leave to your generosity, but money should not hire me to have it.

DANIEL REED JUNIOR

WOBURN March 2 ye 1792

Allowed for Itch 1–0.–0

£ 1. 18. 0

In Medford, in 1702, the town had a reckoning with Ensign John Bradshaw, and found there was due him for labor performed and minister's board, "from the beginning of the world to this day £16, 16*s*, 6*d*."

But ninety-one years later, when money was dollars, *rum* seems to have been current in Charlestown. Some one has styled it "Everlasting Rum."

CHARLESTOWN, April 6, 1793.

This day Rec'd of Benj n Wright one Glass of Cherry Rum in full of all Demands from the beginning of the World to the end of the World I say

Rec'd by MR NEHEMIAH WYMAN.

It seems Mr. Reed's confidence was not misplaced, and the Wyman–Wright accounts effectually closed.

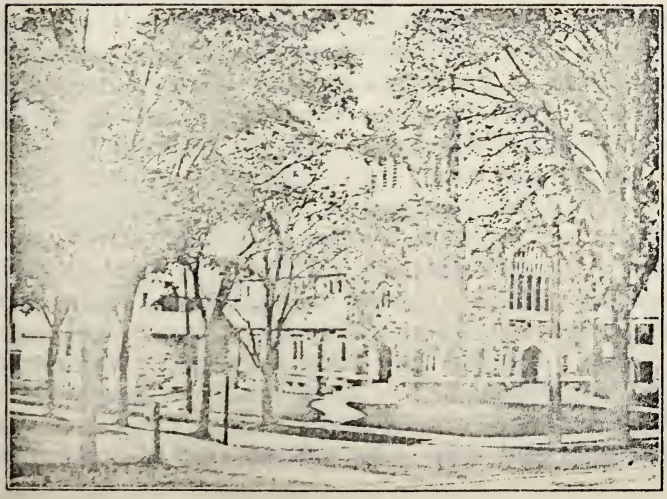
HIGH TIDES AT MEDFORD.

Under the head of "Distillation," Mr. Brooks mentioned one Blanchard, whose first plant "was east of the bridge. There rose a tide so high as to overflow all his vats with salt water. This ruined him, as entirely as it did his rum." He added, "With courage he kept his spirits up," etc.

Times have changed — some keep courage up with spirits — still the tides ebb and flow, and occasionally run very high. In 1851, at the destruction of Minot's Light, Medford Square was flooded, and transit was had in boats, but the square has been raised since. Stories are told of numerous boulders then rolled upon the canal aqueduct to weight it down. No tide, since, equalled it, not even in the "Portland storm."

On December 26 last, after a raging storm, the tide rose almost as high as in '51, flooding the wharves and rising on old Ship street. The new dam proved its usefulness and stability. The upper Mystic remained at its normal height, and perils by flood, such as Chelsea had, were not added to blockade by storm.

First House of Worship.



Present House of Worship.

THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF WEST MEDFORD.

The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XIII. APRIL, 1910. No. 2.

THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF WEST MEDFORD.

BY HERBERT N. ACKERMAN.

[Read before the Medford Historical Society, May 17, 1909.]

THE Congregational Church of West Medford, organized in June, 1872, developed naturally from a Sabbath-school which had been in existence for seven years.

At the time the Sabbath-school was opened there were on High street, between Winthrop square and the West Medford depot, twenty-five houses; on Prescott street, eight; on Cottage street, four; on Canal street, one; on Warren street, four; on Irving street, two; on Brooks street, four; on Allston street, ten; on Mystic street, four; on Woburn and Purchase (now Winthrop) streets, thirteen. These, with three barns, a blacksmith shop (corner High and Warren streets), the schoolhouse (corner Brooks and Irving streets), and the almshouse, make eighty-one buildings east of the railroad and north of Mystic river.

West of the railroad and north of High street were two dwellings next the depot, and the buildings of the Brooks' estates. Between High street and Mystic river were eleven buildings—a barn opposite the Brooks' farmhouse; Mystic Hall, at its present location; the residences of Mr. George F. Spaulding and Mr. Henry T. Woods, River street (now Harvard avenue); of Mr. Horace A. Breed, Bower street; the old Canal House, at the present intersection of Boston avenue and Arlington street, and five dwellings on Canal street. The larger part of this tract was known as the "Smith Estate," upon which there had previously been conducted a girls' boarding school,

with dormitories at the Mansion House, on Canal street, and Mystic Hall for recitations.

The churches then at Medford were the Unitarian, Universalist and Mystic, at present locations; Episcopal, near present site of the Armory; First Trinitarian, in the building where is now Page & Curtin's hardware business; Baptist, in the building since used as a livery stable, next to the Salem street cemetery; and the Methodist, at the corner of Salem and Oakland streets — at distances inconvenient for regular attendance of the children and the aged of families where no horses were kept.

The Teele and Huffmaster farms, extending side by side north from High street, were being opened up for new residents. Mr. Samuel Teele lived in the house still standing between Brooks street and Hammond place; Mr. John H. Norton, whose wife was Martha Huffmaster, occupied the Huffmaster homestead, High street, corner Allston; N. T. Merritt, Franz Diebold and E. M. Platt were on Prescott street; Mr. Hawley, Franklin Patch, William McLean, Luther Farwell, Ira P. Ackerman and Henry L. Barnes on Allston street. Mr. Barnes moved from Boston in February, 1857, and lived in the same house till his death, in January, 1904, which house he gave by will to the West Medford Congregational Society.

Mr. and Mrs. Barnes united with the First Trinitarian Church, Medford, by letter from the Mount Vernon Church, Boston, and he was so active a worker that he was soon elected a deacon, which office he held till the First Church united with the Mystic Church.

A Methodist class meeting had been held during a part of 1864 at the house of Mr. Hawley. A series of maternal meetings was also held in 1864, sometimes, at least, at the house of Mrs. Barnes. These were monthly meetings, with children in attendance quarterly. Mrs. Barnes also assembled a class of children on Saturday afternoons, to whom she taught the Bible lesson assigned for the next day's study in the Sabbath-school. This class was for the children who could not attend Sabbath-

school at Medford on account of the distance, and it came to number about thirty.

Plainly some place more commodious than a private house was needed for this increasing class. Deacon Barnes conducted a canvass, with assistance, and found sufficient sentiment in support of the plan to form a Sabbath-school. A call was issued for a meeting, to be held Sunday afternoon, May 28, to organize.

Eighty-five persons attended, held an open discussion of the plan in all its aspects, voted to organize the Mystic Sabbath-school, and, by use of a nominating committee and a marking list, elected Mr. N. T. Merritt superintendent, Miss Johnson secretary, and Mr. James P. Richardson treasurer.

During the first year of the school there appear on the roll one hundred and forty-six names, from fifty-seven families. The religious affiliation of eighteen families cannot be stated. One family would have been claimed by both Methodists and Universalists, one by both Congregationalists and Universalists, two families were Universalist, two were Episcopalian, four were Methodist, four were Baptist, eight were Unitarian, and seventeen were Congregationalist, and fifty-one of the one hundred and forty-six were from these seventeen Congregational families.

Mr. Merritt served as superintendent one year. Mr. Franklin Patch was the second to hold this office, and served eighteen months, to December, 1867, resigning on removing to Lexington. Both were members of the Mystic Church. Mr. George G. Lincoln, assistant superintendent, completed the year, was elected and served as superintendent during the school's fourth year. He served another six months, January to June, 1872. He was a member of the First Trinitarian Congregational Church.

The West Medford Christian Union employed Rev. M. B. Chapman, a Methodist, to preach in Mystic Hall, and he served one year as superintendent. Mr. O. A. Buzzell, a Baptist, served eighteen months, to December,

1871, resigned, and moved to Nevada. The responsibilities of administration were thus divided, denominationally, for seven years.

During this period the school laid its own plans and provided the means for executing them. It has more than paid its way ever since. Mr. Merritt owning two pianos, placed one in the hall for the use of the school during his term of office. "The organ was used in the school," was the record on December 8, 1867. But whether the organ was accepted as a gift or was purchased was not recorded. Christmas entertainments and picnics were arranged on a more or less elaborate scale, according to circumstances. Question books, Sabbath-school papers and singing books were purchased, and the Sabbath-school ship was kept afloat by means of a weekly contribution, augmented from time to time by individual gifts. A library was collected and added to, till in 1872, there were some two hundred books, but whether purchased or donated is not a matter of record.

January, 1872, the name of the school was changed to West Medford Union Sabbath-school, and a constitution and by-laws were adopted.

During these seven years the smallest attendance at any session was in March, 1872, when 10 were present; the largest, 108, was in the first year; the average for each of the seven years in order was 73, 66, 56, 67, 67, 66, 61.

In 1868 there was organized the West Medford Christian Union, for the purpose of maintaining preaching services in Mystic Hall. Rev. M. B. Chapman and Rev. L. E. Charpiot were two of the preachers employed. The funds were raised by subscription. This organization was maintained till October, 1872, at which time the West Medford Congregational Society was ready to do business. When the Christian Union ceased its activities its officers were, president, Luther Farwell; secretary and treasurer, Simon S. Leavitt; committee to secure subscriptions, S. S. Leavitt and James Wilson.

It was seven years after the civil war. Gold was still at a premium. The South was under partial military rule. General Grant was serving his first term as President. Henry Wilson and Charles Sumner were our national senators, General N. P. Banks was our representative in Congress, William B. Washburn was governor of Massachusetts. Medford was a town of seven thousand inhabitants, and West Medford had about one hundred families.

Mr. Charles Cummings was principal of the Medford High School, with two assistants, and the one hundred pupils of West Medford were housed in the Brooks schoolhouse, under the instruction of three teachers. Mr. Ober's was the only store. There was no physician. The post office was in the railroad station, Reuben Willey being both station agent and postmaster.

Some families attended church at Medford, but there was no public conveyance, Cunningham's omnibus line not being in operation till five years later. The West Medford Christian Union held preaching services in Mystic Hall, but there was no church organization which could build a meeting-house, and no joint action of different denominations seemed feasible.

The Baptists, under the lead of Mr. Horace A. Breed, agitated the question of a Baptist church and were satisfied to give it up. Then the Methodists discussed the matter, but took no public action. It remained for the Congregationalists to see what they could do and whether they ought to proceed. And so it came to pass that members of the families of Ackerman, Ansorge, Brown, Fuller, Leonard, McLean, Norton, Phipps and Teele, with some others, to the number of about twenty persons, met at Mr. Norton's house, on February 26, 1872, to take counsel together with reference to this situation. John H. Norton was elected chairman and David H. Brown secretary. After prayer by J. G. Fuller, Mr. Norton stated the object of the meeting, to consider the expe-

diency of forming a Congregational church in West Medford, and Messrs. J. G. Fuller, Abner J. Phipps, Ira P. Ackerman, A. E. Ansorge, E. W. Cross, D. H. Brown, and B. C. Leonard spoke in favor of taking immediate measures.

The chairman stated that he would guarantee the erection of a meeting-house if a church organization could be effected. In reply to a question, Mr. William McLean, a Methodist, said he had no knowledge of any definite action to be taken by the Methodists.

It was unanimously decided that immediate steps ought to be taken to form a Congregational church. Messrs. Phipps, Fuller, Ackerman, Norton and Brown were appointed a committee to prepare a creed, and they reported on March 5, recommending the Articles of Faith and Covenant of the Broadway Tabernacle Congregational Church of New York City, and the report was accepted. Mr. Norton was authorized to circulate a paper for the signatures of those who desired to unite in organizing on this plan.

It was also voted that steps be taken to organize a society to co-operate with the church. On April 8th committees were appointed to visit the pastors and prominent laymen of the neighboring churches, to explain our situation, and secure their goodwill and assistance in erecting a meeting-house. Mr. Phipps read a written statement at the April meeting of the Woburn Conference, in regard to the importance of having a church in West Medford, and Mr. Brown made a most earnest appeal for the endorsement of the Conference.

Opposition was manifested on the part of some who considered that, with two Congregational churches in Medford, if West Medford needed a church it should be of some other denomination. The matter was referred to a committee with power. This committee, after due consideration, concluded that West Medford, with its excellent railroad facilities, was likely to become an important residential suburb, independent of Medford in

nearly every thing except the payment of taxes and the expenditure of the money so paid, and made a favorable report.

The fact had seemed apparent that the First Congregational Church of Medford, having been weakened by the organization of the Mystic Church, twenty-five years before, and the loss of some of its influential members, did not wish to lose others of its valued members by the organization of a new church in West Medford. This effort to obtain the endorsement of the Woburn Conference delayed our formal organization very much. But with the approval of the Conference and of the Congregational Club of Boston, and with $3,750 subscribed towards our building fund, there was no need of further delay, and a council of churches was called to meet in Mystic Hall at 3 P.M., June 12, 1872.

The council was constituted as follows: —

Medford, First Trinitarian,	Rev. James T. McCollom, Pastor.
	Bro. S. B. Goldthwait, Delegate.
Medford, Mystic,	Rev. Solon Cobb, Pastor.
	Bro. Charles Cummings, Delegate.
Boston, Park Street,	Bro. C. C. Littlefield, Delegate.
Arlington,	Dea. John Field, Delegate.
Winchester, First,	Rev. E. C. Bissell, Pastor.
	Bro. Moses A. Herrick, Delegate.
Malden, First,	Rev. Addison P. Foster, Pastor.
	Dea. W. L. Greene, Delegate.
Somerville, Broadway,	Bro. E. Foote, Delegate.
	Bro. J. P. Williams, Delegate.
Reading, Bethesda,	Bro. Joshua Clark, Delegate.
Woburn, First,	Bro. A. Lincoln, Delegate.
Stoneham,	Bro. D. A. Abbott, Delegate.
Wakefield,	Rev. Charles R. Bliss, Pastor.

Rev. James T. McCollom was chosen moderator and Rev. Charles R. Bliss scribe.

The council listened to the various statements, documents and records pertaining to the call, and to the letters of dismission presented by the members desiring to unite, and voted them satisfactory and in order.

The council voted in executive session "that in view of the statements offered and the Articles of Faith and Covenant adopted by the brethren in West Medford, desiring to form a Congregational Church, we deem the organization of such a church expedient, and that, after a recess till 7½ o'clock, we proceed by suitable services to recognize them formally as a church of Christ."

The services of recognition consisted of:—

Scripture Reading and Prayer.	Rev. Charles R. Bliss.
Sermon.	Rev. E. C. Bissell.
Prayer of Recognition and Consecration.	Rev. D. R. Cady, D.D., Arlington.
Right Hand of Fellowship.	Rev. Solon Cobb.
Address to the Church.	Rev. Charles R. Bliss.
Benediction.	Dr. Cady.

The officers of the church were, clerk and treasurer, David H. Brown; deacons, John H. Norton and Ira P. Ackerman; members of standing committee, Abner J. Phipps, H. S. Judkins and A. E. Ansorge.

The charter members were twenty-six:—

Abner J. Phipps.	Adeline C. Barrett.
Elizabeth F. A. Phipps.	Clarissa D. Jellerson.
Margaret A. Phipps.	Clarissa W. Samson.
Ira P. Ackerman.	David H. Brown.
Eliza A. Ackerman.	William C. Craig.
Herbert N. Ackerman.	Herman S. Judkins.
Samuel Teele.	Alfred E. Ansorge.
Elizabeth C. Teele.	Elizabeth Ansorge.
Sarah E. Teele.	William H. White.
Hattie B. Teele.	Hester A. R. White.
Abbie F. Teele.	Albert Leavitt.
John H. Norton.	Ellen Leavitt.
Martha R. Norton.	Abbie S. Leonard.

Sixteen of these brought letters from the First Trinitarian Church of Medford, the other ten being from seven churches elsewhere. Public worship was held in Mystic Hall Sabbath morning and evening, and week-night prayer meeting on Saturday evening. The Mystic

Church presented a communion service to the new church. On August 6, 1872, Mrs. Abbie S. Leonard passed away. At the November Communion Mr. Darius Bowers and his daughter were received by letter and Mrs. Bowers on confession. In December Rev. Edwin L. Jaggar of Southbridge was called to be acting pastor.

July 18, 1872, John H. Norton, E. W. Metcalf, W. C. Craig, Reuben Willey, F. O. Kittredge and D. H. Brown, six qualified voters of the Town of Medford, made application to Abner J. Phipps, Esq., Justice of the Peace, petitioning him to issue a warrant for a meeting for the purpose of organizing themselves, with others desiring to build a meeting-house, as a corporation under the General Statutes of Massachusetts.

Justice Phipps issued the warrant directed to D. H. Brown, who on July 20 warned all persons concerned to meet in Mystic Hall at 8 o'clock P.M., July 27. At the time and place appointed Justice Phipps called the meeting to order, read the application, the warrant, and the return, and the meeting then voted to organize as a corporation. Eliab W. Metcalf was elected clerk, and qualified. The clerk presiding, Abner J. Phipps was elected moderator, and qualified. By-laws were reported and adopted, and the meeting adjourned to August 3d. On this date D. H. Brown was elected treasurer and collector, Abner J. Phipps, John H. Norton and F. O. Kittredge members of the standing committee, and Reuben Willey auditor, and were qualified. The standing committee was authorized to secure the use of Mystic Hall after October, when the time of the Christian Union expired. A committee of five was appointed to solicit contributions to a building fund.

Save only Mrs. Abbie S. Leonard, the charter members of the church were charter members of the society, and the addition of Messrs. F. O. Kittredge, E. W. Metcalf and Reuben Willey made its number twenty-eight.

At the annual meeting, January 29, 1873, John H. Norton, D. H. Brown and H. S. Judkins were appointed

a committee to secure additional subscriptions to the building fund. At a special meeting, April 7, this committee reported more than six thousand dollars subscribed, that other subscriptions could be had if a beginning was made, and recommended taking immediate steps to build a meeting-house. Two locations on Harvard avenue, one corner Bower and Holton streets, both corners of High and Warren streets, one corner High and Allston streets, and one on Allston street (next above the corner) were considered in ten meetings covering three months. It was finally voted to purchase the lot corner Bower street and Harvard avenue (80 by 163 feet, at twenty-five cents per foot), this being the most central location. A new committee of five was appointed to secure subscriptions. Messrs. C. M. Barrett, W. C. Craig, W. H. Pettingill, S. S. Leavitt and I. P. Ackerman were elected building committee. Mr. T. W. Silloway of Boston was selected as architect, and the corner-stone of the new meeting-house was laid Saturday, September 27, 1873, with appropriate services. Revs. J. T. McCollom and Solon Cobb of Medford, Rev. E. S. Jaggar and Hon. A. J. Phipps participated. The first Sabbath services were held in the vestry on May 10, 1874, and the society's first meeting was on May 18.

January 4, 1874, the Sabbath-school received from the Sabbath-school of the First Trinitarian Church, Medford, a gift of forty-one dollars and seventeen cents, which was immediately appropriated towards the purchase of a piano. A Hallett & Davis piano was purchased for four hundred dollars. It was in use in the vestry till the church was burned, March 4, 1903. It was paid for by the proceeds of concerts, entertainments and spelling matches. More than thirty-one hundred copies of the *Congregationalist* and *Independent* were collected and delivered to the Hallet & Davis Piano Co., for which it allowed us one cent each.

February 15, 1874, the school, at the instance of Superintendent White, voted its desire to be taken under the

watch and care of the church. The church voted to receive it, and it became the Congregational Sabbath-school of West Medford. Under the "Standing Rules" then provided, the school elected its own officers, the church reserving the right of veto. This arrangement continued till December, 1895. The average attendance for 1873 was 65, and for 1874 was 66.

In March the society instructed the building committee to complete the meeting-house and put in the pews. In July Mr. Jaggar resigned on account of ill health. During his pastorate five had been added by letter to the membership, which was then thirty-three. He was zealous in the discharge of his duties, an interesting and able preacher, and made a favorable impression on the community. We accepted his resignation with regret.

In September a call was extended to Rev. Marshall M. Cutter of Cambridge and he was installed October 14, 1874.

The installing council was constituted as follows: —

Church.	Pastor.	Delegate.
Arlington.	Rev. D. R. Cady, D.D.	Dea. John Field.
Boston, Old South.	Rev. J. M. Manning, D.D.	Bro. Moses Merrill.
Boston, Park Street.		Bro. Hiram Wellington.
Cambridgeport, Prospect Street.	Rev. W. S. Kan.	Bro. James M. Cutter.
Malden.		Dea. William L. Greene.
Medford, First.		Dea. Henry S. Barnes.
Melrose.	Rev. Albert G. Bale.	Bro. La Fayette Burr.
Wakefield.	Rev. Charles R. Bliss.	
Winchester.	Rev. A. B. Dascomb.	Bro. S. S. Holton.
Woburn, First.	Rev. H. S. Kelsey.	Bro. Hiram Whitford.
Woburn, North.	Rev. Charles Anderson.	Rev. Leander Thompson.

Rev. D. R. Cady, D.D., was moderator, and offered the prayer of installation; Rev. H. S. Kelsey was scribe, and gave the right hand of fellowship; Rev. Charles R. Bliss delivered the address to the people; and Rev.

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Dr. Manning gave the charge to the pastor and offered the closing prayer.

The meeting-house was dedicated the same evening. It was of Germanized Romanesque style of architecture, and the spire was always admired as a model of graceful symmetry. A clock was placed by the town in the tower at its completion.

With hopes realized as to the meeting-house, the society found itself burdened with debt. A wealthy citizen persuaded us that a church structure costing ten thousand dollars was better than the five thousand dollar chapel we first planned. He promised five hundred dollars for himself and fifteen hundred more from some friends. He did not redeem his own pledge, nor secure the help of his friends. On account of the Boston fire, November 9, 1872, some other subscribers were unable to pay their pledges, and the times were unfavorable for securing new subscriptions.

The total cost of land, building and furnishings was twenty thousand five hundred dollars. After applying all we could collect to payment of our bills, the society owed fourteen thousand two hundred dollars. We were able to place a mortgage on the property for ten thousand dollars, at eight per cent. interest, with personal endorsement on the note. The four thousand two hundred dollars was floated by some Boston banks on four months' notes, personally endorsed and many times renewed. Interest account was over eleven hundred dollars a year, we had pledged fourteen hundred dollars salary to Mr. Cutter, beside heating, lighting and janitor service. Our two first years had been a struggle. Now our expenses were doubled. Our membership was only thirty-four, but we had the co-operation of the community. The ladies held a three days' fair in 1873 in Brooks Hall and cleared a thousand dollars, and six months later realized five hundred more in a similar way for the building fund.

Every one paid as much pew rent as he could, pledged

something extra every week, purchased tickets for lectures, readings, musicals and spelling classes, and bought generously at fairs, ice-cream parties and turkey suppers. The four or five hundred dollars from the Home Missionary Society saved us from disaster.

Mr. Cutter was for several years the scribe of the Woburn Conference, and interested many in our cause. Mr. Stephen Cutter of Winchester pledged six hundred dollars toward the floating debt, provided that twenty-five hundred dollars should be raised. Most of the churches of the Woburn Conference assisted.

In 1878 H. N. Ackerman, E. E. Shepard, G. F. Richmond and A. W. Ackerman, each agreeing to lead one Sabbath evening each month, organized a young people's prayer meeting. In 1879 these four brethren and four ladies, Mrs. Carrie H. Shepard and Misses Ida M. Hatch, Mary B. Soule, and Anna B. Williams, organized the "Willing Hands," pledged to work for the young people of West Medford, and for the reduction of the floating debt, then five hundred dollars. This organization of workers had the satisfaction of accomplishing their financial object by providing the last one hundred dollars of the floating debt, which was thus cancelled in 1882.

With much effort the society's treasurer secured the reduction of the rate of interest from eight to seven, then to six and one-half, then to six per cent.

March 3, 1882, Mr. Cutter resigned, to become New England secretary of the American Tract Society. For seven and a half years he had led us, since the dedication of the meeting-house. The floating debt had been paid and our annual interest account had been reduced five hundred dollars. He had baptized eighteen infants and fifteen adults, and received seventy-two members, forty-six by letter and twenty-six on confession. He was popular everywhere, and interested in every good work. The Sabbath-school continued to increase during his pastorate, having its largest enrolment, 178, in 1882, and its largest average attendance, 90, in 1881.

Rev. Edward C. Hood of Hingham was installed September 13, 1882, by a council consisting of thirteen pastors and fifteen delegates representing sixteen churches. Rev. J. W. Wellman, D.D., of Malden, was moderator, Rev. J. G. Taylor of Melrose Highlands, scribe, Rev. E. B. Mason, D.D., of Arlington, offered the installing prayer and Rev. Alexander McKenzie, D.D., of Cambridge, preached the sermon.

Mr. Hood applied himself to the duties of his position with energy, taking much interest in the young people, and preaching the Gospel acceptably to an increasing audience. In his response to our call he called attention to our financial condition as a hindrance to spiritual progress. Nothing loath to be relieved of the burden, if possible, the society, in December, 1883, appointed Messrs. Norton, Leonard, Craig, Babb, Ober and Parker a "Debt-raising Committee," with liberty to add to their number. They added Mr. Hood, and sent him to the Old South Society, Boston, from whom he secured two thousand dollars. The balance and one thousand two hundred dollars for repairs was secured on pledges, to be paid in two years. The pledge books were deposited in the bank as collateral for a loan with which the mortgage was purchased and the interest on it stopped. The pledges were paid in and the society was free from debt April, 1886. About the same time a bell was placed in the tower at a cost of five hundred dollars, contributed by citizens.

A Hutchings pipe organ, costing one thousand eight hundred and twenty-five dollars, was first used in public worship February 6, 1887. With the debt lifted, there came a different atmosphere. The young people's prayer meeting and the "Willing Hands" were reorganized into the "Christian Helpers," whose members were enthusiastic in both branches of the work. The Sabbath-school increased year by year, having its largest enrolment in 1887, 265 members, and its largest attendance in 1888, 206; its largest average 162.

Mr. Hood resigned in January, 1889, to take an indefinite period of rest, travel and study. He was dismissed by council, April 25th.

He had baptized sixteen infants and eighteen adults. Sixty-two by letter and forty-five on confession had been added to the membership — more members added than were enrolled when he began his pastorate.

Rev. Herbert W. Stebbins was called October 3, 1889, and installed November 12 by a council consisting of twelve pastors and fourteen delegates, representing sixteen churches, Rev. J. G. Taylor being moderator and Rev. Edwin Smith, scribe. Rev. T. C. Pease (Malden) offered the installing prayer and Rev. W. S. Alexander, D.D. (Cambridge), preached the sermon. He served the church with marked ability for six years. His sermons were incentives to deep thinking. He was able to reach the young people, and both the Christian Endeavor Society and the Sabbath-school flourished under his leadership. The Y. P. S. C. E. attained a membership of 125. The Sabbath-school enrolment was, for 1890, 268; 1891, 300; 1892, 308; 1894, 381; largest attendance for same years, 216, 228, 259, 304; and the average 172, 196, 212, 229.

The prayer meetings were marked by deep interest and spiritual power, having under the more favorable circumstances from seventy to eighty in attendance. Mr. Stebbins, with his ability to work eighteen hours a day continuously, furnished a good example of industry. While thus he set an unattainable standard for some, he was a constant encouragement to others—a tonic, in fact.

He was a thorough organizer. Early in his pastorate he proposed ten lines of effort to be set on foot at once. The completeness with which he stated them, and the readiness with which he replied to the questions and objections of his standing committee, showed him to be careful as a student, resourceful in planning and a master of details. We made a canvass and secured a record of the religious affiliation and preferences of all persons in

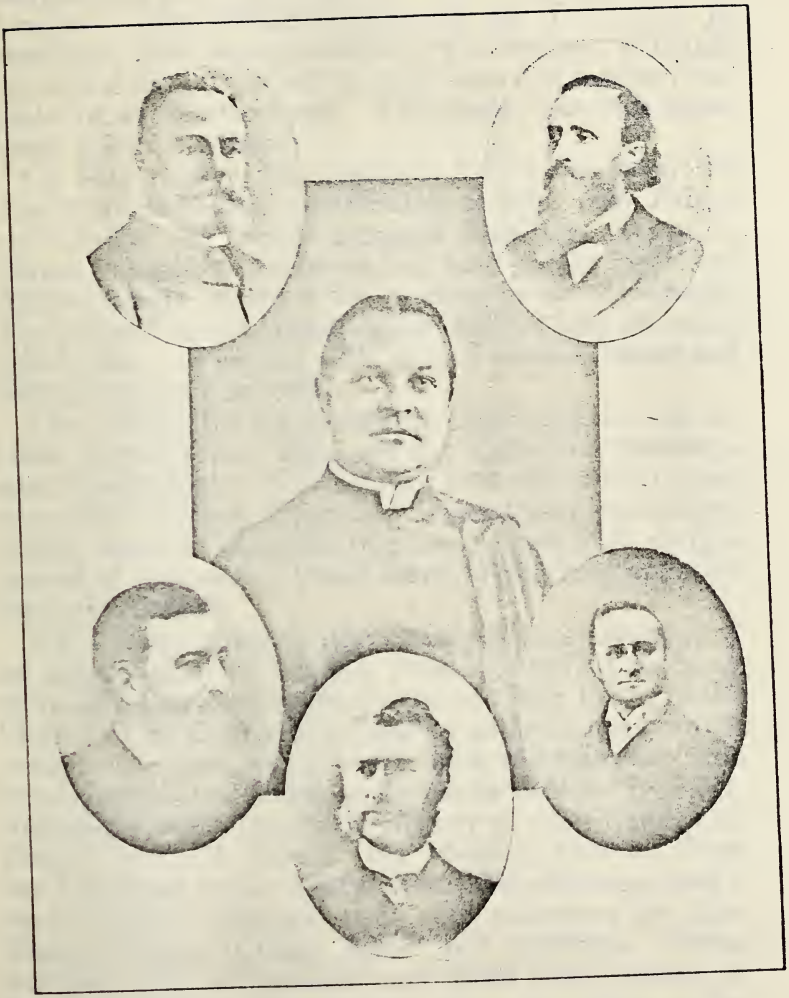
the community. We organized one committee to keep this constantly revised, another to secure the use of a barge and carriages to bring the lame or convalescent to the morning service, another to keep a list of the "shut-ins" and promote correspondence between them and others, and another to assist unemployed persons to find occupation. When six of the ten lines had been initiated our confidence in our ability to carry out his program gave out, and the other four were not undertaken.

Mr. Stebbins held classes for conference on the subject of personal religion. To these he gave careful instruction and wise counsel, opening up the Scriptures, and his efforts were rewarded by their public confession of faith in the Christ. He baptized thirteen infants and thirty adults, and received into membership one hundred and thirty-three — sixty-nine by letter and sixty-four on confession. He was dismissed by council on October 24, 1895.

In accordance with a vote of the church in December, 1894, and amendment to the by-laws adopted December, 1895, the Sabbath-school officers are elected by the church at its annual meeting, instead of by the school, as hitherto.

On January 3, 1896, a call was voted to Rev. Judson V. Clancy, who accepted and was installed February 26 by council consisting of twelve pastors and seventeen delegates, representing nineteen churches. Rev. Frank S. Adams of Reading was moderator and Rev. George E. Lovejoy of Stoneham, scribe. The installing prayer was by Rev. D. A. Newton of Winchester, the sermon by Rev. Nehemiah Boynton, D.D., of Boston, and Rev. Messrs. Cutter, Hood and Stebbins had other parts.

Mr. Clancy entered into the work with buoyant zeal and a proper optimism. His sermons received an attentive hearing and the audiences increased. He aroused the enthusiasm of many new people, and with the superior good nature always characteristic of him, enlisted the permanent support of a goodly number. The Woman's



Rev. M. M. Cutter.
Rev. H. W. Stebbins.
Rev. B. L. Yorke.
Rev. E. C. Hood.
Rev. E. L. Jaggar.
Rev. J. V. Clancy.

MINISTERS OF WEST MEDFORD CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

"Home" and "Foreign" Missionary Societies were merged into one organization, "The Woman's Christian League." The Sabbath-school and the Y. P. S. C. E. continued their various activities with success, although the school did not exceed the high record of the previous pastorate as to attendance. The prayer meetings manifested spiritual power.

On May 7, 1897, Bro. Josiah G. Fuller presented the church an individual communion service. On February 23, 1897, the society accepted from Bro. Henry L. Barnes the gift of the house and land corner High and Allston streets on which our meeting-house now stands. The gift was accompanied with an offer of four thousand dollars when we should build on it a meeting-house and dedicate it free from debt.

The "Songs for the Sanctuary" had been in use for public worship since 1874, and the books were the property of individuals. In December, 1896, the church voted to use the "Church Hymnary" instead, and the society having voted to adopt the free seat system and pledges instead of pew rental, it also voted to purchase and own the hymn books.

The church observed the twenty-fifth anniversary of its organization on Sunday, June 13, 1897, at morning service by a sermon by the pastor on "The Power of the Church in the Community," and by a special communion service. At the evening service were addresses on "The Sunday-school and Christian Endeavor Society" by H. N. Ackerman, and "The Early History of the Church and Parish," by D. H. Brown. On Monday, June 14, there was a banquet in the vestry, with brief addresses, and a service in the audience room, with addresses by Rev. Messrs. Clancy, Cutter, Hood and Stebbins. These exercises were enthusiastic, and there were present at one or another of the meetings about two-thirds of the organizing and the first installing councils.

The thirtieth anniversary was observed by a service with a collation on June 13, 1902, in place of the usual

Friday evening services. To this the former pastors and members who had removed were invited, the vestry was well filled, and the occasion was one of glad reunion, with brief addresses.

On July 6, 1902, and January 1, 1903, there were received into membership twelve young people from the ranks of the "Knights of King Arthur" and the "Queens of Avilion," which organizations Mr. Clancy had been leading and instructing for two years.

On January 19, 1903, Mr. John H. Norton presented to the society for a parsonage the house (and land) corner High and Allston streets opposite the present meeting-house. This house, occupied by Mr. Hood and Mr. Stebbins during their pastorates, was constructed in accordance with plans suggested by Mr. Hood.

On March 4, 1903, our meeting-house was burned, and we were again facing our early conditions of plans, architect, building and subscription committees. On March 6 the prayer meeting was held at the house of Deacon Davenport, and a collection was taken as the beginning of a building fund. The autographs of those present were also secured, to be deposited in the corner-stone. Holton Hall was hired for our temporary use.

It was now necessary to build, and as it was clearly seen that the necessary funds could not be secured at once, Mr. Barnes withdrew the "dedicated free of debt" condition of his gift. The society authorized the purchase of the adjacent lot of land. Committees on plans and subscriptions were appointed and plans were reported on June 4, 1903. These being not altogether acceptable, a new committee of eleven was appointed to select an architect and report other plans to a meeting to be held September 9. On that date the committee asked for further time.

In the midst of these proceedings Mr. Clancy resigned, to accept a call from a larger church, the St. Lawrence Congregational of Portland, Me. Reluctant to part with him, we yet bade him God-speed to that promising field.

He was dismissed by council November 17, 1903. He had baptized forty-eight infants and twenty-three adults, and welcomed to our communion ninety-six, sixty by letter and thirty-six upon confession.

On January 11, 1904, the church voted, and on January 18 the society concurred in extending a call to Rev. Burt Leon Yorke, and he was installed on April 12, by council of twenty pastors and twenty delegates, representing twenty-four churches. Rev. Stephen A. Norton of Woburn was moderator, Rev. Walter H. Rollins of Wilmington was scribe, Rev. H. H. French, D.D., of Malden offered the installing prayer, Rev. Frank K. Sanders, D.D., of Yale University, preached the sermon.

On January 18, 1904, the committees on plans reported that they had engaged Messrs. Brainerd, Leeds and Russell as architects. Mr. Brainerd exhibited and explained the plans. J. W. Bean, M.D., J. N. Leonard, R. D. Kimball, Alexander Diebold, Miss K. H. Stone and Mrs. W. E. Ober were elected a subscription committee. H. A. Hanscom, Henry Newcomb, C. H. Parker, D. D. Kimball and Mrs. E. F. Locke were elected building committee and instructed to obtain working drawings and contractors' estimates.

Henry L. Barnes died on January 23, 1904, leaving his homestead to the society for a parsonage, or to be disposed of and the proceeds used in such manner as will best promote the interests of the society; also leaving the residue of his estate, one-half to be applied to the building fund and one-half to be held in trust, the income to be used in part for current expenses and in part for the worthy poor.

On April 6 the society voted to sell the Barnes homestead and the house purchased of the estate of B. C. Leonard to pay the mortgage and apply the balance to the building fund. The executors under the will of Mr. Barnes stated the value of the homestead to be four thousand eight hundred and fifty dollars, and personal estate twenty-three thousand thirteen dollars and eighty-nine

cents, as submitted to the Probate Court. At this meeting, also, the building committee reported contractors' bids for the various branches of work, and they were authorized to enter into contracts for the erection of the meeting-house at a total cost not to exceed forty-eight thousand seven hundred and three dollars. June 2 the building committee was authorized to expend one thousand eight hundred dollars more.

On Sunday, May 29, the corner-stone was laid, with sermon by the pastor, and address commemorating the thirty-ninth anniversary of the Sabbath-school by Deacon Ackerman. Other speakers were Mr. D. H. Brown, Rev. Isaac Pierson, Rev. John Wild and Dea. J. M. Grout of the Mystic Church.

On November 3, W. A. Andrew, Henry Newcomb, H. S. L. Cullington, George S. Hedge, Miss K. H. Stone, Miss L. P. Patten and Rev. B. L. Yorke were appointed a committee to provide furnishings, the expense to the society not to exceed two thousand dollars.

Rev. B. L. Yorke, H. N. Ackerman, Henry Newcomb, H. A. Hanscom, W. J. Barnard, W. W. Benjamin and J. W. Bean were appointed dedication committee. The meeting-house was dedicated by a six-day service. The first was on Sunday morning, January 8, 1905, former pastors Cutter and Hood taking part, with sermon by Rev. Edward C. Moore, D.D., prayer of dedication by the pastor, followed by reception of members and Communion. The Bible school rally followed, with brief addresses by former Superintendents Hippisley, Parker, D. H. Brown, J. W. Brown, Hanson and Gerrish. At the four o'clock vesper service Rev. A. P. Davis of Wakefield, Rev. George M. Butler and Rev. John Wild voiced the greetings of the Woburn Conference, the Mystic Church and the Union Church. Christian Endeavor rally occurred at 7 o'clock, when Mr. George W. Loggie, treasurer of Mass. C. E. Union delivered an address.

Greetings from the churches of other denominations in Medford were brought by the pastors of each to the

fellowship service on Monday evening. On Tuesday evening Mr. George A. Burdett, organist of the Central Congregational Church, Boston, conducted the organ dedication and recital. On Wednesday evening a supper was served by the Woman's Christian League. This was followed by an address by Rev. W. G. Puddefoot. Mayor M. F. Dwyer and Judge William C. Wait addressed the civic service on Thursday evening. The series closed with a devotional and reunion service on Friday evening, at which addresses were made by Rev. Asher Anderson, D.D., Secretary of the National council; Hon. Seba A. Holton, Moderator of the General Association of Congregational Churches of Massachusetts; Mr. Franklin P. Shumway, Moderator of Woburn Conference; Rev. D. Augustine Newton of Winchester, the pastor longest in service in the Conference; Revs. M. M. Cutter and E. C. Hood, former pastors; Revs. A. W. Ackerman and F. G. Clark, former members.

Mr. John H. Norton, who was for years our most liberal contributor and always interested in the welfare of the church, was not privileged to see the culmination of this effort, having died December 5, 1904.

This second meeting-house, erected of seam-faced granite, with chapel of stucco containing kindergarten, Bible school, committee and social rooms, stands at a value of sixty-five thousand dollars, including the site.

The clock was replaced by the city. The bell was recast and returned to us weighing two thousand two hundred pounds. The Hook & Hastings organ, having thirty-six stops and one thousand three hundred and fifty-three pipes, was installed at a cost of four thousand dollars.

Of the furnishings the pulpit is the gift of Mrs. C. H. Parker, in memory of Mr. B. C. Leonard, and the Bible is the gift of Mrs. B. C. Leonard. The communion table, in memory of Ira P. Ackerman (a charter deacon), and the baptismal font, in memory of Eliza A. Ackerman (charter member), are the gifts of their children of three

generations. The pastors and deacons, past and present, united in a contribution of two hundred dollars towards the pulpit furniture. The Christian Endeavor Society gave the pulpit furniture in the chapel. The Woman's Christian League gave four hundred dollars towards furnishing the parlor and kitchen. One family gave the heating plant. The communion service was the gift of the Knights of King Arthur and the Queens of Avilion, immediately after the first meeting-house was burned.

Mr. Yorke was installed at a time when our affairs were very unsettled. We had been for a year in temporary quarters (better, indeed, than most churches would have found), but not good enough for us to remain satisfied with. Mr. Yorke is not afraid of work. He accepted the situation as a necessity and an opportunity, and helped us to improve our conditions.

The second service was changed to one musical and liturgical in character, and held at five o'clock instead of seven.

In place of a Junior C. E., Mrs. Yorke conducts a praise service at four o'clock for the Primary and Intermediate Departments of the Bible school without a separate enrolment.

The Y. P. S. C. E., which had a membership of forty-eight in 1903, and of eighty-one in 1907, nevertheless disbanded June 7, 1908, and in place of it Mr. Yorke and Mr. Remele conduct a praise service, at 6.15 o'clock (also without separate enrolment) for the Junior, Senior and Graduate Departments.

Out of these services have developed our vested choirs.

The Bible school had for many years used the International Lessons, though during the latter part of Mr. Clancy's pastorate some classes made use of the Blakeslee Lessons. On coming into the new meeting-house the Bible school was thoroughly graded, having a Cradle Roll, Primary, Intermediate, Junior, Senior, Graduate and Home Departments. At the annual meeting, December, 1903, the membership was one hundred and ninety-five.

In 1909 it had increased to four hundred and seventy. Its curriculum is unique, and has been so widely published that its repetition here is unnecessary.

A gymnasium, with a good but partial outfit, has had an intermittent activity.

The Woman's Christian League, which reported a loss of twenty-five members in 1903, took on new life, and in 1909 reported a membership of two hundred and sixteen. It furnishes annually a program, social, scientific, literary and missionary, which challenges comparison anywhere. The women's work has been the most successful of all our departments ever since Mrs. Cutter served as one of the managers of a fair in Brooks Hall. The League is successful financially, as well as in other directions, having in three years paid to the society, to be applied to the debt, one hundred and eighty-four dollars, and to current expenses one thousand and forty-two dollars.

The Brotherhood has for four years sought to bring out a large attendance at vesper service once a month, providing a special preacher. It holds five meetings during the season and a "Ladies' Night" banquet, hears addresses on topics of interest to citizens and voters, and seeks to strengthen the social bonds of its members. Through its religious work committee it arranges a series of lessons for the men's Bible class. It has a membership of one hundred and fifty.

On the completion of the meeting-house it was found necessary to raise seventeen thousand dollars of its cost by a mortgage. Three thousand dollars have been paid, one thousand dollars is in the treasury to be applied, and two thousand six hundred dollars more is pledged, the pledges to mature in two years.

It is to be expected that the financial and material will receive more attention under our circumstances than they are ordinarily entitled to, but we shall improve in that respect with the changes that will take place in the course of time. During this pastorate one hundred and fourteen have received the rite of baptism, seventy-three

infants and forty-four adults, and one hundred and sixty-one have been added to our membership, ninety-two by letter and sixty-nine on confession, up to the time of the annual meeting in December, 1909. At that date the membership was three hundred and twenty-five.

Of fifty-seven families on our roll during the first ten years of our organization twenty are still connected with us.

The pastors and their wives who have served our church so well are now living, except Mr. Jaggar, who died November 28, 1899, and Mrs. Cutter, who died March 15, 1909. Mr. Jaggar's decided stand saved us for thirty years from raising money by questionable methods. Mr. Cutter calmly viewed and patiently endured conditions for which there was no present help. He was the one man in a hundred who could "hold the fort" in that period.

In clearing off the mortgage Mr. Hood exercised his special talent. Then we had freedom to enlarge our membership. Mr. Stebbins enforced the value of personal allegiance and consecration to Jesus, and built up the church in graces as well as in members. So, providentially, all have fitted the periods in which they served.

Mr. David H. Brown was appointed to prepare this sketch, but by the will of God fell on sleep February 21, 1908, ere he had begun the task. Among our records are resolutions, drawn up by him upon the passing of several of his associates of early days, expressing appreciation of their devotion and sacrifices, and claiming that without them certain results could not have been achieved.

The claim is true of them, it is true of him — and more. He had a wide and comprehensive vision of the possibilities of our field, and was able to suggest avenues of advance. He had the ability and the disposition to initiate new lines of work, to associate with him others, teaching them his plan, inspiring them with his confident optimism, and then leaving them to carry on one work while he inaugurated another. His plea for us before the Woburn Conference and the Boston Congre-

gational Club really won for us a standing not otherwise readily attained. At times, when others deemed it impossible to raise funds, he was able to bring in the needed dollars. Assisted by two others, he secured advertisements and published a paper which brought in four hundred dollars of the one thousand dollars made at the three days' fair in Brooks Hall. He was the most able, energetic and versatile layman in our membership.

Our beginning was really with that Saturday afternoon class in 1864, when Mrs. Rachael A. Barnes did faithfully what she could, and her work is worthy to stand with that of laymen and pastors who have followed and found opportunities of usefulness and service here.

THE SPELL OF THE WOODS.

When we recall the stately woods
Where nature's silence reigns,
Where peace broods over all the land,
And stills within our veins
The bounding blood beats of our varying moods;
Then memories drift across the years,
A vision of the silent past appears,
And dreamy music, like a slumber song,
Within the heart old melodies prolong,
And pictures mirrored long ago
Come back again and brightly glow;
While o'er us steals the mystic sense,
Born of the wild wood's deep content;
In memory's treasured garden spot
We choose the flower, *forget-me-not.*

— *C. H. L.*

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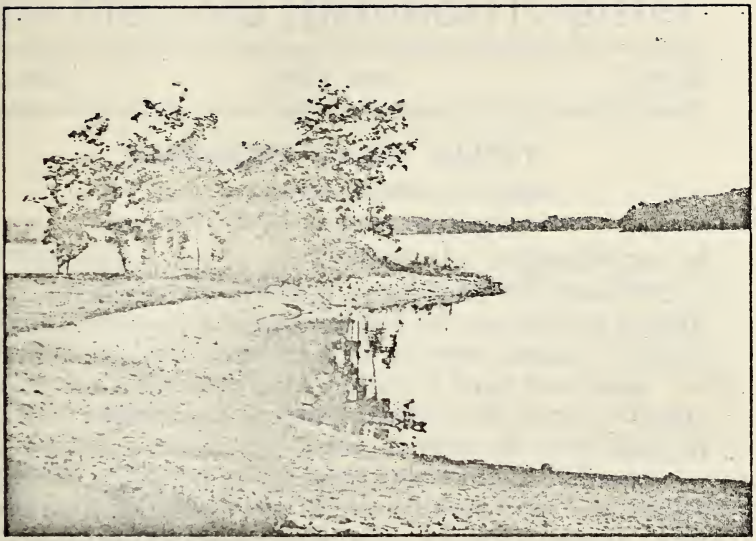
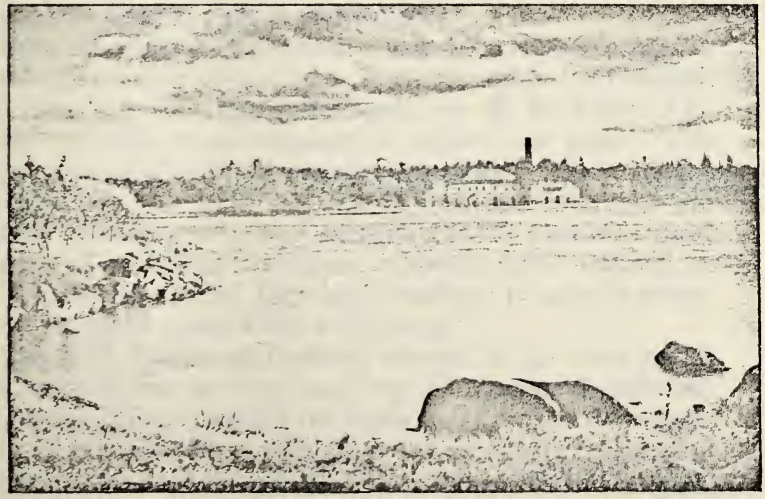




VIEWS OF SPOT POND.

The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XIII. JULY, 1910. No. 3.

MEDFORD'S WATER SUPPLY.

BY FRED L. CUSHING, WATER REGISTRAR.

[Read before the Medford Historical Society, March 6, 1909.]

THE water supply of Medford was originally not of good quality, although practically inexhaustible.

Until 1870 every household had its own private supply, —a well on the premises, and in some cases a cistern also, to hold the rain-water gathered from the roofs.

These methods of securing water, with pumps conveniently located inside the house, as most of them were in Medford, indicated an advance over former methods.

As early as 1866 some of the citizens began to realize their opportunities for obtaining a better supply, with Mystic Pond on our west boundary and Spot Pond on our north, and to agitate the subject.

Spot Pond had been recommended for Boston's use by Daniel Treadwell, November 4, 1825; again by Loammi Baldwin, C.E., in 1834; and again by R. H. Eddy, C.E., June 13, 1836, in an exhaustive report and plan. The water was said to be of excellent quality in each of the reports, but the pond was considered too small for the rapidly growing city, and fortunately for Medford (and Boston as well) was not taken. Mystic Pond was taken by Charlestown, and that city finding its supply abundant, supplied other cities and towns.

James O. Curtis and others caused to be inserted in the warrant for a town meeting, November 6, 1866, an article, reading, "to see if the town will instruct the selectmen to petition the Legislature for authority to procure a town water supply from the Charlestown Water Works."

At that meeting it was voted to obtain estimates of the cost of introducing such a supply. It is not recorded that

estimates were ever obtained thereon, its fate being probably like that of some other questions of those days — those that were referred to the town pump.

The sentiment in favor of a public supply grew each year until, early in 1869, a committee was appointed to inquire into the probable cost of taking water from the Charlestown works.

A town meeting was called September 20, 1869, to hear the very able and exhaustive report which was read by the chairman of the committee, Eleazar Boynton, Jr. Although the committee was instructed to, investigate the Charlestown water scheme, the report was strongly in favor of taking the Spot Pond water, stating that Malden had already voted to take from Spot Pond, and that Melrose probably would later.

In the meantime the following prominent men, Samuel E. Sewall, Daniel W. Gooch and George W. Heath of Melrose, Elisha S. Converse, J. H. Abbott and George P. Cox of Malden, and James O. Curtis, Charles V. Bemis and Benjamin F. Hayes of Medford, had secured an act of the Legislature of 1867, incorporating them as the Spot Pond Water Company. "The end in view was," to quote Judge Hayes, "saving the pond for the use of the towns, if within any reasonable time they should desire, as municipalities, to utilize its waters." By this act the right was reserved to the three towns to purchase the franchise and corporate property, by paying therefor the amount expended, together with interest, less any amount the incorporators derived therefrom with interest. This was an act of pure public spirit.

At this September meeting Medford voted to take water from Spot Pond, and elected Daniel W. Lawrence, Daniel A. Gleason and Benjamin F. Hayes a Board of Water Commissioners. Mr. Lawrence declined to serve, and Daniel W. Wilcox was chosen. It was also voted that the board contract for the construction of the works.

At the next town meeting, November 2, 1869, the opposition voted that the selectmen be instructed to peti-

tion the next Legislature for an act enabling Medford to take water from Mystic Lower Pond.

I need not mention for those who remember how the tide rushed in to Mystic Pond twice each day, that this vote simply indicated that there was still some opposition to be met. The vote evidently was pigeon-holed, for the new board did not wait for the development of Mystic Lower Pond, but immediately proceeded to consider an important question. This was, whether Medford should go directly to the pond with a separate main, or take its supply through Malden's main pipe.

Two members favored the former, and one the latter plan. Naturally desiring unanimity, they sought advice of experts as to the wisest course.

The engineers reported in favor of a separate main, as the growth of the town would require more or larger mains in a few years, and in the meantime Medford would be getting a poor supply.

Another town meeting was held January 28, 1870, and again authority was voted to the commissioners to contract for the construction of the works. The board wanted the town to express itself on the important question, that is, the course of the main from the pond. The report of the special engineers was read and debated at length. Still unsettled, the town met again February 1. At this meeting Mr. Wilcox offered an amendment, to the effect that water be taken from the Charlestown works. The meeting adjourned to February 9, when the town voted against Mr. Wilcox's amendment and in favor of the separate main; then again voted authority to the board to contract for the works, and provided means of payment.

It is needless to say that civic interest and excitement ran high during this series of town meetings.

The outcome of the decision to have an independent main resulted in a break in the *personnel* of the board, by the resignation of Mr. Wilcox on April 4, 1870.

A large main was laid from the south shore of the pond

through Forest street to Medford Square, which proved a wise plan, for Malden and Melrose, in using one main to Wyoming avenue, found theirs too small and not laid deeply enough into the pond. This necessitated large expense in 1881 to remedy the trouble.

The commissioners secured legislation in 1870, which was more complete than that of 1867, and gave the town full authority to carry on the water works as a municipal industry.

George H. Norman of Newport, R. I., a contractor who had been successful in building water works, was chosen from three who estimated, and a contract signed May 24, 1870. He agreed to do the work and take his pay in town bonds, which was worth considering, for town bonds did not have such a ready sale in those days as in later years.

Mr. Norman built a practical and efficient system (considering the period), in running order, for $161,657. Beside that, he left us a practical man, whom we all remember as superintendent of the works, Robert M. Gow. Mr. Gow spent the remainder of his life, over twenty years, in that position, depended upon and trusted by all, faithful to the last. His son, Frederick W. Gow, was then elected superintendent, serving in the same efficient manner for the next thirteen years.

The first water Medford received from the pond was by courtesy of Malden through their main, by way of Salem street, sometime in the fall of 1870, Malden having first had water in August. The exact date when water was delivered to Medford takers is uncertain. The first money received for water or service pipe was on December 22, 1870, which would indicate that the people received a supply sometime between August and December.

Medford's main from the pond was not ready for use until about a year later.

After the system was established the citizens were slow about having their premises connected. In 1870 Medford was a town of 845 dwellings, with a population

of 5,700. The first year about 45 per cent. of the houses were supplied with Spot Pond water; at the end of the second year about 60 per cent.; the next year about 68 per cent.; then it became more general, increasing yearly as follows: 77 per cent., 81 per cent., 82 per cent.; until gradually most houses were connected. Some few held off even as late as 1893, and in fact, one household in a thickly settled district to this day prefers to use its well, though obliged to have the closet connected and flushed with city water.

People were reluctant to give up their old wells and cisterns, many claiming that nothing tasted as good as their own well-water. There seems to be a fascination in the use of well-water, when people become accustomed to its taste, especially if it looks clear, which is unwise and sometimes dangerous. The State Board of Health Report, as early as 1878, says, "Some of the foulest well-water examined by the board has been clear, sparkling, and of not unpleasant taste."

Spot Pond water was very pure, compared with that of many public supplies, but we found there was much local pride back of the praise given it by our citizens when we compared it with many others in the State and saw the scientific analysis of it. Even for a pond water it was considerably colored, was rather hard, and not nearly as free from deleterious matter as we were proud to think it was. It was the contrast with that of Mystic and Cochituate, that we came in contact with so much, that made it seem so good by comparison. It was taken from a low level in the pond, and came through a main in shaded ground, giving us a very cool water in summer and making it very acceptable water to drink.

In the early nineties Medford had grown to the size of a city, and most of its system of cement-lined sheet-iron pipe had fufilled its purpose. Breaks in the older mains were frequent. Beside, the pipes were too small for a town using the amount of water Medford did and occupying so much territory. Much of our city is at a

high elevation, and many citizens on the high lands were seriously inconvenienced; they were able to draw water only during the night at some seasons. Much of the time they were without it during part of the day-time, when it was being generally used on the lower lands.

Complaints were numerous and emphatic because of this lack and of the frequent breaking of mains. The selectmen had devoted much space in their annual reports to finding fault with the water works.

They had some cause for this, as they saw the situation. With a debt of over $200,000, after an annual payment of from ten to fifteen thousand dollars for the previous twelve or fifteen years for the water works, and with no definite plans in sight to secure a larger supply and larger pipes to carry it, the outlook was not brilliant.

On January 27, 1893, the commissioners decided to lay cast-iron pipe in all new work, and to use larger sizes. A plan to secure more water by a system of driven wells north of Webster street was discussed. Because of a disagreement as to its expediency the board was again disrupted, the chairman, Thomas B. Dill, resigning. Again time proved the wisdom of the majority, for experiments made proved the folly of spending the amount that would have been needed to develop the wells. It was found later that a large quantity of water could be obtained from Wright's Pond and vicinity at a much less original cost and maintenance expense.

Wright's Pond, located just south of the Spot Pond water-shed, is an artificial pond, first developed for an ice pond. It was in the design of R. H. Eddy, C.E., in his (Boston) report of 1836 already mentioned, to develop this as a reservoir. Medford developed it by raising the dam, so that the pond lay 140.66 feet above Medford's base, covering about 25 acres, and making a reservoir of about 80,000,000 gallons above a level 11 feet over the intake pipe. There are two branches called the east and the west arm, beside the branch that was dammed, which together constitute the head waters of Gravelly Creek.

These two arms were also developed so that water might be pumped back, into either Wright's or Spot Pond during the months of excessive flow, for storage there until the dry season.

A pumping station, built in 1895, between the branches of the brook, in connection with a steel standpipe erected the same year on a hill on the same property, gave the city a high service system with a pressure at the water office of 90 pounds per square inch. Every house in the city was thus given an adequate pressure as well as supply, after a new main had been laid to the square and the high lands, and some of the small mains had been replaced with larger cast-iron pipe.

There has been much criticism in recent years about the use of cement-lined pipe. At first it was wise to use it on account of its cheapness. The cost of cast iron at that time — $60 to $70 per ton — being prohibitive for a town like Medford. The old pipes were replaced at just the right time, the price of cast-iron pipe having fallen to the lowest figures ever known, $17.50 to $22 per ton.

With a threatened water famine averted, plenty of water available for many years to come, and with a great improvement in the finances of the department, the city felt easier, and the water commissioners were confident they could meet the situation, even with an increased debt, without increasing the water rates. Ever since the selectmen, in their report for 1887, had almost insisted that the water rates be increased, they, as well as the commissioners of the sinking funds and all of our mayors, except the present one, have urged the water board to increase the rates.

That the rates were *not* increased, as well as for the wise direction of the other finances of the department, credit should be given to three chairmen of the water board. No words are too strong to express the appreciation due Messrs. Gleason, Chandler and Stickney for their efficient championship of the interests of both the city and the water-rate payers. Mr. Gleason served the

town and safeguarded the interests of her citizens during the trying period preceding and following the establishing of the water works. To Mr. Chandler belongs the credit of rebuilding the works, establishing the high service and increasing the water supply, using the vigorous common sense and sound business ability for which he is well known. To Mr. Stickney is due thanks for the manner in which the finances of the department are being conducted at this time, enabling it to install a meter for each water taker without any increase in the charges.

From the time when the works were new, the town small and the debt large, through the time of rebuilding the old works, adding new, and procuring a larger supply, to the time when further expenditures were necessary because of waste, the rates established in 1871 have never been increased. This is the only case that has come to my notice of such a low water rate being maintained so long.

Because of the inability of the Metropolitan Water and Sewerage Board (of whom more will be said later) to check the waste of water in its district, the State, in 1907, ordered meters installed. The law applies to the whole district, and while not the ideal method of delivering water (which should be used as freely as fresh air, but not wasted), it is the only practical method of dealing fairly with all.

In 1893–4 Boston and several cities and towns in its vicinity had reached the point where it was unsafe to depend on their sources of supply. Governor Russell had proposed that these cities and towns form a district to develop some large supply for the benefit of all. The more the subject was investigated the more evident it became that the situation was imperative.

As all water supply questions required action by the State Board of Health, the Legislature instructed that board to report upon the question, which it did very fully in January, 1895. The outcome was an act of the Legislature that year, known as the Metropolitan Water Act,

creating a board of three State commissioners to take the waters of the south branch of the Nashua river, the Boston water works above Chestnut Hill reservoir, including the reservoir and pumping stations, and Spot Pond. This supply is to be delivered to certain cities and towns, and to any other cities and towns within ten miles of the State House that want it.

The total expense (construction and maintenance) of this joint system is to be borne by the cities and towns constituting the district.

Contrary to our democratic form of government, neither the district as a unit nor any part of it, has any representation upon this board, any more than the village of 'Squam has. The board is appointed by the Governor. To be sure, the State's credit is being used and the State should have a large voice in the management of the great enterprise, but eventually the district will have a large sum of money invested and no control over it, and the State will have nothing invested and will control everything.

Medford's Spot Pond supply was taken by the Metropolitan board January 1, 1898, because it makes an ideal reservoir for the district. It allows a large quantity of water to be held at a proper location north of the Charles river, and at a suitable elevation for distribution.

The Metropolitan board offered as payment to Medford, Malden and Melrose, in compensation for this taking, approximately $250,000. This being an unsatisfactory amount, suit was brought, and the court finally awarded $1,239,479.91, Medford's share being $469,821.70, Medford's expense in the suit being $59,729.09.

We are now part of the Metropolitan Water District and are getting our water from the south branch of the Nashua river at Clinton, the Sudbury river at Southboro, and Lake Cochituate at Natick. We are getting a better quality of water than ever before, and in ample quantity. The city is without care of the sources in any way, the water being furnished to us at our mains at a higher pressure and in larger volume than ever before, the

amount furnished being metered. Our partial ownership insures us a perpetual supply of water.

The city now owns its own water works free from debt, and there is no reason why that condition cannot continue.

This favorable state of affairs is due to Mr. Frank E. Chandler more than to any other one man, for, against the opposition of the State and the City of Boston and the opposition of influential men of Malden, Melrose, and even of some within our own city, he maintained his position in the suit for proper recompense for the taking of our property by the Metropolitan district.

Probably nothing in this vicinity has been the cause of so much litigation as the waters of Spot Pond.

October 26, 1871, in order to avoid trouble with the former owners of the water from the pond (the mill owners located along Spot Pond brook), Malden, Melrose and Medford, acting together, formally took the outlet of the pond, that they might control the flow.

In January, 1872, the mill owners brought suit for damages for the taking mentioned, which deprived them of water, and after a hard fought legal battle got judgment and were paid. Medford's share of the expenses of these suits was $33,154.58.

Being petitioned by the abutters on the pond because of the overflowing of their lands, the Superior Court appointed commissioners to determine high-water mark at the pond, which they did in 1876, and caused a copper bolt to be set in a ledge at the shore, indicating the same. They also fixed low-water mark at 7.91 feet below that point.

The records show that, as early as 1700, there was objection made to the overflowing of the land about the pond, caused by the dam put in by the mill owners on the brook; but the mill owners maintained the dam, sometimes with a shotgun. The Governor and council were petitioned for viewers to examine the pond, which petition was granted, resulting in an agreement as to

what was to be considered high-water mark. There was said to have been a hole drilled in the ledge to show it.

Again, about 1800, complaint was made of flowage of meadows. Suit was brought for damages, resulting (see Sullivan's land titles) in a decision of Supreme Court, October, 1800, establishing rights to flow the land in question by the defendant, Samuel Tufts, as follows: he "has had, and now has, prescriptive right to keep up the dam, in the same situation and height, as in his plea he has declared."

There are many other suits on record, too numerous to mention.

Spot Pond was discovered by Governor Winthrop, as he records in his journal, February 7, 1631, "The Governor, Mr. Nowell, Mr. Eliot, and others, went over the Mystic river at Medford, and going north and by east among the rocks about two or three miles, they came to a very great pond having an island and divers small rocks, standing up here and there in it, which they therefore called Spot Pond. They went all about it on the ice."

The pond then covered about 150 acres, but by the erection of the first dam in 1642 was raised slightly, and the evidence shows that it was raised at various times during the following one hundred and fifty years, in all 8 or 9 feet, making a pond of about 296 acres, high-water mark being 153.76 feet above Boston city base. This is as it was until Medford, Malden and Melrose, in 1896, raised it slightly, so that, May 1, 1896, it was a reservoir above Medford's water main of a little more than 900,000,000 gallons, giving us a pressure of 53 pounds per square inch at the water office. The Metropolitan board have since raised it 9.24 feet to elevation 163 above Boston city base, enlarging the capacity considerably and giving us a pressure at present of 60 pounds per square inch at the square.

The Metropolitan board have improved and beautified Spot Pond as well as made it an ideal reservoir, and

established an architecturally attractive pumping station on its shore, expending for these purposes about $900,000.

Though now interested in the pond only as part owner, where is the Medfordite that does not feel the special interest in it that goes with long years of association with that beautiful body of water?

THE ROYALL HOUSE PEOPLE OF A CENTURY AGO.

In 1810 the Royall House was owned by William Welch, who resided there in much state with his family. Because that over fifty years ago a native and former resident of Medford, after his removal to New York, took a lively interest in its history, we are enabled today to know something of them, perhaps more than of any who dwelt there in the half century succeeding Colonel Royall's departure. That interest led him to many inquiries, the preservation of letters of answer, and his own written conclusions. A touch of romance runs through it all, and the perusal of the papers referred to gives an interesting peep into the past, as well as into the ancient mansion, an object of interest in our city.

Mr. Welch was a dry goods merchant of Boston, having a store on Cornhill near the Brattle street church, and a residence on Franklin street, in the famous Tontine buildings.

In his earlier youth he is said to have been an auctioneer, and boarded in what the writer styled "a private boarding house in Park street."

Among those living there was an invalid lady, to whom a Mrs. Jarvis of Watertown frequently sent parcels and delicacies by her daughter.

The young men there domiciled were not slow in noting her visits or observing her attractive personality, and urged their hostess to invite her into the parlor.

It chanced that at her next errand to the invalid (remember, this was fifty years before the advent of rail-

roads) she was not in evening dress, but wearing "a quilted petticoat and short gown." She accepted the invitation, however, and "went in, not knowing so many were there, and spent an hour very pleasantly" and with "no embarrassment," as the story reads.

Mr. Welch attended her to her home, and after their long walk of course went in to rest, ere he returned.

The narrator says "he staid so long that her father told him it was time all honest people were at home."

How much embarrassment (if any) *he* experienced is not stated, but evidently in leaving the Jarvis residence he left his heart in the keeping of the perruquier's daughter Elizabeth, or Betsy, as she was sometimes called.

Wig-making was a considerable business in those days, as even boys of ten years wore wigs of various colors on special occasions and Sabbath days. They afforded some diversion during the long sermons, and the boys in the upper galleries of the meeting-house found more or less of it in the interchange and comparison of them. (Query. Did the old (third) meeting-house in Medford have double galleries?)

Mr. Jarvis plied his trade in Boston, and his daughter persuaded her mother "to open a small shop" there, for the sale of needles, pins, laces and ribbons. Mrs. Jarvis was not at first sanguine as to this scheme, but Elizabeth urged it strongly, saying she would bring custom; and sure enough she did. She applied for assistance to a "Painter in Boston" (presumably an artist) frankly confessing her inability to pay cash on delivery, for a portrait of herself.

He readily consented to paint the picture "as she told him, at full length, making her very handsome, and with three black boys holding up her train."

When finished, it was carried to the shop, which was on the north side of Washington street (Cornhill then), between Court and School streets. It was placed opposite the entrance door, in full view from the street, and reached from floor to ceiling. As she told her mother

it would, it attracted much attention from passers, and people coming in to see it remained to make purchases.

The above occurrences must have been before the years of Washington's first term as president, and soon after, Mr. Welch and Elizabeth Jarvis were married. Their home in the buildings designed by the noted architect of the State House, Charles Bulfinch, was in the most aristocratic and residential part of the town of Boston, a section now entirely devoted to business.

While Mr. Jarvis, the wig-maker, "was dependent on his own earnings for support," he had a merchant brother, Leonard Jarvis, of the firm of Jarvis & Stone.

The partner, (Moses) Stone, was the owner of a large estate bordering on Charles river, his orchard and park being the territory now known as Mount Auburn Cemetery.

One of the papers alluded to in commencing was dictated or written by the daughter of Mr. Stone, and gives a graphic account of her first visit to Mrs. Welch's home in 1798. This writer (Mrs. Ann Orne) was then but four years of age. Her childhood impressions were strongly fixed, and nearly sixty years afterward graphically written.

Arriving at the Welch home late in the afternoon she was put in bed in the nursery, when, after a nap, she awoke with the vision of "a little cherub, with face of ivory and pink beneath his curls," looking at her over the side of the crib, who soon ran to the staircase and cried out, "Oh, mamma, Mary has come back from Heaven!" then returned to gaze in delight till the shadows deepened.

This was Mrs. Welch's son John, or "Jack," as he was called (they had lost their first-born of the same name). But a few months before, they had lost two daughters, Betsy and Mary, by scarlet fever, and little Mary's memory was, doubtless, fresh in the boy's mind.

The visit was prolonged for a week, and at its close the little girl was taken to her home by the Charles river by Mrs. Welch in her carriage, which also made a lasting impression on her mind.

Doubtless, Mrs. Welch missed her little visitor, for "after an earnest entreaty" the Welches left their Boston home to reside with the Stones at Watertown for over a year.

Mrs. Stone had a relative, Major Jackson, who was commandant at Fort Independence, and during the summer the "castle barge," gaily decorated and with musicians, came up the river and took gay parties to the major's residence at Watertown bridge. Sometimes they would spend a day at the fort, returning by moonlight. Quoting from the lady's writing:—

"At other times, when the sweet new-mown hay filled the breeze with perfumes, and the marshes draped with the richest green velvet, they would cross the river to join their friends assembled in a cool, green grove sloping down to the water. Here they would hold their happy festivals. The pop of the rifle would be heard all the morning, furnishing birds for the busy cooks to make into peep pies for their dinner. The long tables were spread with covers white as snow, and I could see from the house the white dresses of the ladies gleaming out from the graceful green foliage, as they glided around among the trees, till all was ready for the sylvan repast. In winter they had sleigh-rides, whist parties and suppers."

It was during this year (December, 1799) that General Washington died, and in very many places the national grief found expression in public funeral services. One was held in Dr. Elliot's church, then the only one in Watertown. The women wore black ribbons, and the men black crape upon their arms. Mr. Welch sent his servant boy, who wore a livery of bright scarlet, and his mourning band presented a somewhat ludicrous appearance to the mind of this little girl. She does not mention that he was himself colored, but Mr. Swan has made a pencil note, thus—"black boy"—upon her manuscript.

The Welches next resided in Waltham for a few years and visits were interchanged by both families, and the little girl had ample chance of observation.

In 1806 Mr. Welch bought of Benjamin Hall and Charles Sumner the Royall estate in Medford (comprising about six acres) for $12,500.

During his six years' residence there they kept up much the same style of living as Mrs. Orne describes as at Waltham. Nothing is known of any excursions by water, though the Mystic river provided equal facilities. The pleasure excursions on the Middlesex canal (that skirted the estate) had not then attained the celebrity they did a few years later, but possibly they availed themselves of the opportunity of inland trips.

But the parties and suppers were frequent, as the Welches were very hospitable. Dr. Swan said he once drew Mrs. Welch as his partner at a Medford whist party, and the custom was for the losers to go out at the end of every game. They were winners in eighteen successive games ere they lost and had to retire, and the good doctor did not claim proficiency for himself.

It was said that Mrs. Welch, though uneducated, conversed with much animation, though not *very* grammatically. She had a high opinion of Bonaparte, whom she called "*Bony*," and was always ready to speak in his favor. It must be recalled that the first Napoleon's star was then in the ascendant, and attracted notice in the young American republic. She was of a happy disposition, delighted to make her guests and acquaintances at ease, and was very fond of children. Having lost all but "Jack" she idolized him, and made many presents to those she knew best.

This same little girl was the recipient of a gold locket in which a ruby was set. Its deep, beautiful color attracted her childish curiosity, and she tried what she called "a philosophical experiment to extract the color." It is needless to say that the pounding of it on a stone was not only "unsuccessful" as to color, but ruinous to the keepsake.

The mistress of the Royall house was fond of rich and fashionable dress, jewels and equipage. While at Medford she gave large parties, and on such occasions the trees about the house and along the walks were hung with parti-colored lamps.

She tolerated nothing like familiarity on the part of her servants, and took one of her nieces as such, only on condition that she should never call her "aunt." This was not at Waltham, probably at Medford, and after her leaving Medford her brother John served her in capacity of servant, much to the indignation of other relatives.

About the servant boy, John Hart (he of the scarlet livery), we quote the entire statement as written: —

"They kept a small boy as a waiter, and they used to make bread particularly for him. One morning, on my first visit, I watched my opportunity and slipped past the kitchen door, hoping to get some of 'John's bread,' which I fancied must be especially excellent. I saw it; a loaf of coarse meal dough on a gridiron over some coals to bake. Presently the cook turned it bottom upwards on a plate, and with a knife sliced off the burnt outside and called John to breakfast, setting the loaf aside to be cooked the same way again and again. She left the kitchen, and I stole in and snatched a coveted morsel of this same bread and ran into the garden to eat it, but as quick as I took it into my mouth I ejected it with loathing."

It seems that her experience with "John's bread" belied Solomon's proverb.

While at Waltham, Mrs. Welch had in her parlor a very beautiful full-length portrait of herself when her beauty was at its climax. Whether or no this was the one already referred to cannot now be said, but it is more than likely that it graced the wall in the Royall house, and would now be a desirable acquisition in the recently *restored* parlor.

Our informant secured this last information from Mrs. Stone through a letter from his niece, Caroline Orne, who interviewed her at her home in Cambridge in 1858.

He made note, "Caroline has never seen this picture, but has seen those who have."

Mrs, Stone said, "Mrs. Welch was very handsome, [had] black eyes and glossy, raven-black hair more than a yard long and thick as my two hands could clasp and not a gray hair in it." When nearly eighty her hair was thinner but black still.

This so interested him that he evidently consulted the Biblical account of Absalom's luxuriant hair and noted the same in pencil on the letter, "200 shekels [=] 3 lbs. 2 oz."

Future visitors at the Royall house (now that the ancient fireplaces with their tile setting and quaint fire backs are opened) may be interested in this extract:—

"I fancy I can see Mrs. Welch as there, seated in a luxurious arm chair, richly dressed before a bright wood fire in a handsome parlor reading; the canary birds singing, and rare exotics shedding a delicate fragrance through the room."

Though about the same age as Mr. Welch's son John, Mr. Swan makes no mention of him as a Medford boy. Being the only son of a wealthy man, he probably was placed under the tutelage of Dr. Stearns at the select academy near his home, instead of being taught by Master Kendall in the more democratic town school.

Mr. Welch was described as "a very handsome man, rather tall, fair, and with a fine color and handsome hair which he wore in a club queue."

He was not popular in Waltham, where there was much petty spite shown him. This was probably because their mode of life was in such marked contrast to that of their neighbors, they having fine gardens, summer-houses, greenhouse, horses, and plenty of servants. In their rides "in a dashing phaeton, with the top turned back, they looked very showy."

Nothing appears in these papers of "petty spite" being shown them in Medford, though Mr. Swan writes that Mr. Welch was not as popular here as was his wife, as he had not her affability.

In 1812 they removed to Philadelphia, having sold the Royall place to Royal Makepeace of Cambridge. There they lived for many years, though during the war with England, according to Mr. Swan, he sold flour of a counterfeit brand and had to leave the country (about 1814).

This may not have been *entirely* the reason. His

only son, "their idol," the "little cherub" of the Tontine building, had married a Miss Hunt, a farmer's daughter. Though she was a worthy girl, this so aroused his father's ire that he disinherited him (for a time), and on leaving for England willed most of his property to his nephew, John Larrabee.

His absence was so prolonged he was supposed deceased. Steps were being taken for settlement of his estate when he suddenly reappeared and resumed the management of his affairs. In the meantime his son John had become successful as a farmer, and father and son became reconciled. Later, Mr. Welch returned to Boston, resuming his residence in Franklin street.

After a time (date not given) he went to the McLean Asylum at Charlestown (Somerville), and while there fell from a bench and broke his hip bone. (Mrs. Stone said he was no more insane than many others, but was always *odd*).

He was taken to the Massachusetts General Hospital, where he died, September 20, 1832, aged 73 years.

He was buried from his home in Boston, where his wife continued to live until her passing away in 1846, in her eightieth year.

Such is the story the REGISTER gleans from the papers and letters referred to. Much more might be written. Doubtless, among the papers and correspondence of old Medford people is similar matter that would throw much light on the doings of olden days. In perusing the observations of Mr. Swan and the papers he preserved, one cannot fail to be impressed with the sterling qualities of many of the old-timers.

There is nothing to show that this mistress of the Royall house used her opportunities for the help and betterment of any but her immediate circle of friends, and that only in the channels of gaiety and pleasure.

Some useful lessons may be had by a comparison of her story with that of that earlier lady of the Royall house

(Elizabeth Usher, who was satisfied with *one* black boy to carry her train), the mother of Marm Betty. It is very doubtful if the Royall house, during the six years that the "perruquier's daughter," Elizabeth Welch, was its mistress, had as beneficent influence upon Medford as did in the same years that humble room near Medford Square, where lived Elizabeth Francis, better known as "Marm Betty."

From the *New York Observer* of September 21, 1868.

A CURIOUS RECORD AND RECORDER.

By Rev. Henry Wood, Chaplain U. S. Navy.

Messrs. Editors: — Passing the last summer, in consequence of ill-health, in the ancient town of Medford, half a dozen miles out of Boston, I was interested in visiting its noted residences and localities and studying its early Puritanic history. But what most of all interested and instructed me were four small manuscript volumes, written out in a neat and legible hand, and showing all the order, care, and accuracy of a counting-house ledger, though they were barely eight inches by four in size. A column was struck from top to bottom of each page on the left hand side, with the year at the head and the month and day below, while the texts were inclosed between this and another parallel column on the right, and the name of the preacher recorded still further on the right, with comments on the sermon and notices of the week's events beneath, and then, in business style, a horizontal line under the whole. The title of the various volumes, which were kindly loaned me by the present owner, was as follows: —

"An Account of all the Texts preached in our New Meeting House on Sabbath Days, Fast Days, and Thanksgiving Days, and also all the Baptisms. By Thomas Seccombe."

The record begins with September 3, 1727, "when the first sermon was preached in our new Meeting House by Mr. Ebenezer Turell," and ends with the following entry: "The owner of this book died about 11 o'clock this night,

fast day, April 15, 1773." Another hand continued the journal for two years longer, when death terminated the labors of a pastor signalized by having such an annalist, who was a highly respectable, intelligent, and pious man, a true specimen of the old Puritanic stock, whose unfailing attendance upon public worship, unless forbidden by uncontrollable circumstances, and his perseverance and care in performing the humble task he imposed upon himself, running through the period of *forty-six years*, are a perfect marvel, and probably without parallel. Commencing the record of every Sabbath's text and the name of the preacher, with frequent brief notices of passing events in the church, the town, and the country, in the year 1727, he continued it, without the intermission of a single Sabbath, fast, or thanksgiving day, till the year 1773, when death alone stopped his untiring hand. When, in some few instances, he was unable to attend the church himself, he procured some one to report to him the text and the preacher, while he, with his own hand, made the entry.

But if the industry and perseverance of the recorder are a matter for wonder, how much more so the immense labor of the minister who furnished the materials! The record contains a list of no less than *five thousand five hundred and eighty-two sermons*, giving two for every Sunday in forty-six years, with an excess of a dozen and more for every year for preparatory lectures, funeral sermons, etc. The mere thought of 5,582 sermons, carefully thought out, studied out, and written out, by the same individual, and an hour long at least in the delivery, as they were in those days, absolutely startles one in the contemplation of the labor, both intellectual and mechanical. It has been my fortune to gaze upon the pyramids of Egypt, yes, and to climb them: but my back did not ache so much, nor my mind wonder so much, as in contemplating this huge pyramid of sermons, of which every sermon was a tier, a stratum, a step. It might well reach the heavens, and I trust did, and conducted many gazers and listeners there. Still, while the Egyptian pyramids remain firm,

and up to the topmost stone, not a manuscript sermon is to be found in the parish where this monument was erected, though some printed discourses and controversial pamphlets remain. If all had been printed, they would have made 280 volumes, giving 20 sermons for a volume. So true is the old proverb: "*Omnia vincit improbus labor.*"

The last sermon of Mr. Turell was preached April 17, 1774, the text selected seeming to be prophetic of the end of his career, "If a man die, shall he live again? All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come." Here ended his labors, and soon after his life. His successor was Rev. Dr. David Osgood, who acquired a wide celebrity for two political sermons.

Mr. Turell seldom exchanged pulpits, and never, so far as the record shows, repeated a sermon. He never preached extempore, but always wrote his sermon fully out. He was a native of Boston, and graduate of Harvard University, remarkable for the elegance of his person and his gentlemanly manners. At the same time he was an accomplished scholar, while his health was always delicate. And yet he wrote and preached 5,582 long sermons! The texts alone, if given in a volume, would impart to it rare value, from the originality in their use, and their suggestiveness.

The notes of the recorder, with the facts and incidents he narrates, give an interesting view of the character of the ministry, the condition of the churches, and the type of Christian doctrine prevalent in that distant period.

ANCIENT AMMUNITION AT AN ALTITUDE.

Not every day are cannon balls dug up in Medford, but several have been very recently. This starts a train of thought in itself curious, and naturally raises the query, "How came they there?"

Medford people are well aware that near their eastern boundary, rising abruptly from Fellsway West, is a rocky

ridge of wild land; and the numerous excursionists by the new trolley line to Spot Pond cannot have failed to notice the same, on which the signs "Boulevard Heights" are placed. This name is given to the locality by the present owners, who have laid out the tract for residential purposes and are building streets therein.

Only the other day the road builders dug up the fragments of a cannon ball, but paid little attention thereto, and the cartload of earth into which they were thrown, was dumped somewhere in one of the new streets. Ere long, another was found, then two more thirty rods away; the former nearly three feet below the surface and all in fairly good condition. They are three and one-half inches in diameter and of six pounds weight.

Various theories as to their presence have been formulated, but none seem satisfactory.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Claud Allen of the owner company, one of these balls will find place among the local curios of the Medford Historical Society, and to him are due thanks for their preservation.

But whence came they, is the question. Either they were brought there and buried by some one now unknown, or they were fired there from cannon; but who knows or can suggest who the artillerymen were?

History records no battle nearer the spot than Bunker Hill. The British ordnance at that time had not so long range, while the direction would be highly discreditable to the gunners aboard the "Somerset, British man-of-war." It is hardly to be supposed that the colonists of 1775 would have taken the trouble to carry any heavy weights to such a height to secrete from General Gage, when many secluded spots easier to dig into were to be had on level ground.

Again, the fact of the broken ball would show that with the force of a projectile it hit the outcropping ledge beside which it was found, while a similar force embedded the others at various depths according to the nature of the soil they struck. Also, their scattered location would indicate firing instead of hiding.

Still the question recurs, "Who were the artillerymen?" Some one has suggested the entrenchments on Central Hill in Somerville as being the nearest point where cannon were mounted in 1775 by Washington, but there was no enemy in this rocky fastness to dislodge as the minute men from Essex County had hastened along its base toward Lexington. Had there been cause, the iron missiles might have sped through the ravine where found, as it lays open in that direction, but there was none, for not even tradition hints of artillery practice in the Revolutionary days with their scarcity of ammunition.

And thus the mystery remains unsolved.

In all this elevated tract of rocky woodland, comprising forty-three acres (in the development of the land company), there are but three dwellings, all of comparatively modern build, and no wilder locality can be found so near Boston. Its history is interesting, as it harks back to the ownership of Benjamin Hall, a noted business man of Medford in the Revolutionary and later days. Those were the times when the capacious fireplaces were the only heating apparatus, whose cavernous maw demanded continuous supplies of good hardwood. But the meeting houses of New England had no fireplaces, and the people were content to sit in the frigid atmosphere on Sabbath days and listen to two sermons that frequently had a "twelfthly." But in the parson's settlement so many "cords of good hard wood" were stipulated to be delivered at his door. Perhaps some of the heat from this went into the sermon as he wrote it. It is a matter of record that the Medford minister in 1809 preached the "election sermon" in Boston, and a recent review of it says "he gave them a hot one."

At all events the Medford parsonage had to be well supplied with fuel, and so, in 1808, the Rev. David Osgood, D.D., purchased of Mr. Hall these forty-three acres, now after a century being developed, for his "wood lot." But the good doctor, after serving his church and parish for forty-eight years, passed away, and this wood lot, by

his will, allowed January 15, 1823, descended to his children — David, Mary and Lucy.

David, Jr., (the boy so nearly fatally injured in the snow fort siege in 1808), was a practicing physician in Boston in the fifties (one of the early homœopaths), and at his death his portion was inherited by his wife Mary Ann. She deeded the same to his sister Lucy, April 13, 1863.

The elder sister, Mary, had before this, by her will, allowed October 15, 1858, bequeathed her "one-third part of wood lot" to her sister Lucy, who was at last the sole proprietor for ten years. She died on June 17, 1873, and by her will, made in the previous year, did "give and bequeath to the Town of Medford, . . . wood lot in the north-east part of said town, for the benefit of the Town Library."

Another decade passed away and the selectmen recommended that the town sell its unproductive property. Two years later they were authorized to sell the Osgood lot, so called. Their report shows that Miss Osgood gave it with the understanding that when sold, the income from the proceeds should go to the library. After being advertised for three weeks, only one bid was received, that of S. K. Abbott, of Malden, $1,720.96, and to him it was sold. In 1877, the wood standing thereon had been sold by the town for $179.74, and this sum including interest was on deposit in the Medford Savings Bank. The selectmen recommended that this be withdrawn and added to the proceeds of the sale, the town to assume the debt, making it a perpetual fund, paying the income thereof to the library trustees, which was done.

The three houses referred to were evidently built soon after this purchase.

In the twenty-five years that have elapsed, a sparsely settled section of Medford has become a thickly inhabited one; a boulevard has taken the place of the lonely Valley street, and the car houses and power station of the electric railway, at the boundary, are busy hives of industry. Overlooking it all is Parson Osgood's wood lot, to which

nature in its recuperative power has been generous, as the ample growth of largely oak and hickory witnesses; and among which, ere long, will arise the modest and tasteful homes of the people.

—M. W. M.

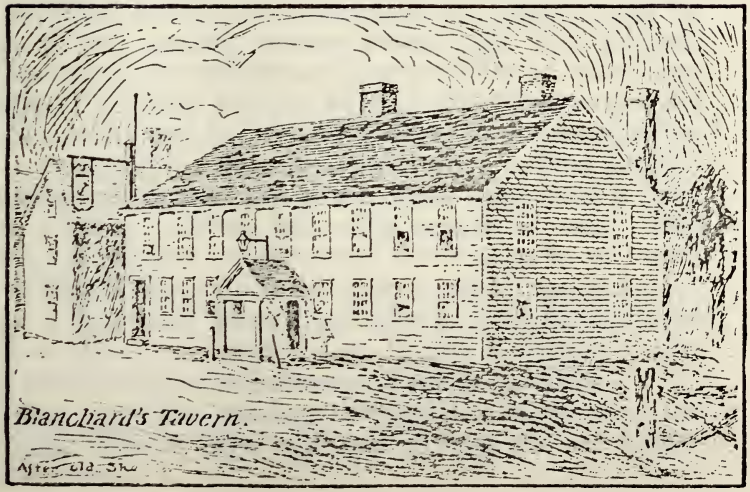
CHARLES DANIEL TUCKER.

Charles Daniel Tucker, a member of the Medford Historical Society since 1899, was born in Medford October 28, 1865. He was the oldest child of Daniel Tarbell and Olivia Richards Tucker, and had always lived in the house in which he was born, at 6 Pleasant place. He was educated in the public schools of Medford, graduating from the High School in 1883. After some years of service with Palmer, Batchelder & Co., and Nelson H. Brown, dealers in clocks and bronzes in Boston, he entered into the jewelry and optical business in Medford Square in 1896. By taking a course in the Klein Optical School he fitted himself as an optician, and latterly had been established in that profession at 102 Tremont street, Boston. He died of pneumonia, January 16, 1910, after a brief illness.

Upon the decease of his father he assumed the responsibilities of the family, which consisted of three sisters, one brother and an aged aunt. Business adversities and other troubles tried his character only to develop its noble qualities — patience, fortitude and self-sacrifice. An active member of the First Universalist Church, he filled many offices, and at the time of his death was a parish trustee and a teacher in the Sunday-school. He was a Past Master of Mount Hermon Lodge of Masons.

He had a fine mind, and it was a persistent regret of himself and his friends that his personal circumstances did not permit the largest training of his scholarly abilities. His noble, manly nature won for him many friends, who mourn his untimely death. —C. L. E.

JOSEPH WYMAN.



UNION HALL.

The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XIII. OCTOBER, 1910. No. 4.

STAGE-COACH DAYS IN MEDFORD.

[Read before the Medford Historical Society by Eliza M. Gill, February 5, 1910].

FROM her settlement Medford was favorably situated for communication with the world beyond her boundaries, for those opportunities for contact with men and affairs that keep a community alert and progressive. She had that fine water-way, the Mystic river, at first on her southern border, later, by an accession of territory, through the middle of the town. She was near Boston, and all the land travel from the north and east to that great center of New England's interests and ideals, for more than a hundred and fifty years, passed through her market-place and over the successive bridges spanning the Mystic where the Cradock bridge is located.

From as far as Quebec and Passamaquoddy Bay came the traveller on foot, on horseback, in chaise, pung or stage, as the varying seasons came, with their gradual improvement for comfort and convenience in travelling.

Almost without stirring beyond their door-steps, the people of Medford had the advantages of a cosmopolitan life in their midst. If ordinary travellers caused a ripple of excitement in the calm of the place, what must it have been when the air was rife with rumors of war? For here came many a youth bound for Boston to sail with Sir William Pepperell on the famous expedition to Louisburg; a little later there must have passed through here some of those who gathered on Boston Common to prevent the landing of the dreaded French invaders.

Other travellers passing through the town were the hurrying Minute Men and the recruits for the Continental Army.

If the novelist could correctly reproduce for us these travellers, we might find them endowed with a charm akin to that of the Canterbury Pilgrims.

To accommodate all this early and later tide of travel, there were several taverns within a stone's throw of each other in the market-place, besides others within a half mile on the east and on the west.

Surely these were not maintained for the benefit of the towns-people, nor were so many necessary to Medford's small population. There is proof enough that many who travelled for business, pleasure or adventure stopped here for shelter and lodging.

The period of coaching days must have added no little extra excitement and interest to the daily life of the town.

The earliest stage line from the North to Boston was from Portsmouth. This was established in April, 1761, and the following notice announced the enterprise to the public.

"For the Encouragement of Trade from Portsmouth to Boston

A Large Stage Chair,

With two good horses well equipped, will be ready by Monday the 20th. inst. to start out from Mr. Stavers, innholder, at the Sign of the Earl of Halifax, in this town to perform once a week; to lodge at Ipswich the same night, from thence through Medford to Charlestown ferry, to tarry at Charlestown till Thursday morning, so as to return to this town the next day; to set out again on the Monday following. It will be contrived to carry four persons besides the driver. In case only two persons go they may be accommodated to carry things of bulk and value to make a third or fourth person. The price will be Thirteen shillings and sixpence sterling for each person from hence to Boston and at the same rate of conveyance back again, though under no obligation to return the same week in the same manner.

"Those who would not be disappointed must enter their names at Mr. Stavers, on Saturday, any time before nine o'clock in the evening, and pay one-half at entrance, the remainder at the end of the journey. Any gentleman may have business transacted at Newbury or Boston with fidelity and despatch, on reasonable terms.

"As gentlemen and ladies are often at a loss for good accommodations for travelling from hence, and can't return in less than three weeks or a month, it is hoped that this undertaking will meet

with suitable encouragement, as they will be wholly free from the care and charge of keeping chairs and horses, or returning them before they had finished their business."

What an event that was in Portsmouth when the "Flying Stage-Coach" set out on its trip of over fifty miles! what an event, too, when it passed over the Medford roads on its way to Boston!

With what eager curiosity the crowd gathered at the inn watched its departure, and how, perhaps even more so, they looked for its return!

The humor of the name struck Portsmouth's witty son, that delightful Bad Boy, for he says the Flying Stage-Coach "crept back from Boston."

Let us look at one whose portrait a poet has given us:

"One hundred years ago, and something more,
In Queen Street, Portsmouth, at the tavern door,
Neat as a pin, and blooming as a rose,
Stood Mistress Stavers in her furbelows,
Just as the cuckoo-clock was striking nine.
Above her head, resplendent on the sign,
The portrait of the Earl of Halifax,
In scarlet coat and periwig of flax,
Surveyed at leisure all her varied charms,
Her cap, her bodice, her white folded arms,
And half resolved, though he was past his prime,
And rather damaged by the lapse of time,
To fall down at her feet, and to declare
The passion that had driven him to despair.
For from his lofty station he had seen
Stavers, her husband, dressed in bottle green,
Drive his new Flying Stage-Coach, four in hand,
Down the long lane and out into the land,
And knew that he was far upon the way
To Ipswich and to Boston on the Bay!"

In 1767 a line was started from Salem to Boston, in 1772 one from Marblehead, and an advertisement of the line from Newburyport may be seen in the Boston *Gazette*, May 10, 1773.

With what pleasure these coaches must have been watched as they came bowling along the Salem road,

swinging through the market-place over the bridge, stopping at the Royal Oak, Blanchard's or the Admiral Vernon Tavern.

Travel was interrupted by the Revolution, and when resumed at its close, gradually increased. The building of Malden and Chelsea bridges over the Mystic, and the joining of Charlestown and Boston by a bridge, gave an added impetus to travel, but turned some away from Medford.

Schedules of the roads leading from Boston, giving the distances from town to town, and later the names and distances from each other of inns of established reputation, were printed in early almanacs and similar publications.

After 1805 we find the stage-coach lines inserted in Thomas' Almanac, the times of arrival and departure, the place of headquarters noted, together with the days and number of times a week the coach started out.

The Medford innkeepers' names given in these road lists were as follows: 1771, Jones; 1773, Billings; 1780, Billings; 1782, Porter; 1792, Blanchard, and also Bradshaw; 1794, Blanchard; 1800, Hezekiah Blanchard, located at Union Hall. These are taken at random from the various almanacs above mentioned.

As the Blanchards were tavern-keepers for fifty years, and their house was the house *par excellence*, that name appears for many years. Strangely enough, sometimes the distance of this tavern from Boston is given as four miles and sometimes five.

A gentleman eighty-five years of age, living in Medford, describes most interestingly the journeys he made with his father and others to Boston from near Montpelier, Vt. They came in pungs loaded with beef, pork, poultry, eggs and cheese and took back dry goods and groceries. The round trip took two weeks, fare at the taverns was good, charges reasonable, and one of the towns where they staid over night was Medford.

Medford was given as being on the road to Montreal and Quebec and numerous other places.

Until one has looked over piles of musty old almanacs of no use chronologically or astronomically considered, he can have no idea how interesting he will find them. Such stores of quaint items, bright jests and most preposterous remedies for physical complaints will greet him, together with such valuable facts concerning social and political life of the period as to compensate for the time spent in poring over the pages of rude print and encountering stale odors.

The disuse of the stage-coach after the coming of the steam cars was a natural sequence, but it was the passing of a very picturesque and interesting phase and period of village life.

The arrival of a stage, whether daily or weekly, was a notable event in every community.

Its approach, announced by a blast from a horn, the reining up of the dusty horses under the guidance of a skillful driver, the alighting of the passengers, the unloading of the baggage, the delivery of the mail, was watched alike by the loafer, the store-keeper, the innholder and the varied throng gathered at the place where the commercial and social life focused.

Stage lines were becoming more numerous, and as early as 1805 a daily stage was started between Medford and Boston. The starting of this local line was then considered a great undertaking.

It seems difficult to believe that there was a time when one stage-coach between Medford and Boston was sufficient to accommodate the passengers between these places. Medford had her stage-coach days, just as surely as she is now having electric-car and automobile days.

The high-water mark of the coaching period was from 1820 to 1840.

Something different from an annual publication in an almanac of stage lines with the time of arrival and departure was then needed, and the want was supplied by "Badger and Porter's Stage Register." This was a supplement to a newspaper (the *American Traveller*), and was pub ished once in three months at No. 72 Market

street (corner Market and Court streets) Boston. It gives full data in regard to stage travel, and was published from 1825 to 1836.

In the issue of November 1, 1825, the following will give an idea of its scope: —

"*Medford and Boston Mail Stage*, leaves post office, Medford, every day, except Sundays, at 8 A.M., and Wednesday and Saturday at 2 P.M.

"—— leaves Wildes & Hosmer's, Elm-st. Boston, every day, except Sundays, at 1-2 past 12, noon, and Wednesday and Saturday at 6 P.M. through Charlestown — distance 5 miles — fare 37½ cents.

"*Proprietor*, Joseph Wyman, jr. Medford."

After this we do not find the stage thus designated, though Mr. Wyman, without doubt, transported the mail.

The Post Office at that time was in Porter's store, and William Rogers was postmaster from 1818 to 1828.

Occasional changes in time were made, and No. 12, issued May 1, 1827, is as follows in regard to our local stage: —

"*Medford and Boston Stage*, at ½ past 7 A.M. and 2 P.M. — leaves Wildes', No. 11 Elm street, Boston, every day, except Sunday, at 12 M. and ½ past 5 P.M. — through Charlestown — distance 5 miles — *Proprietor*, Joseph Wyman, Jr."

Our citizens were now being accommodated with two stages daily, while four other lines passed through Medford, northward.

These last were not all daily stages. From some towns both mail and accommodation stages started; the former generally carried fewer passengers, went faster, and the fare was a little more.

Between the Woburn and the Medford stage was a great rivalry as to which could go the faster; the former had four horses, the latter two.

In 1832 the Boston and Concord Stage, *via* Derry, and the Boston and Concord, N. H., Stage, *via* Lowell, passed through Medford.

Our 1805 stage, according to one of the almanacs of

that date, arrived in Boston at Patterson's tavern every day (Sundays excepted) at 9 o'clock in the morning, and left said tavern at 12 the same days.

In 1814 it set out from the same place every day, except Sunday, at noon. In 1825 it left Boston daily at 1 P.M. and arrived there at 8 A.M.

In 1830 our stage, this time again called a mail stage, (though the name depended upon the almanac consulted,) started from S. Wildes', Elm street, every day except Sunday.

In 1845 Medford had four omnibus trips each day, and in 1846, six, according to *The Boston Almanac.*

It would be pleasant to know who were the passengers by the stage-coach in the early days of the Medford line. Probably Timothy Bigelow, who moved to Medford about this time, and later his son, John Prescott Bigelow, for they were lawyers, and must have used this means to reach their office, 7 Barristers' Hall, Court Square, Boston. Perhaps, too, some members of the Brooks, Magoun or Porter families, when they did not choose to use their own carriages, travelled by stage-coach. Many Medford citizens who have passed the four-score mile-stone were among the later passengers, and they enjoy recalling their old-time experiences of travel.

The successful merchants and business men of today who ride over our country in palace cars would often, as young lads, walk one way and ride the other when the necessary fare was not jingling in their pockets. As one told me, "Why, when we went to Boston to see the fireworks on the Common, we would have had no money for popcorn and lemonade if we had paid two fares."

Many of the adults, both men and women, rode but one way, for although it was the days of Medford's prosperity through her ship-building, it was also the time of thrift and economy over against the present-day extravagance and easy spending of money.

Henry Richardson, called the Poet of the 1818 Club, read at one of the meetings a poem called "Old Memories," in which he describes the changes he had seen in

a long life. He touches upon one subject in these words: —

"Our railroad was not running then,
The project was not broached,
And they that chose to ride to town
Went in J. Wyman's coach.

"In every morn, at 8 A.M.,
'T would stand with open door,
Beneath the willow in the square,
Just by George Porter's store."

I have been unable to learn when Mr. Wyman gave up his business of stage driving, to which he added the livery business, but it is said he drove daily for thirty-four years without having an accident of a serious nature. The actual time must have been longer than that. His patronage increased, and in 1836 he had an omnibus built expressly for him, which he named very appropriately "Gov. Brooks." This accommodated eighteen persons inside and six outside, and on the smaller stage, which carried nine inside, the coveted seats were on the top.

The easier way to Boston was over Medford turnpike (Mystic Avenue), but the preferred way was over Winter Hill. This must have been a steep climb (the grade is now easier), but there was more chance of obtaining passengers.

A rival stage line was established, greatly to the annoyance of Mr. Wyman, and he would sit by his fireside, saying to himself, "*I* drive my own coach, *I* crack my own whip."

Amos Hemphill, who bought out Mr. Wyman, had driven for him, although Mr. Wyman handled the reins the most of the time. Other drivers were Thomas Gillard, Warren Tileston, Jerry Jordan, George Clapp and Charles Knapp.

Mr. Wyman, as was the old-time custom, often "took a drop," and a favorite drink of that time was "Tom and

Jerry," so the joke went round that "Wyman had a Tom and Jerry within and without."

Samuel Blanchard, who started the rival line, also carried on an extensive livery business for many years, using both stage and omnibus. I am unable to give the dates of this enterprise, but both stage and omnibus seem to have been used even after the Medford Branch Railroad was put in operation in 1847, for a business card reads as follows: —

S. BLANCHARD'S MEDFORD OMNIBUS.

"The Medford Omnibus leaves A. Baker's Medford House, Medford, at 9 o'clock, A.M., and 1 o'clock, P.M.

"Leaves L. Slade's Central House, No. 9 Brattle Square, Boston, at 10 1-2 o'clock, A.M., and 4 o'clock P.M. *Fare* 18 3-4 *cents from Office to Office*, 25 *cents when called for or left at a passenger's residence.*

ON SUNDAYS.

"Leaves Medford, at 8 o'clock A.M., and 6 o'clock, P.M.

"Leaves Boston, at 9 1-4 o'clock, A.M., and 7 1-2 o'clock, P.M. *Fare* 25 cents.

"MEDFORD, Sept., 1849."

I shall best be understood by Medford people if I speak of the proprietor of the second stage line as "old Sam Blanchard," as he was always called, for he had a son Samuel who drove for him, and succeeded his father in the livery business.

From a ledger kept by father and son, 1849–50, we find the stage was used to convey ladies to parties and to weddings, and the omnibus was also used for weddings and funerals.

The new railroad, with its steam-cars, could not answer for all travel, and many still hired teams of Mr. Blanchard to go to Boston. The adoption of all new inventions is met by some with conservatism, and the advice,

> "Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
> Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

is taken by many.

Let us now turn from the subject of these business enterprises, that added so much to Medford's prosperity and convenience, to the men whose foresight started them, and to whose public spirit Medford citizens are so much indebted.

The Wymans were descendants from a family of Saxon derivation, and belonged to the "sturdy yeomanry." The New England ancestor settled in Woburn, Mass., and there Joseph Wyman was born, August 15, 1762. He married Ruth Fowle, 1781, and had a family of four sons and two daughters born there, the birth of Joseph junior occurring June 13, 1782.

Wymans are found often on our town records, for there were several families of this name living here.

The senior Joseph settled in Medford, and as his name is first found on our tax-list 1783, it was probable that he came here with his family a short time before that date. Joseph junior was first taxed in 1803, being then twenty-one years old. The Captain Joseph of 1794 was probably the school teacher, and a James Wyman kept a private school where Mrs. Susanna Rowson had previously held one.

Joseph Wyman owned the farm where he lived, which was on the present Winthrop street, just beyond Oak Grove Cemetery, now in possession of the Russell family, who bought it of the Wymans. He grew large quantities of small fruits of excellent quality. He died in Medford, November 27, 1841. The family name has been given to a street running from Winthrop street, crossing Woburn street to Allston street, West Medford.

Joseph junior married in Medford, April 15, 1821, Esther Lynde Blanchard, and received the blessing from Dr. Osgood, the minister who performed the ceremony.

Esther (Blanchard) Wyman was the daughter of Hezekiah Blanchard, Jr., of tavern fame, and his first wife, Esther Tufts. She was born July 4, 1792, in a family blessed with fourteen children. Hannah Adams Wyman, the only child of this union, was baptized September 15,

1822. Mrs. Wyman died May 16, 1859, and her husband, Joseph junior, died July 16, 1867, in the house standing on High street numbered 43. After selling out his business he went to the old home farm a while, and finally moved to the west half of the house just mentioned, west of the Savings Bank.

Hannah was well-favored in regard to looks, but inherited some of the oddity of her father. After his death she lived for a while in Sables court, then in the old Fountain House (formerly a famous inn), where she died, October 5, 1880, aged fifty-eight years, seven months and sixteen days. She supported herself by sewing, and the fine work she put into men's shirts, all hand made, could not be surpassed.

Mr. Wyman started his stage at first from his father's farm, then from the corner of High and Woburn streets, for he was then living in the house occupied at present by Mr. DeCamp, 283 High street, or in one on this site; later the stage started from the Seccomb house. The stable was some distance in the rear, reached by a passageway still existing east of the house. The stable was burned one Sunday afternoon.

The fare was at first thirty-seven and one-half cents each way, but on account of competition was reduced to twenty-five cents. On notice, the coach would call for passengers, and sometimes light teams were sent around instead.

For the convenience of those in the east part of the town a slate was kept in the house standing on the site of the one built by the late Samuel Clark about ten years ago on Riverside avenue (old Ship street). There passengers registered their names.

Mr. Wyman was a good type of the old stage-coach driver — strong, steady, sturdy, large in build, brusque yet kind, accommodating, yet too keen to be imposed upon by over-shrewd patrons, and having a good sense of humor. He never really denied a passenger's request, but his answer was couched in such a form that the one

asking the favor knew he had received a denial through his own impossible proposal.

The Medford Historical Society owns a daguerreotype of him, showing him in old age with a strong, rugged face. He commonly wore a checked handkerchief around his neck over his stock. He was somewhat awkward in his movements.

The impression I have received regarding him, as I have talked with those who knew him, is that he was peculiar, decidedly so. Some seem to retain a vivid impression of his remarkable under lip, which was a potent factor in his facial expression. Read what Mr. Usher says about him and you will find him "genial and obliging"; hear what others tell you and you will decide he was disagreeable and even rude. Hard out-door work often tended to make people of the past less refined and gentle than those of today. His conversation was rugged like himself, not always printable, nor fit for ears polite, so the stories that follow are not exact quotations. Many are told which show his ready wit. An interesting account of a runaway slave is told at length in Brooks' "History of Medford," which is a pleasing piece of local history, in which the old stage-driver, at that time a young man, bore himself with dignity and discretion.

As much baggage as was possible was brought out with the passengers on the stage, and to a shrewd woman who wanted a barrel of flour taken out so it would be no expense to her he suavely replied, when she made known her desire, "I am sorry, madam, that I cannot accommodate you, but I have just been applied to for baggage room for a saw-mill." A request to carry out a stove received a similar reply; at another time he refused to transport something because he had "a hogshead of molasses to take out for Lawrence." When he was *really* asked to carry out so cumbersome an article as a barrel of molasses he said, "I shall be very glad to take it out if you will trust it to the only place I have for it; if so, I will tie it to a wheel."

Stopping in Charlestown to take on either passenger or baggage, he was roughly spoken to by some driver, who said, "Get up with your old bean-pot." "Wait till I have loaded up my pork," said Mr. Wyman. *A fine *double entente* which Charlestown and Medford people of that day must have appreciated and enjoyed.

A former resident of Medford, now of St. Louis, writes, saying, "Wyman was a typical old-time stage-driver, always polite, and very accommodating to the ladies, very prompt, and gave close attention to business."

A half sheet of paper, upon which a newspaper clipping (now lost) had been pasted, has been kept these seventy-five years that we today may know something more of our veteran stage-driver, something that was complimentary to him. Underneath the printed scrap was written: —

"Please give the paper to Mr. Wyman with my compliments, and say to him that I sincerely hope he may long continue to be the most remarkable man in Medford. — A. B.
"28 Feby 1835."

This was addressed to "Jon[a] Brooks Esqr., Medford." A. B. was Alfred Brooks, son of the one to whom the note was addressed, and younger brother of the well-known Rev. Charles Brooks, at one time a neighbor to the Wymans.

Contracts were made by the Government with the stage-coach proprietor for carrying the mail, and after having carried the Medford mail for many years a misunderstanding or some difficulty occurred that led Mr. Wyman to write to Hon. Abbot Lawrence, then representative in Washington, on the subject. This letter Mr. Lawrence forwarded to Amos Kendall with one he had written. Amos Kendall of Kentucky was of the trio of Postmasters General during the administration of Andrew Jackson. At this time they were first considered as cabinet officers. From the Post Office Department, 2d February, 1836, he replied to Mr. Lawrence, saying: —

* Charlestown was often called Pigtown.

"Mr. Wyman's contract for carrying the mail between Boston and Medford expired 31 December, 1832, and was not advertised for reletting under the contracts commencing 1st January, 1833, because of Medford being on the daily Post Route from Boston to Concord, N. H. Mr. Wyman was advised in July, 1834, throu' Mr. Young of the Boston Post Office that the Postmaster General declined renewing his contract for this service or making him any compensation for services uncalled for by the Department. I can perceive no good reason for reversing this decision."

From this there was no appeal, of course, and Mr. Wyman must have experienced disappointment and probably pecuniary loss.

He had no confidence in banks, nor would he put his money at interest, but kept his savings in a little trunk, taking his money therefrom as he needed it, until the hoard was actually used up. He hid three thousand dollars which was never found, and his daughter, to whom it would have meant much in her simple way of living, used to frequently speak of the circumstance and bemoan the loss of the money.

The Wyman tomb is on the west side of the Salem-street burying-ground, and there the ashes of the old stage-driver and his kin repose.

"Old Sam Blanchard" was the son of Hezekiah junior and Eunice Floyd, his second wife, and half-brother to Esther Blanchard who married Joseph Wyman, Jr. He was born in Medford, April 30, 1803, and was baptized the following day. He married, first, Frances Burroughs of Sutton, N. H., November 2, 1825. His second wife was Mrs. Ruthena Hillard of Lexington, Mass. The intention of marriage was recorded April 8, 1844, but no return of the marriage was made.

He had five daughters and three sons. He was proprietor for a few years of Blanchard's Tavern, a house which his grandfather and father had made of great popularity. When he established a stage line to Boston the coaches started from that tavern, but later he removed to the north side of the three-story building on Main street, just south of the *Medford Mercury's* office; here

he had his residence, with a stable in the rear. He then moved to the Governor Brooks house on High street and used the stable belonging to this fine old estate, carrying on an extensive livery business for years. The site today is occupied by the Medford Savings Bank.

An excellent painting of the Governor Brooks house is owned by the Sarah Bradlee Fulton Chapter, D. A. R., and is hanging on the south wall of the west parlor of the Royall House.

Mr. Blanchard probably discontinued the stage line when he moved to High street. The stages were stored in the stable, and one was sold to a Mr. Keene of Kittery Point, Me., and used to carry passengers back and forth between that place and Portsmouth, N. H.

Some time after the spring of 1859 he removed to Sutton, N. H., where he died.

His son, always called "young Sam," who had been a partner with his father, continued the livery business until his death in Medford, September 19, 1871.

Mr. Blanchard was an all-round man, if we are to judge by the various callings he engaged in, for besides being tavern-keeper, stage proprietor and liveryman, he was constable and auctioneer, and figured largely in town affairs.

He was a large man, six feet tall, rotund and florid, a rapid talker and with a sonorous voice, a very fitting accompaniment to the auctioneer's hammer.

The St. Louis gentleman before quoted, whose memory is excellent, despite his eighty-six years, says: "Mr. Blanchard commenced stage driving in opposition to Mr. Wyman — he used both coach and omnibus.

"His son Samuel drove the team at times on occasion when short of help. Amos Hemphill drove for Blanchard for some time — for one or two years."

Mr. Blanchard was the first captain of the Brooks Phalanx at its formation in 1841. He resigned its command when he was raised to the office of lieutenant-colonel in the militia. He is said to have made a fine

appearance as a military man, and was widely known in Middlesex and Suffolk counties.

He owned a green baize-covered sleigh, with the name Governor Brooks painted on it, and perhaps this is the vehicle called in the ledger the stage-sleigh. It is said to have belonged to Governor Brooks.

A good story is told of him which shows his attention to business and his determination not to lose a passenger.

A lady belonging to a well-known and prominent family here wishing to return to Medford, decided to come by the Woburn stage, as it passed her home, and was just entering it when Mr. Blanchard, perceiving her intention, stepped up, put his arms about her, lifted her bodily into his coach, saying politely, "*This* is your stage, Miss ——."

One lady remembers, when a pupil at A. K. Hathaway's private school, of riding alone in the stage from Pleasant street, Medford, to Harrison avenue, Boston. A procession in honor of Zachary Taylor, President of the United States, who had recently died, was passing in the city, and she particularly recalls the kindness of the driver to the little miss during the frequent stops and changes he was obliged to make.

A lively episode is related as taking place at the Medford House one Sunday night. Mr. Blanchard and Mr. Hemphill, the latter then owning a route, were trying vigorously to get passengers. The fare was twenty-five cents, and Mr. Hemphill offered to take passengers for ten cents. This cut Mr. Blanchard met by the offer to take them for nothing. Mr. Hemphill's next move was to offer to *pay* twenty-five cents to any who would ride with him. How this war of words ended I do not know. It may have been more in jest than in earnest, but we *do* know that rival stage lines made greater concessions than these and offered greater inducements to secure patronage; but times have changed.

"The coach is laid aside, and now
A railroad takes its place."

AN OLD-TIME MUSTER.

The mystery of the cannon-balls, recently exhumed in Medford, was soon solved. While the REGISTER (which had the story in advance of the daily papers) was being printed, Capt. Albert A. Samson, who, when a boy of nine years, resided near Salem street, told the story of the target practice of a Boston artillery company at present Cherry street.

His story has been printed in the *Medford Mercury*, as also the recollections of same event given by Elisha Curtis, who was also interested in the quest of facts. A week had not passed when another old Medford boy sent to the editor a letter relating thereto, telling practically the same story and differing but few years in time from their dates, and also adds a bit to our local history well worth reading.

This last is immaterial as it is highly probable that several similar events occurred in Medford.

Those were the "piping times of peace" for even though the Mexican War took place it was unpopular in New England.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS., July 15, 1910.

MR. EDITOR: —

MY DEAR SIR: — I have read with interest your article in the Medford HISTORICAL REGISTER relating to ancient ammunition recently found in the easterly part of Medford. It recalls vividly events and scenes long vanished. Your query, "Who were the artillery men?" needs an answer, if you can find anybody who has lived long enough. There was a battle there once.

In or near 1840 a wild excitement arose among the boys in Medford, especially at the old brick schoolhouse, which stood behind the Unitarian Meeting-house and next to the home of Miss Mary and Miss Lucy Osgood. News had reached us that there was to be a muster and an Indian sham fight on the great plain, between Medford and Malden. When the day arrived a lot of boys started for the battlefield. James Hervey and Warner Clisby went, and, though I am less sure about him, Gorham Train.

I was then ten years old, and I went with them. We went eastward on Salem street, passed the end of Fulton street, almost to the town frontier, and the whole warlike scene was before us.

It was a lonely region then, not populated. There was no Fellsway and no trolley line about. No shops, no post office, no school. Hardly a house was in sight. Indeed, I remember only one; it stood somewhat south of Salem street, and was inhabited by a family whose name was "Gale." It was said to be the last house in Medford. On the north side of the highway was a large plain, nearly level. At its north end rose a high craggy ridge bearing plenty of rocks, junipers, etc. Near Salem street stood the artillerists with several field pieces, all pointing north and in extremely active and reckless service. Next north of the cannon stood companies of infantry over whose heads the cannon were supposed to fire. Far away on the rough upland were countless "Indians" in wonderful paint and feathers, flitting about among the rocks and bushes and wasting lots of powder. At length the cannonading ceased, the infantry charged and the Medford boy contingent went with them. Nobody hindered the boys, but as the charge ascended the rocky battlements of the ridge the noise of musketry was fearful and the warwhoops even more so. It seemed to us that the white men were gradually forcing the red ones back. In the real historic fights this was generally the case. In the sham fights it was always so. Still, we could not tell very well, as the confusion was awful, the smoke dense, and the thunder of the cannon and the shouting endless. Evening was approaching. We had eaten nothing since breakfast, and had no money to buy any of the gorgeous pies and cookies for sale at little tables along Salem street. So the Medford boys went home tired and happy to their mothers.

Unless a few ball cartridges were inadvertently used on that battle day I do not think the North Mountain was hurt much, or anything deposited in its chasms or scaurs to puzzle future historical societies. I say inadvertently, for no one who knew Miss Lucy Osgood as I did would ever venture to cannonade her wood lot, to say nothing of the poor Indians. But this is not the whole of my story.

A couple of years later I again visited this battle plain. As we approached it, walking as before on Salem street, we were struck with the different character of the noises. The furious gun-fire of 1840 was no longer in evidence. The cannon reports were of rather slow recurrence and seemingly at regular intervals. The field-pieces were in their former places. The artillerists were by them, but were deliberate and very careful. No infantry were on the field. No Indians were anywhere in sight. But there were targets, two or more, standing on the lower slope of the bluff and very near the level of the plain.

No blank cartridges were being used then. We could see the dust spouts as the shots struck the rugged slope. Evidently the

merits of this locality as a safe place for artillery practice had been discovered.

I have a round shot which was fired from Lord Percy's six-pounder April 19, 1775. It was ploughed up on the Rufus Merriam farm in Lexington some forty or fifty years later. It weighs five and one-half pounds, a weight at which no spherical shot was ever cast. Possibly weighing the cannon-ball which Mr. Claud Allen has given to your Society may indicate something, but I cannot tell. I know nothing of the oxidizing rates of different soils.

Truly yours,

THOMAS M. STETSON.*

From conversation with the adjutant-general's assistant at the State House we learn that Massachusetts, in 1840, had twenty-six artillery companies and eighty-three of infantry, a much larger proportion of artillery than in later years. Each company had two six-pounders and one caisson, and houses were built or hired for the storage of their guns. Many of these were, according to report, in bad repair, unless, indeed, kept in order by the companies at their own expense.

The local trainings and parades were always sources of interest to the "Young America" of those days.

The annual musters of the State militia were looked forward to with interest and attended by crowds. These latter were hardly deemed complete unless a sham fight was included, such as Mr. Stetson describes.

This and various other features hardly served to keep the military spirit alive in Medford (for in 1840 there was here no military company), though perhaps this "Cornwallis" may have roused some, as the next year the Brooks Phalanx was organized.

The temperance reformation that was gaining ground was in no way friendly to the dissipation attendant on the old musters, and which were deprecated by many, because of their demoralizing tendencies.

Few people of today know what a "Cornwallis" was, but that was the term usually applied to a mock battle and surrender.

Lowell, in "Biglow Papers," says: —

* Son of Reverend Caleb Stetson, Pastor of First Parish.

. . . . An' a feller could cry quarter
Ef he fired away his ramrod arter tu much rum and water,
Recollect wut fun we hed, you 'n I an' Ezry Hollis,
Up there to Waltham plain last fall, a-havin' the Cornwallis?

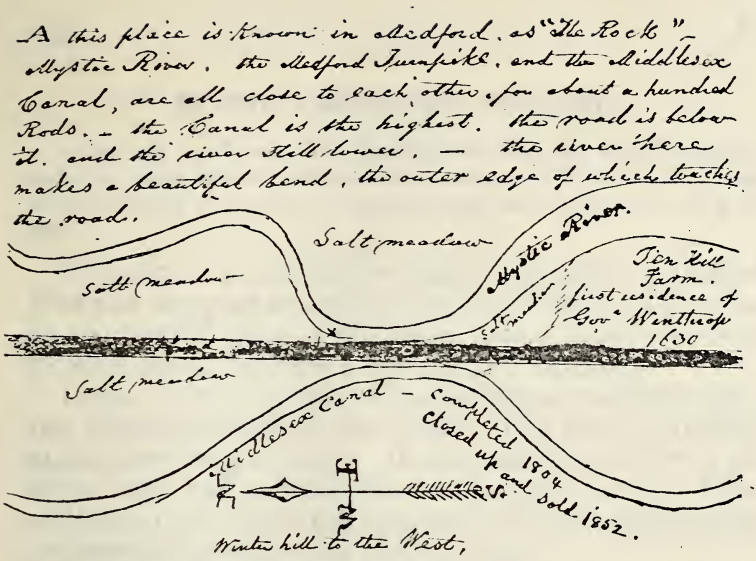
His "Glossary" styles this to be "*a sort of muster in masquerade*, supposed to have had its origin soon after the Revolution, and to commemorate the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. It took the place of the old Guy Fawkes procession." Doubtless the Cornwallis was as grotesque in its features as were those of Guy Fawkes Day. The irregularity, and often absence of uniform and equipment — some having a salt fish strapped on the back instead of blanket or knapsack — bordered somewhat on the ridiculous. All these developed in later time into the "Antique and Horrible" parade of Fourth of July morning.

Mr. Stetson's use of the word "inadvertently" brings to our notice an incident that occurred about the same time.

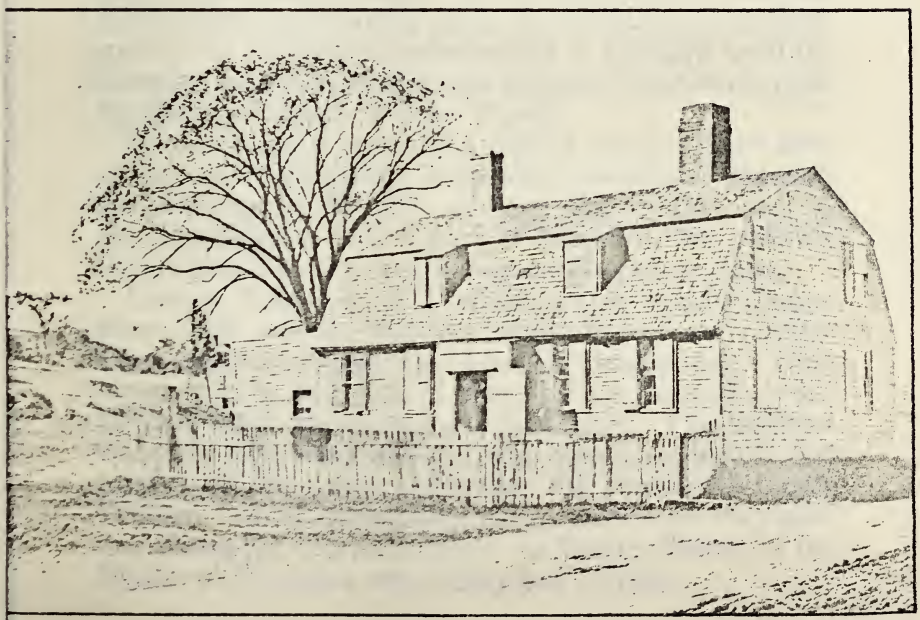
The Lexington Artillery was encamped near the home of its captain in Woburn. While the company were at dinner some reckless one fired a solid shot at "Rag Rock," a lofty ledge near by, but with such poor aim that the shot went over the hill and fell beyond it.

We have never heard of its being found. Should it ever be, let none (as some did in Medford) attribute it to the British attack on Bunker Hill, but to a dare-devil recklessness, induced by "tu much rum and water," presumably the former.

The allusion to the shot from the farm in Lexington has raised this query among military men: Is there any *record* of the *firing* of cannon there on that eventful day in 1775?


A this place is known in Medford, as "The Rock" —
Mystic River, the Medford Turnpike, and the Middlesex
Canal, are all close to each other, for about a hundred
Rods. — the Canal is the highest, the road is below
it, and the river still lower. — the river here
makes a beautiful bend, the outer edge of which touches
the road.
Salt meadow
Salt meadow
Mystic River.
Ten Hill
Farm.
first residence of
Gov. Winthrop
1630
Salt meadow
Middlesex Canal — Completed 1804
Closed up and sold 1852.
Winter hill to the West,

PEN AND INK SKETCH BY CALEB SWAN, 1856.



TOLL HOUSE ON MEDFORD TURNPIKE.

IN ONE CORNER OF MEDFORD.

"On this road near the Charlestown line, the canal, turnpike and river come into such close contact that a coachman, with a long whip, touched the waters of the river and canal without leaving his seat."

The above is quoted from page 53 of *History of Medford* and suggests an article upon the Medford Turnpike. In the limited space of this issue, justice cannot be done to the subject, but only a few cursory allusions.

It was written by Rev. Charles Brooks, probably after the discontinuance of the canal. The query naturally arises, how long a whip? If the coachman drove a six horse stage and swerved from a straight course a little, while the river was at full tide, the feat was possible without stretching either the whip or story.

The location is in a remote corner of the city and comparatively little known to the people of today. Winter Hill slopes steeply down to the river there, and the Middlesex Canal having been successfully cut through, some of its projectors, business men of Medford, built the turnpike beside its narrow pass between Charlestown and Medford, just below Winter Brook.

It is an historic spot and a part of the Ten-Hills farm of Governor Winthrop. Somewhere hereabout was built the *Blessing of the Bay*, perhaps not in that part of old Charlestown now a part of Medford, but possibly farther down stream, as the Somerville people claim.

Late in August, 1774, Medford people became uneasy about their powder that was stored in the old powder house, erstwhile Mallet's grist mill on Quarry Hill. They removed it in the nick of time, for on September 1st, General Gage seized what was then there. Two hundred and sixty men embarked at Long Wharf, in Boston, and carried out his orders, conveying the powder to Castle William. In all probability, all the land route they took was across the "sorrelly plain" via Winter Brook, to the Mystic at this point where they had landed.

The next spring, Paul Revere, in galloping over the summit of the hill, diverged from a straight course and rode "over the bridge into Medford Town," on his way to Lexington.

Three years later, the near slopes of the hill saw the encampment of the Hessian prisoners from Saratoga, and later came the days and enterprises of peace.

The canal with its boats, the turnpike with its stage-coaches and toll-house, the tide mill, where mahogany logs were sawed, with the river to bear away the product of Medford shipyards; all these crowded in this narrow pass and thence onward to the great world outside and beyond. No wonder that a Medford born citizen, in reading Mr. Brooks' account of the turnpike (then fresh from the press), felt moved to illustrate the same with the pen and ink sketch the REGISTER reproduces today for a wider reading.

The old Tufts Mill stood just within the border of Medford, while one "salt meadow" next the canal and half the other formed the mill pond. A "dike" extending from the mill diagonally across the "meadow" to the river impounded water that furnished power as the tide receded. The mill site was purchased by Gershom Cutter, in 1845, and the mill twice rebuilt by him after destruction by fire. This, with the business, has long since vanished and Combination Park now occupies a part of the pond site.

Mr. Brooks says, "about the year 1810 the turnpike began to be used as a race course and trotting matches were quite common." One race track, the Mystic Park, has had its day and vanished. Homes for the people are rapidly arising there. Twice have railway enterprises sought a way through the hillside but as yet unsuccessfully.

The REGISTER presents this 55 year old sketch and present article as a waymark.

THE SOCIETY'S WORK — PAPERS AND ADDRESSES — FOURTEENTH YEAR, 1909–1910.

October 18. — "A Vacation in England." Mr. Henry E. Scott.

November 15. — "A Summer in Scandinavia." Rosewell B. Lawrence, Esq.

December 20. — "Anne Hutchinson." Rev. James DeNormandie, D.D., of Boston.

January 17. — Annual Meeting.

February 21. — "The Deane Winthrop House, Its Occupants and Its Owners." Mr. David Floyd of Winthrop.

March 21. — "The Evolution of the American Normal School." Mr. J. Asbury Pitman of the State Normal School, Salem.

April 18. — "Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church." Mr. Moses W. Mann.

May 16. — Producer Gas and Its Commercial Uses." Mr. C. Arthur Platts.

A goodly number listened to the interesting address of Mr. Scott, who exhibited souvenirs of his visit to England.

Mr. Lawrence illustrated his story by nearly a hundred lantern slides, many of them from his own negatives, thus adding much to his instructive address, which was highly appreciated.

The paper upon Trinity Church was accompanied with portraits of all its clergymen and their wives, prominent members, views of the church edifices and places connected with its thirty-eight years of existence.

Mr. Platts gave an interesting account (illustrated) of a new industry not generally known.

On all three occasions the electric lantern was operated by Mr. Eddy.

All these speakers are members of the Society, and were entitled to a larger hearing than was given them. On two occasions the number was small, though augmented by the presence of personal friends of the speakers.

The other speakers presented highly interesting papers, and replies to queries made were followed by remarks on all occasions.

The small number present at some of the preceding season's meetings led the committee to omit announcement of a Saturday evening course. Four meetings were held, however, as speakers were procured.

On December 4 Professor Evans of Tufts College spoke upon the "Influence of Emigration upon the Foreign Countries."

On January 1 our ever-welcome member, Mr. John Albree of Swampscott, gave his "Story Gleaned from a Young Officer's Diary," showing much research as well as skill in its making, and was listened to with interest.

"Old Stage-Coach Days" was read by Miss Eliza M. Gill (also a member) on February 5, and appears in this issue. An especially pleasant hour was spent in reminiscence and answer to queries after its reading.

On March 5 Mr. John E. Gilman (just elected commander of the G. A. R. at its National Encampment) delivered a thrilling address on the relation of the local Posts to Historical Societies. A delegation of Post 66 was present and their Glee Club sang several favorite selections.

In accordance with the amended by-laws, the annual meeting was held in January instead of March.

During the year, members have been requested to bring friends, and as a result, some of these have become members and subscribers for the REGISTER, which with this issue completes its thirteenth volume.

The commendatory letters and favorable mention it has received are encouraging, and the management bespeak interested contributors and a larger subscription list for the next volume.

The accessions to the library and collection are steadily increasing, the former largely because of the REGISTER's exchange list. The rooms have been open nearly every Saturday evening for the use of members and friends.

THE

MEDFORD HISTORICAL REGISTER

VOL. XIV., 1911

PUBLISHED BY THE
MEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY
MEDFORD, MASS.

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BOWLDER AND TREE
NEAR WHITMORE BROOK.

BIRTHPLACE OF GOVERNOR BROOKS.
RESIDENCE OF MR. MARSHALL SYMMES TILL 1882.

The Medford Historical Register.

Vol. XIV. JANUARY, 1911. No. 1.

MEDFORD MILKMEN.

HISTORICAL writers, from Rev. Charles Brooks onward, have alluded to the distillers of old Medford. The "Old Medford" they produced was said to be the *best* rum ever made (for which, thanks).

The Register has recently presented two interesting articles relative to Medford's water supply and its distribution.

No elaborate system of great central reservoir and underground pipes conveys the lacteal fluid to our kitchen; it is still delivered by the pint or quart by a hurrying man or boy, as in the olden days, and the business is now ably conducted by a few well-known people.

When Medford was a farming town, as in the old time, ere the rise of ship-building, more butter and cheese was made and less milk sold. With its increased population and the growing city of Boston there came a market for milk, and the business increased accordingly. The wagon business felt its influence, also, and Medford-built milk wagons were in demand, because of their excellent and thorough workmanship.

Mr. Francis Wait, now over fourscore years, tells much of interest and of his own experience in the business over sixty-five years ago.

Mr. Joseph E. Ober, the veteran grocer of West Medford, was formerly in the milk business, and tells of his route, which he bought of one Hadley, who conducted it before the Civil War. Mr. Ober lived at the "Foot of the Rocks" in Arlington, but kept no cows, receiving his milk from farmers in Lexington and Billerica and supplying customers in Medford each day with the product of the previous day's milking. Seventy-five cans of

eight quarts each was the usual quantity he delivered. The milkmen usually wore a long blue frock, and jumped from the wagon steps with big can in one hand and a tin quart measure in the other, leaving the horse, who had learned the route, to stop at his own sweet will, which depended somewhat upon the proximity of the next customer's house. In cold weather that quart measure varied a little as the mercury lowered toward zero, doubtless adding to the milkman's profits, and some canny housewives were known to kindly furnish some boiling water before receiving their daily supply, thriftily saving the mixture obtained for the family pig, — perhaps. Beside the kitchen door was the printed "milk score," with blank spaces numbered up to thirty-one, in which the milkman marked any "extra milk" supplied. Among Mr. Ober's customers was the famous Mystic Hall Seminary, though it had a few cows of its own. The price at that time was five cents per quart, but during the war rose to twelve cents.

No inconsiderable number of householders kept cows of their own and supplied a neighbor or two with milk.

The writer recalls his own experience, in the early morning of his first day of housekeeping, of going to a neighbor a quarter mile away (West Medford was thinly settled then), pitcher in hand, ere breakfast for two was served. The four cents paid for that pint of milk was the first item (after the parson's fee) of his household expense. Before evening a regular supply was engaged from another neighbor who had, besides a cow, several boys who distributed the surplus of milk on their way to school.

After a few years we, too, found a cow — "a good thing to have in the family," which had increased somewhat — and also supplied some neighbors. Several others did likewise, till there came to be too much quarrel over the free pasturage we depended on, and we reluctantly parted with old "Brindle," and called in the regular milkman again. This was in 1880, when more than a dozen cows

might have been seen tethered by a long rope or chain on the vacant land between Boston Avenue and the river. Our own experience was, doubtless, like that of others, and as more houses were built the family cow (and pig as well) was crowded out.

Now nobody sees the quart measures of those days. After a time the practice of leaving each customer's supply in a small can came in vogue, and this is superseded by the glass bottles, with dealer's name, and of duly prescribed size, all according to law.

The Mr. Hadley who preceded J. E. Ober may have succeeded Mr. Milliken. Mr. Ober sold out to Lockhart & Munsey; and there was T. H. Nourse, who also came from the "Foot of the Rocks"; also a Mr. Hobbs. These were the advance guard of the present army of local milkmen.

In Mr. Wait's reminiscences, which follow, there is ample opportunity to read between the lines by comparison with present-day methods, remembering that the first railroad train passed through Medford only ten years before his "driving milk wagon," and that the men he mentions relied mostly on their Boston customers' patronage. From it may be formed some idea of the strenuous life of a hardy set of men of two generations past.

SOME MEDFORD FARMERS WHO HAD MILK ROUTES IN BOSTON IN THE THIRTIES AND FORTIES.

James and Isaac Wellington. Isaac died aged 93.
Oliver M. Gale, died in * Malden.
Horatio A. Smith, died 1897, aged 95, in Medford.
Edmund Symmes, died 1843, aged 48, in Medford.
—— Beard, on Joseph Wyman Farm.
Joseph Wyman, died 18—, in Medford.
Albert and Octavius Smith. Octavius died 1845, aged 26, in Medford. Albert died 1891, aged 84.
John C. Magoun,* on the Edward Brooks Farm.
—— Stoddard, on the J. Q. Adams Farm at West Medford.
Captain Nathan Adams, died 1842, aged 79, in Medford.
Dea. Nathan Adams, died 1849, aged 60, in Medford.

* Indicates an uncertainty.

About 1844 the railroad commenced to bring milk from distant country towns to Boston. The railroad men cut prices, and personally solicited patronage directly in the dwellings and elsewhere. This made trouble between the two parties.

The writer has seen his uncle (a Medford milkman), when he was sure he had been stung by a railroad man, drive abreast of his wagon, locking wheels, and then there was war.

I do not know whether the Medford men were frozen out of the business, or their routes were bought up. I think, with the exception of two, their farms were not paying property after giving up their routes in Boston.

Of the men now living who had any active part in the business in the forties are Everett Wellington, H. A. Smith, Jr., and the writer (who was taken out of school for three months as substitute for Octavius Smith, an uncle, who died in February, 1845). These three were about fifteen years old.

Up in the morning at 3 A.M., the cows milked and got ready to move, I carried the morning's and the previous night's milk, collecting some on the road at E. T. Hastings' and Joseph Swan's, delivered some in Medford and Charlestown and the North and West Ends, also in the vicinity of Fort Hill (about fifty gallons). In the afternoon I drove to Woburn to collect more milk. In Boston Peter C. Brooks was a customer, and numbers of other Medford families, including Robert Bacon's, and Miss Lucy Osgood's brother David. Considerable truck went over the road both ways for them; for instance, swill for Miss Lucy's pig. A Mr. Lovering, cattle drover and dealer, used to drive a herd of cows into the country at certain times and return them later. I recollect seeing Everett Wellington driving some of his father's stock through Lexington at one time, probably to pasture.

There were many working oxen, and one large slaughter-house and tannery where the Armory now stands.

Tolls were paid on the Medford Turnpike and on Warren and Charles River Bridges. Miserable roads in the towns and cobble-stone pavements in the city. Oftentimes, in winter, the snow in Boston streets (including what was shovelled from the sidewalks and fell from roofs) was higher than the walks, making bad cradle holes — "hard road to travel."

The Wellington farm was at the dead end of Ship street, with a gate at entrance to farm. The B. & M. R. R. cut through it in 183–. James, one of the brothers, was manager on the farm, and Isaac did the outside work. They lived within three miles (air line) of Boston, and drove six miles to get there. I think Isaac always wore a tall beaver hat. He was a gentlemanly man, and lived to be over ninety. The brothers lived in the same house which is standing today, and is one of the oldest houses in Medford.

About 184– the farm was laid out in house lots. Today it is a thriving village, with a railroad station, church, schoolhouse, post office, and is called Wellington.

The Wellington brothers came to Medford in 1800 from Lexington.

Oliver M. Gale's farm was near Malden line, later set off from Medford to Malden.

Horatio A. Smith lived on the Le Bosquet farm at Symmes' Corner. He lived to be ninety-five. Marshall Symmes, now ninety-two years old, bought the farm, and with his sons is running it today. Governor Brooks was born in the old house, which has been moved and is standing in the yard and used for storing vegetables.

Edmund Symmes lived at Symmes' Corner, where his father lived before him. The place had been in the family since England buncoed the Indians. A portion of the land is in the Symmes family today.

—— —— lived on the Joseph Wyman farm on Winthrop street, now owned by the Russells.* The house was replaced by a modern one. The barn, which stood across the street, was burned a few years ago. I think

* Adjoining Oak Grove Cemetery.

Joseph Wyman, when he gave up the stage-coach, was on the milk route a short time. He sold the farm to William A. Russell, who came from Somerville.

Albert Smith's farm was on Woburn street. His father came from Lexington in 1810, leasing what was called the Payson or Soley farm at that time. The house stood on what is now the corner of High street and Boston avenue, very near the Middlesex Canal. A few months before his death he rented the James Wyman farm, corner of High and Woburn streets. He had a milk route to Boston until his death in 1830. Albert continued the route, assisted later by his brother Octavius. Besides milk, they furnished their customers with fruit, vegetables, corn and rye meal, berries, poultry, herbs, oftentimes filling a bedtick with straw, carrying it to the city on top of the covered milk wagon. All milkmen did likewise.

The house and barn on Woburn street, now standing, are the only *twin* farm buildings in Medford of their date.* John H. Hooper says the place was an old road tavern. Albert Smith bought it about 1839. The previous tenant was John R. Kidder, who was a butcher.

John C. Magoun lived on the Edward Brooks farm in West Medford. He moved to Somerville. I think Magoun Square was named for him. A brother, Aaron, was a teacher in the Park street school, and later, for many years, in the Cambridge schools.

Mr. Stoddard lived on the C. F. Adams farm at West Medford, on the south side of the canal.

Capt. Nathan (Squire) Adams' farm was on both sides of Main street, and included the Mystic Park. He died, 1842, aged seventy-nine. His nephew, George E. Adams, succeeded him. The buildings were on the east side of the street.

Dea. Nathan Adams lived half way up Winter Hill. The buildings were on the west side of the street. He died, 1849, aged sixty.

* In recent years J. A. Gibbs, lately deceased, carried on a milk business at this place.

In Charlestown Square, in the rear of Sawtell & Jacobs' grocery, were sheds and a stable where many milkmen, on the return home, used to call to bait themselves and horses. Sawyer's Cellar Restaurant, near by, was not idle.

Noah Johnson, who lived on Marm Simonds' hill, had a local route. J. E. Wellington bought him out, ran it about a year, and sold to a Mr. Milliken of Lexington. This was long before J. E. Ober's time.

There were, perhaps, no others doing a local milk business at that time, so many Medford people had cows of their own.

FRANCIS A. WAIT.

A MEDFORD MIDNIGHT MARAUDER.

In the summer of 1865 Marshall Symmes, Jr., of Winchester, had a field of sweet corn in what was then called the "Upper Thompson Lot," the highest land of the Le Bosquet farm, the birthplace of Governor Brooks, at Symmes' Corner, directly adjoining wooded areas which have since become a part of the great Middlesex Fells Reservation. At frequent intervals, about the time the corn was ripening, a wild hog came from the woods and wrought serious damage. Mr. Symmes and his brother Charles determined to catch the marauder and save what was left of the corn.

They thought the pig was not very large, and that, with the help of a good dog, they could catch him.

One dark night they took a large bull dog and lay in wait at the edge of the field. Covering themselves with horse blankets they fell asleep, but before midnight the growls of the dog brought them to their feet. They heard the pig going through the corn back to the woods. Directly the dog was in full chase, followed by the two men. For a half mile they made their way through dense undergrowth, urged on by the noise of a great struggle.

At the "Brooks Lot Spring," quite near the big rock on top of which grows the old red cedar, they came into the fight. Tige had the pig by the throat, but was unable to hold him, the great size and strength of the quarry throwing him back and forth over considerable ground.

The men grasped the legs of the hog, and after being bounced, bruised, and nearly stripped of clothing, they finally got him down in the wet ground near the spring.

Knowing from experience that hogs are well nigh helpless when on their backs, they worked this one into a depression, on his back. Mr. Charles Symmes, who was a very powerful man, sat on the pig's belly and held him from turning over. The dog had all this time kept a vise-like grip just under the pig's left ear.

As they began to realize that instead of an ordinary pig they had caught a very large, long-legged old hog, the question was how to get him home.

Mr. Marshall Symmes went for help, getting a horse, ropes, a stone boat and men. Before daylight they had the animal in a horse stall, with the front nailed up.

He was so savage that he would rush at anything coming in sight, it being necessary to lower food and water in an iron kettle. They kept him till November.

When killed and dressed he weighed a little over four hundred pounds. In one of his hams was found two bullets and sixteen buckshot, showing that some one had, once, at least, tried to get him with a gun.

From his size, and the length of his tusks, it was known that he was several years old, and from his ferocity it was believed that he had lived in the woods a good part of his life.

In the old days, before the war, it was no uncommon sight to see a drove of pigs from the country driven through the streets. They would be in charge of a man, with boys assisting in keeping the refractory ones in the road. The drover usually wore a long frock, and carried a stout bag and steelyards slung over his shoulder, with which to weigh the porkers he sold along the route.

This wild hog, doubtless one who had eluded the vigilance of the drover and the more active boys, was marked with patches of black, and in his wild life had developed such cunning and strength that it is a wonder he was captured at all. The writer well remembers seeing him, and also the sorry appearance his captors presented after their struggle with him in the woods.

SAMUEL S. SYMMES.

HOW MEDFORD BEGAN TO GROW.

In 1855 historian Brooks alluded to several "outlays" of "townships" in Medford, with commending words for each. The names he recorded were Bellevue, Sagamore Vale, Williamsburg and Wellington. He said, "Private gentlemen open roads through their grounds, mark off many acres into small lots, publish a map of the unborn city, and on the appointed day begin to sell the little enclosures at public auction."

Now that fifty-five years have passed, and with them the promoters of these enterprises, it may be of interest to note the development of the "outlays."

The first named, and perhaps the earliest, was by Messrs. E. T. Hastings and Samuel Teel. Mr. Brooks placed it in 1845, and styled it a "beneficence." It comprised nearly all the area between Rock Hill, the river and the Lowell railroad, and included Mystic Mount, now known as Hastings Heights. Ten streets were within its limits, and the record says that in nine years thirty-five houses were built thereon. An observant person can easily identify these today, and of many of them speak in praise of their builders. A few have been moved to other positions, some remodeled, and nearly all remain.

These gentlemen planned wisely, and in planting elm trees along their streets created vistas of beauty. Somebody is entitled to praise for selecting in a central position a generous lot, bordered by three streets, for the Brooks School site.

It took over thirty years for people to realize that the rocky eminence now crowned by the stone tower was "beautiful for situation," but during that time an enterprising "township" had grown.

Two old sheets of paper are reminders of Mr. Brooks' record, and suggest the present writing. One is a letter that, having served its purpose, was consigned to a waste-basket years ago, and recently came to light. It reads as follows: —

"Boston & Maine Railroad Office, Haymarket Square.
"Boston, May 28, 1855.

"MR. PAUL: —

"Sir: — Please have an extra this P.M. to take land sale party to Wellington's at 2¾ P.M. & bring back the cars.

"Yours, &c.,
"THOS. S. WILLIAMS."

There are several interesting things about that paper. First, the perforation of the desk spindle, and the location of the old station house that Medford people remember so well. Then there is a burnt place in the paper, perhaps from some one's cigar or pipe, and the following in pencil: —

"September 23, 1910.

"To J. E. WELLINGTON: —

"I rescued this from the waste basket years ago. Thought it might interest you.

"Sincerely yours,
"F. A. WAIT."

Incidentally, we notice that in recent years people have built cupolas on their stables. Mr. Swan, when at Wellington with his brother, Dr. Swan, in 1851, noted that

"Mr. Wellington has 2 Barns one is 96 feet long 40 feet wide one is 72 feet long 40 feet wide each barn has 4 Ventilators (small wooden chimneys) along the summit of the roof."

Evidently this was something new in Medford.

Mr. Brooks places the "outlay" of Wellington as on November 1, 1853, speaks of its parallel streets, nearness

to Boston, and facilities for travel by railroad, but is silent about the six-mile drive that Mr. Wait mentions in this issue of the REGISTER.

Wellington retains its name, but how many in Medford know Williamsburg? Twenty houses on either side of Myrtle street, built in 1854, were so called from the name of the builder, who built all to one plan on alternate lots, with none fronting another. Small houses that contained no modern improvements they were, but lured people from the crowded city. Among the number was the French naturalist, Louis Trouvellot, whose gypsy moths have become so well but unfavorably known.

Mr. Brooks said, "Mr. John Bishop has done the same on the deep forest south of Pine Hill," and that no houses were built on this tract he called "Bellevue." Mr. Brooks described Bellevue as an "impenetrable forest"—"where as children we were forbidden to venture for fear of being lost," and ventured a prophecy of its future that was not realized, as few houses have ever been built there.

Two ice ponds were in later years constructed, and the place was for a time a rifle range.

Mr. Swan attached this comment (over date December 1, 1860):—

"Mr. John Bishop was very nearly ruined by 'piercing the woods with streets to allow us to ride at ease.' The outlay was pretty much a total loss, as he could not sell the land for building lots after the streets were made; they were too far out of town."

But by the reservation of the Middlesex Fells greater improvements have been made by the Park Commission than either Mr. Brooks or Mr. Swan dreamed of.

Sagamore Vale, Mr. Bishop's "lands east of the Fountain House," is now a thickly populated section. His "similar show of diagrams" was on July 13, 1853; but who now knows the locality by that name?

According to a newspaper advertisement, to which we find attached in writing this drastic comment, "An absolutely inflated description by the auctioneer," four hundred building lots and the Bishop mansion lay between

Forest, Salem, Fulton and Webster streets, in "Vale of Sagamore, Medford." Also that on "Bellevue Heights" were fifty acres of fertile land. The auctioneer of May 27, 1857, was George R. Hichborn, and in advertising was a close competitor of one later mentioned.

The second 'outlay' named by Mr. Brooks was in 1852, at the western border of the town, comprising nearly all the territory between the river, the railroad and High street. The tract was referred to in the records of the "Proprietors of Middlesex Canal" (which traversed it) as "Brooklands." Its agent or promoter was Thomas P. Smith, who built Mystic Hall, near his residence, in the same year. Possibly there was some rivalry between this enterprise and the earlier one of Hastings and Teel. Upon theirs the new schoolhouse had been built, and by the private enterprise of citizens another story, containing a village hall, was added. Mr. Smith did not live to realize his hopes, and the new section he planned lay dormant for sixteen years. But the Lyceum and Library Association that found quarters in Mystic Hall was a social force.

Mystic Hall became the social center of West Medford, even before the removal of the Young Ladies' Seminary there housed.

On March 3, 1870, this "Smith estate" passed into the new ownership of several men, Dr. Abram B. Story of Manchester, N. H., holding the record title. The same plan of action mentioned by Mr. Brooks and followed at Wellington was observed. The auctioneer was Samuel A. Walker, who was noted for his grandiloquent style of advertising. A special train of cars brought a crowd of people, with some prospective buyers, from Boston. A bountiful collation of crackers and cheese, ice cream, strawberries and lemonade was served near the railroad, and lithographic plans of the land as surveyed were distributed ere the sale began. Then the crowd moved about, as the auctioneer led the way, and bid the cents and fraction over per foot for choice of lots within

a given area. The successful bidder at once made his selection, and the sale went on till five o'clock, when the crowd dispersed.

At the time of this sale James M. Usher was publishing the *Nation* in Boston, and in it there appeared an editorial notice of this enterprise, or "outlay," that is today, no less than then, interesting reading.

The sale was advertised by a folder, whose inner pages were a reprint of Mr. Usher's *Nation* article. A few months ago a lady, then resident in Medford, found one among her papers and sent it to the writer. It is the second paper alluded to, and revives a host of memories of the growth of this section of Medford.

Another sale followed in the autumn, and still another the next spring, with the same accompaniments. Some bought for investment, others for home sites, and the village began to grow. Within the limits of "Brooklands" Medford has two schoolhouses. Seven churches have there been organized (though two are now nonexistent) and six houses of worship built. One was destroyed by fire and another devoted to secular use when outgrown. Two churches have rebuilt, one in another location, leaving four now in use in this tract we have described.

With the exception of Bellevue, each tract has been steadily increasing in population, and other estates have yielded to the incoming people in more recent years.

These six "outlays" mark the real beginning of Medford's territorial development, and the reader can take ocular note of the same. During the Revolution there was but an increase of fourteen and in the Civil War but eight in Medford's population. In the twenty-six years following the Revolution the increase was about fifty per cent.; in the next half century, while the ship-building flourished, the population more than trebled, while in the forty years just past it has quadrupled. A glance at the following figures may be interesting to many, even though statistics are said to be dry reading:—

POPULATION OF MEDFORD.

1776— 967	1840—2,478	1880— 7,573
1784— 981	1850—3,749	1885— 9,041
1790—1,020	1855—4,603	1890—11,770
1800—1,114	1860—4,831	1895—14,774
1810—1,440	1865—4,839	1900—18,244
1820—1,474	1870—5,717	1905—19,686
1830—1,755	1875—6,627	1910—23,150

In September, 1891, Medford had 12,100 people, enough to claim a city charter.

With the decadence of Medford ship-building began the house and road building Mr. Brooks mentioned and which we have thus reviewed, and with it the growth of the town and city, with its many comforts of the present day.

THE OLD ROCK TREE NEAR WHITMORE BROOK.

Mr. Symmes' story of the wild hog suggests notice by the REGISTER of one of the natural curiosities of our old town.

Some of the strollers in the Fells have noticed the tree growing on the bowlder near the Winchester line, just a little westward from Whitmore road and brook, and have looked at it with no little surprise and wonder.

The tree is some fifteen feet tall and of our native variety of red cedar, so called, though really a juniper (*junipera virginiana*), and differs a little from others of its kind, which are tall and tapering, in being somewhat spherical in its branching top.

The bowlder beneath it is nearly cubical in shape, in size about twelve feet, and partially buried in the alluvial drift from the hills that lie northward and enclose what little remains of Bear Meadow. No bears are there now to be found, and little trace of the meadow, now that the trees are gone, but within fifty years both Bear Meadow and farther Turkey Swamp sheltered some wild creatures.

Not the slightest crevice or cranny can be seen in the rock beneath the tree, and none beside it, into which its

roots like spreading fingers might clasp, were there any. The only favoring thing in its strange setting is a slightly higher portion of the rough bowlder forming a barrier against the north wind. Some bird in its flight may have dropped the seed in this sheltered nook on the sunny southern corner of the huge bowlder, and there, under nature's kindly forces, it germinated, and in its rock cradle (that does not rock) the infant seedling was nurtured. It was a survival of the fittest, and has attracted the attention, not only of the casual observer, but of scientific men, geologists and naturalists. They estimate the age of the tree to be over four hundred years. Under favorable conditions the native red cedar, thriving best on rocky *soil*, is of very slow growth, but here is one growing in no soil, but all *rock*. What wonder, then, that it was old when Edward Johnson passed by it on his way to locate in Charlestown Village, soon "called Wooburne."

But it was older when the early Medford settlers on Cradock's grant (after Collins, the land speculator, came in possession) built the mill just below it on Whitmore Brook. Traces of the dam that made a pond at the bowlder's base, and of the race-way and mill-site, may still be seen by the observant ones who pass along Whitmore road.

Six generations have come and gone, and where once was heard the hum of the mill wheel there now is silence like to that of the silent city of Medford's dead, broken only by the echoes of passing travel on the highway that lies between. Who were the men that worked in the mill or dwelt there? Answer, who can. Even later comers are forgotten, but the bowlder lies there as secure as when the surrounding soil was washed away and left it, and the tree that has weathered the storms and winds of past years untold gives promise of years, perhaps centuries, to come, while

> . . . "our brief life's a shadowy dream,
> A passing thought, that soon is o'er,
> That fades with morning's earliest beam,
> And fills the musing mind no more."

A MEDFORD TRAGEDY.

Among the sermons of Dr. Osgood, mentioned in the Medford History, was one "on the Death of a Child killed by a Gun." We have wondered many times what were the circumstances of the sad event, or whether it was the same old story of "didn't know it was loaded."

The "Child" was a Medford schoolboy, twelve years old, Joseph Teel by name, and was probably an uncle of the Mr. Teel mentioned elsewhere in this issue of the REGISTER.

It appears that on March 29, 1797, a "sportsman" was passing along the country road, as High street was then called, just as a party of boys came from, or toward, the old brick schoolhouse that stood near the third meeting-house. The boys were all excited in the chase of a rabbit, which eluded them and disappeared in a drain under the road. This was near the old house of Parson Turell, then occupied by a Boston merchant or capitalist, John Coffin Jones. The location was the present Winthrop square, but who the hunter was is unknown. He became excited, also, in the pursuit of the game; so much so that he laid his gun over the shoulder of one of the boys and ran to look into the drain.

If he expected the boy to stand still like a post he was mistaken. The gun fell to the ground, and having no guard around the trigger was discharged, and the contents lodged in the stomach of young Teel, who died almost immediately.

His funeral, attended by all his schoolmates and a large concourse of the town's people, furnished the village pastor the theme of the discourse, said to have been printed.

And so, from among his fellows, was taken a young life full of promise, and gloom and sadness came to a Medford home.

Doubtless the good doctor took occasion to enforce some lessons of religious truth, and perhaps the sports-

man learned more caution by this sad event that happened so long ago.

A Medford boy, then seven years of age, that lived in the vicinity and may have witnessed the occurrence, made written note of it sixty years afterward, but it has remained for the REGISTER to give the story to the public fifty-three years later still.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE HALL FAMILY.

Written by Caleb Swan, January, 1858.

These three [Halls] present the rare case of three brothers marrying three sisters. Benjamin was drawn [to serve] as juryman at Concord, and while there saw Miss Jones. They were shortly married. Her next sister came to make her a visit when Richard soon became engaged to her and they were shortly married. The youngest sister made Richard's wife a visit, when Eben soon became engaged to her and they were shortly married.

They all lived on the same [High] street facing the river, within a distance of three hundred feet, in their own houses. They all lived very happily, in great harmony. The three brothers lived to an advanced age, highly respected by all.

Mrs. Benjamin Hall (Hepzibah), died August 10, 1790, aged 56.

Mrs. Richard Hall (Lucy), died February 10, 1826, aged 80.

Mrs. Eben Hall (Martha), died December 23, 1835, aged 86.

At Mrs. Benjamin Hall's death Mr. Hall wrote of her, "She was the joy of her husband's heart, and the comfort of his life, for more than thirty years."

GOVERNOR BROOKS' BIRTHPLACE.

The Medford Governor was born at upper Medford, or Symmes' Corner, set off from Medford by the incorporation of Winchester as a town in 1850. Originally a part of Charlestown, it was joined to Medford in 1754 for the convenience of its residents who had to journey through Medford to reach their meeting-house.

Here was the farm of Zachariah Symmes (first minister of Charlestown) of which portions remain in possession of his descendants today. Through the farm lay the "publique country road" from Medford to Woburn, and at the "corner" diverged southward the road to Cambridge, the present Grove street. In more recent years there was laid out another to the west, the present Bacon street. On all the angles formed by these dwelt a Symmes, a descendant of Reverend Zachariah.

Substantial were the houses they built and that sheltered the generations that have come and gone. One has ends of brick enclosing the chimneys. Another, the residence of Luther Symmes, is of wood (doubtless brick filled) with hipped or pyramidal roof. Before it, at the sidewalk's curb, is a drinking fountain surmounted by a sundial. Mr. Symmes was, from its inception and for many years, the superintendent of the Charlestown Water Works, and the inscription cut in the granite of the fountain beneath the sundial is especially pertinent: "Let every man's work be made manifest."

On the opposite side of the street stood the home of Caleb Brooks, the subject of this sketch. This was of a different type from those already mentioned, at least in outward appearance. It stood facing the noonday sun, its end near the angle formed by the bend of the road and shaded somewhat by a venerable elm. It is said to have been built in 1715, and if so, in the year that Caleb Brooks, the future governor's father, attained his majority. For nearly one hundred and seventy years it stood there in the turn of the road, with an entrance door near the

corner at one end, as well as the main doorway in the front. Originally, or perhaps not so early in its history, it had a "lean-to" at the rear, which brought the long, sloping roof within hand reach of the ground. Its frame was of oak, and after the lean-to was removed the house, of two full stories, showed its ridge-pole somewhat nearer the front of the house and just behind the great chimney. This, with its ovens and fireplaces, occupied the square space between the three rooms and the winding staircase near the front door.

In 1882 its owner, Mr. Marshall Symmes, who resided there, built a new house just in its rear and removed the old house to a spot a few feet back from his barn. In the removal the ancient well beneath the kitchen was uncovered. This still remains, but covered securely by a flat stone which can be seen in the lawn. In the removal the house was turned completely around, the front door removed, its place closed up, and the rear half of the house entirely demolished. Certain peculiarities in the framing of the house rendered this both easy and needful, and also indicated that it had been enlarged perhaps more than once.

In its present condition it is an object of interest, for the old windows, with their panelled shutters, remain intact, while the solid oak timbers of the frame show the sturdy workmanship of those old-time carpenters.

All the smaller joists, and the boards of the attic floor, are removed, while in the second story, reaching into the attic, is a framework and shelving on which great piles of squashes are stored. The huge chimney is gone, but a more even temperature is assured by the lines of hot-water pipes that warm the old house today.

It now stands adjoining the spot where the Stoneham Branch Railroad was graded in 1851, and that was to have connected with the one at Medford square. In this old house was born that son of Medford who became distinguished in war as a soldier, and in peace no less, as physician and governor of the Commonwealth.

It at one time acquired the name of the Le Bosquet House, from Captain Le Bosquet, one of the evicted Acadians, or French Neutrals, who found a home in Medford and married into a Medford family.

But for many years the property has been again in the Symmes family, and is one of the few of the old Medford farms still worked. This one is still occupied by Mr. Marshall Symmes, now in his ninety-third year, and who thoughtfully secured a picture of the old historic homestead before its removal.

On this farm have been found numerous arrow heads and Indian implements, reminders of a vanished race. A little below, in the valley of the Aberjona, were the wigwams of the red men that one of the early Symmeses counted to the number of twenty-seven.

It is a far cry from that aboriginal, who was called Simon Bar jona (and who is said to have given the name of Aber jona to the stream white men called Symmes' river), with the wigwams of the red men, down through the long line of Symmes and Brooks, with their dwellings, to the modern ones of brick, concrete and stucco that today are arising about the birthplace of the Medford governor.

NOTES BY A MEDFORD VACATIONIST OF LONG AGO.

Sixty-three years ago some one who had visited Medford, which then had about three thousand five hundred people, contributed an article on "New England Villages, &c.," to the *Massachusetts Ploughman*. He wrote over the signature of "D. E. N.," perhaps from Springfield, and the *Ploughman* coming under the notice of Mr. Alfred Brooks, it was by him sent to a friend, seventeen years after its publication. Medford (for a village) was then making a marked growth, and the writer, after mentioning the general features of New England villages, touches upon the march of improvement, and alludes to some of the public men of our old town.

A few extracts follow: —

"New England villages vary, of course, in attraction and interest, but it would be difficult to find one devoid of both."

"If any Convention is needed here, it would be to relax the ardor of industry, not to quicken it."

"What they pray for, is *to be let alone* to work out their own salvation, satisfied that they possess the qualifications for doing it."

"Suppose an individual should have fallen asleep twenty years ago in Springfield, and have reawakened at this time — he walks out, and sees the earth strapped down with iron bands — the entire product of a village conveyed, en masse, in two hours, to the commercial capital — Boston and New York exchanging thoughts and signs, like birds in the same cage, bargains for thousands proposed and ratified 500 miles distant in ten minutes, and sundry other operations little less than marvellous. What suddenly restored vision could survive this array of wonders?"

"In winter 'our man' goes to school and does the 'chores' for his board and lodging."

"Poor people do not seem so poor here, nor the rich, so rich as elsewhere."

"Here is a strange misapplication of words even among the educated — one of them is 'beautiful,' which is applied to barn, doors, band-boxes and crooked-necked squashes."

"If a son is stupid, lazy, or inclined to bad habits, he is frequently urged into a voyage to Canton or Calcutta, to have his faculties jogged into something like activity."

"To the unpretending stranger, the domiciles of the inhabitants are accessible, and when we look back on the summer months, we can recall the matchless panorama which passed in review before us with feelings no other period of our life has inspired."

"Among the clergy (in all, four) there was one who led us not only through green fields and by still waters, but into sundry white houses, some situated on the great thoroughfare to Boston, others perched on gentle elevations embracing a river that put to shame the Laocöon serpents, by its windings, and a few whose regal adornings indicated both wealth and refinement. To this clerical friend * we feel greatly indebted, not only for strewing our path with flowers, but permitting us to inhale the fragrance of those that spring up in the exuberant soil of his own mind. In the pulpit he poured forth the most comprehensive periods, redolent of truth and duty, aiming always to supplant the kingdom of this world by the Kingdom of Heaven. . . . You might presume that his sermons were written with doors ajar, the sentences did so creak and slam, but this was only another use of means for an effect — fortunately there was nothing *mystic* about him, though living near to its source.

* Probably Rev. Caleb Stetson.

Nobody could say that the dinner-table was more grave for his presence, or that it was perfect without him — he not only had sallies of wit, but whole hours of it."

"We became acquainted with only one lawyer * in this village — he was grey, but not through professional labor; not rich, for the sage economy and peaceful bent of the people would starve the most brilliant talents if confined to exercise among them; but rich in good reputation and a clear conscience. Such are his fine discrimination and ethical accomplishments, that lay preaching revived, he would probably be the first invited to the pulpit."

"The medical faculty are too well represented here to pass unnoticed — it embraces gentlemen not less eminent for professional skill and knowledge, than for grace and amenity that mark their private intercourse. One of their number is a Howard by nature,† and no pen can do him justice who is enshrined in the heart of every man, woman and child . . . his character can never be portrayed till the dead rise and give their account."

"The influence of woman is here marked with the distinctness of a sunbeam; almost every house contains that most respectable character and overseer, an *old maid*, sometimes two or three, and if things do not go on straight, and exactly so, it is not their fault. . . . Old maids have held their heads very erect since the days of the English Elizabeth, and many a forlorn biped of a bachelor has felt the shock of an Elizabethan shell as it falls upon the citadel of his comfort."

. . . . . .

"Among the unmarried ladies of this rather remarkable place is one on whose head and heart a half century has set its seal, without sealing either up. Nature bestowed upon her the regal title to intellectual eminence, and the heavenly gift has neither been soiled or dishonored. Her conversation is a sort of incarnation of Johnson and Addison, and her chat, when the mood is on, not unlike what we presume to have been Horace Walpole's and not entirely free from his severity. Had fate ordained her to a wider sphere of action she might have been the 'Opie' of New England." ‡

"A sterile soil and savage neighbors called upon the early settlers for *thought*. To live and not die, was a great motive. Thought and action were then married, and continuous labor did for the physical, what an unfailing trust in Providence did for the spiritual. . . . The great miracle of 1620 is still mightily working. The rod of the Puritan enchanter is still unbroken."

* Probably Abner Bartlett, Esq.
† Who but Dr. Swan?
‡ Was this Miss Lucy Osgood?

The *Ploughman* of that day was a weekly blanket sheet, and the article occupied two columns. The REGISTER reproduces the above extracts as the "&c." of the author, "D. E. N.," only wishing that he might revisit his old haunts and witness the present "array of wonders" which he might think a "Heaven of enchantments."

MEDFORD MEN'S MONUMENTAL MONEY.

The following names and sums appear in the list of contributors from Medford to the erection of Bunker Hill Monument: —

Jonathan Angier	$5	Charles J. Hall	$5
Nathan Adams	5	Edward B. Hall	5
Nathan Adams, Jr.	5	Wm. P. Huntington	5
John Brooks	30	Joseph Manning	5
Jonathan Brooks	10	Joseph Manning, Jr.	5
A. S. V. Brooks	5	Jonathan Porter	5
John Brooks	5	Joseph Swan	5
S. R. Brooks	10	Benjamin L. Swan	100
Charles Brooks	10	D. Swan	5
Elizabeth Brooks	10	Timothy Swan	10
Alfred Brooks	10	Caleb Swan	10
Lucy A. Brooks	10	Watts Turner	5
Abner Bartlett	5	Turell Tufts	5
Andrew Bigelow	5	William Ward	10
Leonard Bucknam	5	Samuel Ward	5
Dudley Hall	40	William Ward, 3d	5
Dudley C. Hall	5	John G. Ward	5
Frederic D. Hall	5	Joseph Wyman, Jr.	5
Ebenezer Hall	10		

SARAH JANE BLANCHARD.

Sarah Jane Blanchard was the youngest daughter of Aaron and Elizabeth (Tufts) Blanchard, and was born in Medford, January 13, 1829. She died in Medford, December 18, 1909. On her mother's side she was a descendant of Peter Tufts, the first of the name in Medford, and on her father's side from George Blanchard, the first permanent settler in that part of Medford now called Wellington.

Her father was for many years the sexton of the First Trinitarian Church of Medford, and in childhood and youth she attended that church, but in April, 1867, she united, on confession of faith, with the Mystic (Congregational) Church; thereafter she was devoted to its interests and benevolences. In her young womanhood she was forewoman in the cloak-making department of the store of Spaulding, Hay and Wales of Boston. Later she bought the millinery business formerly conducted by Mrs. Cameron in Usher's Building, High street, Medford. She continued this occupation until failing health necessitated giving up business activity.

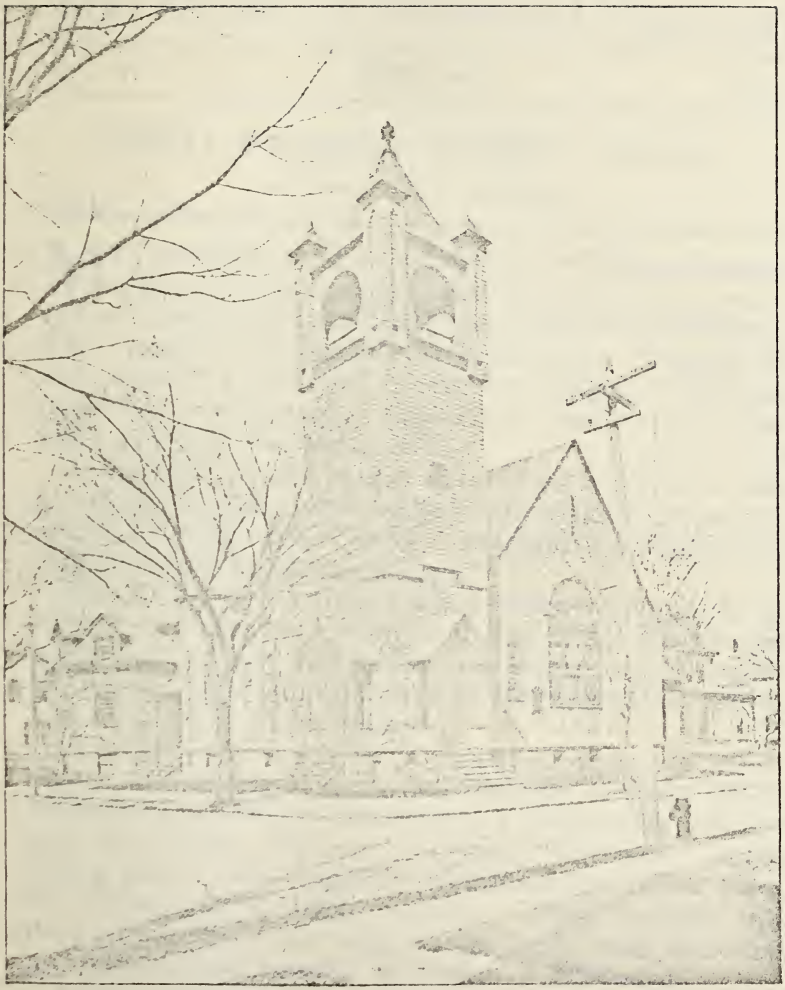
She was small and alert, and even after ill health and the burden of years had aged her, quick of motion and repartee. She was much interested in local history, and as regularly as her health permitted attended the meetings of the Medford Historical Society. Her reminiscences were very helpful to those of the younger generation who were called upon to write papers for the REGISTER.

H. T. W.

QUERIES.

Where in 1690 did Ensign John Bradshaw live?

Where in 1775 did Mr. Samuel Tufts live?—both these in Medford.



TRINITY METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Present House of Worship, Erected 1896.

The Medford Historical Register.

Vol. XIV. APRIL, 1911. No. 2.

TRINITY METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

By Moses Whitcher Mann.

[Read before the Medford Historical Society, April 18, 1910, and illustrated by forty lantern slides.]

MEDFORD, one of the oldest towns of Massachusetts, had no church organization for over seventy years, and no meeting-house till sixty years after its settlement. The Gospel was preached here, however. Though at first styled "a peculiar," it was like others in the fact that nearly two centuries elapsed ere there was a second and other than Puritan church.

It did what all the others did, it had a spirit of *conformity* to Puritan ideas, looked with little favor on any *non*-conforming ones, Quaker, Anabaptist, Romanist or Anglican, and acted accordingly.

For nearly two hundred years there was a union of church and state in colony and province; the church called the minister, the parish concurred, and the town by taxation paid him and built its meeting-house, which latter was all its name implied.

A century and a quarter of theocratic rule and intolerance had wrought decay and spiritual languor, when Edwards aroused the Connecticut Valley by his preaching; but across the sea, in Oxford University, some young men of the Anglican priesthood had heard, also, the divine call to better service. Their devotion to duty gained them the name of the Holy Club, and the precision of their acts the nickname of *Methodists*.

Forty years before there had been a young man preaching for a brief time in Medford (Benjamin Colman), who became the minister of the Manifesto Church in Boston. He it was who invited one of the "Methodists" of the

"Holy Club" to come over. This was a priest of the Church of England, the Rev. George Whitefield, who made four missionary tours through the colonies, and whose successful labors are matters of history.

The Medford minister, Rev. Ebenezer Turell (though the son-in-law of Dr. Colman), did not regard Whitefield favorably, and refused him admittance to the Medford pulpit, and, in reply to the "zealots" asking it, preached a sermon magnifying his (own) office, and at Whitefield's death, in 1770, another, somewhat discrediting, if we may judge by the text — "Man at his best estate is altogether vanity."

Whitefield was followed by Richard Boardman in 1772. Freeborn Garrettson came in 1787, and Jesse Lee preached under the old elm on Boston Common in 1790. All these are mentioned as connecting links in the chain of circumstances of church organization.

The war of Revolution not only chilled missionary zeal, but wellnigh obliterated the Anglican Church.

The acknowledgment of American independence led to its organization in two branches — the Methodist Episcopal in 1784 and the Protestant Episcopal in 1789. Each adopted, with various modifications, the Articles of Religion and the Ritual contained in the Book of Common Prayer. Each was formed on the Anglican model, with bishops, presbyters or elders, and deacons in its ministry.

A few years after Whitefield's death the church at Medford secured as assistant to their minister the Rev. David Osgood, who on the former's decease succeeded him, and himself passed away on December 12, 1822. At his calling, four influential members (holding Arminian views) objected thereto, but after his settlement, in a manly way assured him of their friendship and support.

Dr. Osgood came to the Medford pulpit warmly espousing the patriot cause, and differences were forgotten for the time. But during his long pastorate of forty-eight years both Episcopal Churches had been slowly

unfolding, and *five* months *before* his death, and *thirteen* months *before* the application of Galen James and sixteen others of Trinitarian views, for dismission from the First Church, which had become Unitarian, there assembled for worship the first congregation of a Medford Methodist Episcopal Church.

During the half century that followed were also organized (and in the order named) the Second Congregational (later called First Trinitarian Congregational), Universalist, Baptist, Mystic (Congregational), Grace (Protestant Episcopal) and St. Mary's (Roman Catholic) Churches.

A new element and order had obtained; the old conformity was gone. Each had rights the others must respect, and the better service each rendered to the common weal, the more secure its position.

Because the historian of the First Methodist Episcopal Church did not allude to its honorable lineage, the present writer has felt moved thus to do.

Just here, before beginning the more local part of his work, it may be well to consider the geographical and other conditions.

From a population of one thousand five hundred in 1822, in the half century Medford had grown to about four times that number. Instead of the one meeting-house, seven denominations were represented by eight substantial houses of worship, five located eastward from Medford square.

The western village had then (1872) about six hundred inhabitants, and was in prospect of immediate increase. Wellington, Glenwood, South Medford, the Dudley street section and Hillside were thinly settled portions. No public conveyance existed between them. The Unitarian and Protestant Episcopal Churches were the nearest to the western section, the two Congregational were considering union of forces under one roof, and the Methodist and Baptist were to build new churches still farther removed.

At intervals a Methodist class meeting had been held at Mrs. Hawley's on Prescott street, beginning in 1864, under the leadership of Jacob Emerson, and connected with the Medford church.

There had been organized the Mystic Sabbath School by the efforts of a "mothers' meeting," and several of the mothers were Methodists. This took its name from Mystic Hall, where it was held. This school was undenominational, and as an outgrowth of it the villagers of the "west" end began a Sunday preaching service, securing the services of Rev. Melville B. Chapman, then a student in the School of Theology in Boston.

Prior to 1870 the western section of Medford's population was almost wholly to the east of the railroad. In March of that year a large tract of land westward changed ownership and building operations began thereon and also in the other portion.

In April of the same year Mr. Chapman removed and was succeeded by Rev. Louis Charpiot (a Congregational preacher of ability, but out of fellowship with his order, and employed on a Boston newspaper). A goodly number attended the "Union Services" as they were called, and also the Sunday-school; but the "Union" was in no sense a church organization, and no one so considered it. It was simply a neighborhood or village effort to sustain public preaching, and there was no bond of church fellowship whatever.

At the opening of its third year (April, 1871) it was announced that the new owners would donate a lot of land if a meeting-house could be built, and soon after Mr. J. H. Norton offered to build one if the material was provided. The "Union's" executive committee made effort to accomplish this end, but with no success, though several public meetings were held with such end in view. During the summer Mr. Charpiot had several weeks' vacation, and the "Union" service was suspended until his return. Very soon after Mr. Charpiot resigned and left town.

The executive committee secured the services of Unitarian, Universalist, Baptist and Methodist preachers for about two months, and at last secured the services of Rev. William Edwards Huntington, who supplied the pulpit till the end of the year, viz., April, 1872. Mr. Huntington was a young man of rare gifts, just finishing his studies in the Theological School of Boston University, of which he is now the able and honored president.

During these months circumstances clearly indicated that it was time for some church organization to enter and occupy this field. The attendance on Sundays at the hall had decreased materially, till in March scarcely more than twenty-five attended.

One afternoon early in August Rev. N. T. Whitaker called upon some of his people in the west end, also came to the house where the writer was at work, and introduced himself as the Methodist pastor, and before leaving had secured a promise of attendance upon the weekly class meeting he proposed to establish on Tuesday evenings. He also gave a cordial invitation to attend the afternoon preaching at Medford when convenient to do so, though none realized more than he the effort it required.

On a Tuesday evening in October (1871), Mr. Whitaker organized a class meeting, according to the usage of the church, at the home of Brother N. D. Ripley on Lincoln street. The Medford parsonage was then at the corner of Salem and Park streets and almost the nearest house to the Malden line, while the Ripley home was the last next Arlington, and the good man walked both ways.

Of the members then present only the writer survives. Youth and inexperience were his then, but in his few years of church membership he had learned to cherish the tenets and usage of the church of his parents and around which his earliest memories were entwined, and this gathering of others of like faith was helpful.

Others came on succeeding weeks, and on the evening of March 18, 1872, there gathered a company of men

and women, in response to a publicly given notice, to consider the propriety of organizing a Methodist Episcopal Church. The class leader, William McLean, opened the meeting by an earnest prayer for divine direction. The call for the meeting was read, a chairman, C. E. Hippisley, and a secretary, M. W. Mann, were chosen, and the situation considered. A petition to the presiding elder of the Lynn district of the New England Conference, asking him to organize the signers thereof as a church, was drawn up and signed by ten persons holding membership in four churches. Various committees were chosen, and the meeting adjourned to a later date.

Just why the reverend presiding elder (David Sherman, D.D.) fixed upon the day usually given over to the patron saint of All Fools we have never known, but on the evening of April 1, 1872, he appeared, in company with the pastor of the First M. E. Church, in response to our call. He had designated the residence of Brother Mann, where the preliminary meetings had been held, as the place where he would meet the petitioners. All but one were present and a few in addition. After an earnest prayer for divine guidance and an address to those present, he proceeded to the business of a "Quarterly Conference," according to the "Methodist Discipline," thus organizing and recognizing the petitioners as the Second Methodist Episcopal Church of Medford. A board of "stewards" was then chosen, with one of their number (M. W. Mann) designated as "recording steward." It may be noticed that these officers do not bear the titles of the Congregational order, but the duties are similar. (For the information of those unacquainted, we say that this body composed of stewards, trustees, class leaders and Sunday-school superintendents, duly chosen and meeting quarterly, is the governing body of each local church in the entire denomination the world over. Its fourth session is the annual meeting, at which officers and committees are chosen for the ensuing year).

No board of trustees was chosen at this meeting, as the new church had no real estate in prospect. The Conference then adjourned.

In the interim between the dates given various committees had been at work, one securing pledges toward expenses, another for a place of public meeting.

After the Conference adjourned, four of its members repaired to Mystic Hall to attend what was expected to be the closing meeting of the Christian Union, at which twenty-two persons were present. The chairman of the executive committee, Luther Farwell (Unitarian), presided. Mr. Stevens (affiliated with Baptists) was absent; the other three members, Messrs. McLean, Hippisley and Mann, were present. S. S. Leavitt was clerk and treasurer. His report showed that when a few subscriptions, of which the immediate payment had been promised him, were received, all bills would be paid and a balance of two dollars and a fraction over would be in hand. He named a sick man in the village and moved that the same be given him. It was so voted. The expediency of continuance being considered, a motion to elect an executive committee was made.

Mr. Hippisley, having been instructed by the Conference already alluded to, so to do, then stated that his church organization had been made, and in its name made offer of the free use of Mystic Hall to the Congregational Church that might be formed for one service each Sabbath, with selection of time.

Motion was made that the executive committee be elected for six months, and carried by a vote of nine yeas to four nays (nine not voting). By a similar vote the committee of the previous year was chosen, and all but Mr. Stevens, who was absent, declined to serve. Of the nine voting yea seven were Congregational, one Unitarian, one of no preference. After another vote, repeated with the same result, a committee of three, of whom Calvin Dows and Reuben Willey were two, was chosen.

There was then but one hall in the village, Mystic

Hall (already named), used by the Union on Sunday morning and evening, and by the Sabbath School in the afternoon. Both had its use, free of charge. This generous arrangement had been made under former ownership and continued by the new, for the public welfare.

An interview of our committee with the owners of Mystic Hall on the next day revealed plainly the situation. They felt themselves bound by the verbal statement (made two years before to the Christian Union's committee), "Yes, have the free use of it as long as you want it."

One of the owners evidently recognized what the "Union" *then* was, as he remarked: "*You* don't propose to build a church and the Congregationalists do. It's better for us to let *them* have it." And so the effort we had made, and organization effected, seemed to many a sort of April-fool joke.

Our preacher, Rev. G. C. Osgood (afterward well known in Medford), was given another charge and we continued our weekly class meetings as before. It is well to say just here that it was not our intent to organize a Sabbath School until the time and circumstances should make it advisable. Neither was it our thought to erect a meeting-house at once, much as we would have desired to profit by the offer (made the year before by the land owners) of a gift of land. Our class leader McLean's reply, on February 26, was to that effect, when questioned as to our intent or purpose in that line. Nothing was known by others of our people of the movement of our Congregational brethren till after that date.

The writer commends to all a careful perusal of the excellent paper read last spring before this Society and just now published in the REGISTER. Its author gives valuable information as to the western village and its residents, and concedes the early efforts there of Methodists in religious work. Because of this I have been brief in my earlier reference to the "Union" and Sabbath School.

Thirty-eight years have passed away, and with them nearly all those who made the beginnings of the West Medford churches. Any differences or unpleasantness that may have been then are outgrown.

After the organization of the Congregational Church, on June 12, 1872, it was expected that a church edifice would be erected at once, and that Mystic Hall would soon be at our disposal. Many and anxious were our plans in relation thereto. During the winter one of our energetic laymen, Brother N. D. Ripley, died, and we felt his loss keenly. Another removed from town. Spring opened and the new house of worship seemed farther in the future. So with a courage born of desperation we said, "Let us arise and build." So after much preliminary work the second M. E. Church assembled in Quarterly Conference on June 20, 1873. Presiding Elder Sherman appointed Rev. Francis J. Wagner of the First Church (who was present) "preacher in charge."

A new board of stewards was chosen, also trustees and a building committee.

Stewards.	Trustees.
William McLean.	M. W. Mann.
M. W. Mann.	William McLean.
Martin M. French.	M. M. French.
Charles E. Hippisley.	E. J. Albee.
	W. T. Morse.

Building Committee.

M. M. French. William McLean. M. W. Mann.
W. B. Foster. George W. Brintnall.

The Conference adjourned and went to view several sites that had been informally considered, and selected one on Bower street as the most eligible. It was at once secured by the trustees, twenty cents per foot being the purchase price. The building committee procured a plan and contracted for a chapel, to be completed by October 15, and on the morning of July 4, with the contractor, staked out its location, reserving spaces for a future church edifice on one side and for a parsonage

on the other. Work was at once begun, and the little village of West Medford awoke to the fact that there was something being done.

The *Medford Journal* of that week announced the fact in a communication from Brother Wagner, over his reversed signature of "Rengaw Knarf," asking for co-operation, and containing the excellent suggestion, "If you can't help, don't hinder." This was pertinent, as some grim prophecies were ventured, such as "Before a year 'twill be made a tenement house," and others not well repeated, still better, forgotten.

Very soon the Ladies' Aid Society was organized, and by the time the chapel was completed had raised nearly four hundred dollars toward the enterprise, mainly spent in furnishing.

Meantime Holton street had been opened to Boston avenue, then just built, and from this street entrance was had to West Medford's first house of worship. Thither, on the evening of November 6, 1873, came an audience completely filling the house.

Introductory remarks were made by Presiding Elder Sherman.

Rev. E. L. Jaggar, pastor of the West Medford Congregational Church, read the hymn —

> "Great King of Glory come
> And with thy favor crown
> This temple as thy home,
> This people as thine own."

The invocation was by Rev. A. E. Winship, pastor of the M. E. Church at West Somerville.

Scripture reading by Rev. W. E. Huntington of Roslindale.

Rev. J. M. Usher (Universalist) read the hymn —

> "The perfect world by Adam trod
> Was the first temple built by God.
> His fiat laid the corner-stone,
> He spake, and lo, the work was done!"

Rev. Andrew McKeown, D.D., of Dorchester, preached the sermon from Isa. 28:16, "Behold, I lay in Zion a foundation stone, etc."

Rev. J. A. Richardson of Medford (Baptist) led the responsive reading of the one hundred and twenty-second Psalm.

Brother Wagner made a statement of the business part of the new enterprise, and four hundred dollars was pledged towards the same. The trustees then came forward, and in the disciplinary form presented the building for dedication. The declaration thereof was made by Dr. Sherman, and the dedicatory prayer by the pastor, Brother Wagner.

An anthem (by the choir of the First Church, who, with their organist, kindly volunteered) was followed by the Doxology and Benediction, and the public worship of Almighty God according to Methodist Episcopal usage was thus begun in West Medford eighteen months after the organization of the Second Church, which, by the incorporation of its trustees in January following, assumed the present name of Trinity.

It is doubtful if such a case as this has a parallel. For a church to organize with ten members, find no public meeting place, lose one of its most energetic ones by death, reorganize with seven (but two men), build a house of worship (that the press styled "a marvel of neatness and beauty"), furnish the same complete for occupancy, during that time gather seven more members while holding no public service (for lack of place) until its dedication, was certainly in itself a novel situation. But this is just what was done.

The entire cost of the property was between eight and nine thousand dollars. Four thousand five hundred dollars was raised by mortgage, and for a time two hundred and fifty dollars was floated. While the chapel was in construction came the great tidal wave of financial depression that followed the Wall street panic known as Black Friday. The Boston City Missionary Society, that had given encouragement to the enterprise and promise of financial help, in the stringency was unable to redeem its promise and we were left to our own resources. Nevertheless, the work went on and the chapel was completed on time, and the prophecy of the tenement house still remains unfulfilled, though in its reconstructed

form it has housed the Baptists, the Roman Catholics and Congregationalists.

On Sunday morning, after the dedication, we assembled for our first regular Sabbath worship. Brother Wagner arranged with a student of Boston University, Rev. Samuel S. Curry, to supply our pulpit. The *responsive* reading of the Psalm that day was probably the first in any Protestant church in Medford, save the Episcopal. The first hymn sung was, "I will follow thee, my Saviour, wheresoe'er my lot may be," and Brother Curry preached from the text, "And they received every man a penny." Seventy people were present. Though we had but few children, yet we organized (in the afternoon) a Sabbath School, with a membership of fifteen. In the evening about forty were present at a praise and prayer service.

The church, in its organization and effort, was now before the public as never before, and the problem was to be demonstrated as to whether or no it would or could live.

Our pulpit was supplied by students from the university for some weeks, till in January, 1874, when Leonidas L. H. Hamilton, a younger brother of our present Bishop Hamilton, was engaged as a supply till the session of the Annual Conference in April. Upon his coming he made a good impression and was favorably received. He entered heartily into the work, residing in our village, and at Conference was continued as our supply when Brother Wagner's charge over us ceased.

During the summer Mr. Hamilton became interested in the study of law, and the fact that "no man can serve two masters" very soon became apparent.

Early in January (1875) following, Presiding Elder Dorchester removed him and placed the Rev. E. C. Herdmann, also a student, in charge of the society. He was a young married man, of rare gifts and engaging personality, and his wife, in the visits she made us, won all hearts. It was with regret that at Conference time

TRINITY CHAPEL, 1873.

INTERIOR OF SAME.
HARVEST SUNDAY, 1890.

we were obliged to part with them, owing to the failure to unite our society with one at Arlington as one charge. Could this have been done it would doubtless have proved beneficial to both. Brother Herdmann returned to his home in New York, and a few years later died there.

Rev. John F. Brant was the next to serve us as pastor, coming in April, 1875. He was from Ohio, unmarried, and just completing his studies at the university. He remained with us one year and did good work. During the summer he visited his Western home, and then was inaugurated the union vacation service with the Congregational Church, which was continued until the last summer. This proved helpful in various ways, removing some prejudices that needlessly existed. Up to the close of Brother Brant's ministry with us seven more had joined us, making our membership twenty-one in full connection and several on probation.

During this year we thought it advisable to sell a portion of our land, thereby reducing our indebtedness about one thousand three hundred dollars. At Conference, in April, Rev. William Full was appointed to this charge. He was a member of Conference and a native of Nova Scotia, and immediately came to live among us.

Brother Full put in some energetic work, as did also his wife, as far as her health would permit. The hard times were being seriously felt and our people were discouraged. One of our trustees tells of one occasion when only he, his wife, and the pastor were attendants at the mid-week prayer meeting. During the early autumn the West Somerville pulpit became vacant and the two churches were united under Brother Full's care, and the next year he was appointed to that charge. During the year seven new names were added to our membership from probation and by letter.

The conference and church year of 1877, beginning with April, opened with discouragements of the deepest kind. The clouds of the business world, dark enough before, were growing blacker. In its material concerns

Trinity Church was then at the low-water mark of its history, and not all the causes of it were *ex*ternal. A waterlogged ship is a poor sailer, but mutiny on board adds to the gravity of the situation.

In an April snow squall Rev. Jarvis A. Ames appeared in West Medford, having been appointed thereto by the bishop at Conference.

The outlook was *squally*, too, but the sun came out again. The demonstration on an April Sunday in 1861, in the old church on Salem street, didn't frighten him then, and he gave the discouraged ones at once to understand "that he was here to attend to his duty for the *year* of his appointment." Frail in body, and not in the best of health, he gave to Trinity Church his untiring effort, and in the face of obstacles that might have daunted stronger men, brought it to a better state numerically, financially, and spiritually.

Details of his work would far exceed my space, and Christian charity throws a mantle of forgiveness over all unpleasant features that bore so heavily on him and others. He served the church three years, and received thirty-two in full membership. During the third year he was laid aside by sickness for nearly three months. Our pulpit was supplied in various ways, several times by laymen, and the term includes women. It is pleasant to note that twice Rev. Brother Cutter of the Congregational Church preached and administered the Holy Communion.

By a supreme effort enough money was raised to pay the interest overdue on mortgage to September, 1877, and the rate was reduced from eight to six per cent., but conditioned on prompt payment.

When executed the mortgage was to Mr. Samuel S. Holton (Sr.), who was ever a benefactor of the church. He had negotiated the mortgage and note, which was signed by the treasurer and secretary of the trustees in their official capacity, and in no way personally endorsed, until by Mr. Holton, at its assignment to the purchaser

thereof. At its maturity the holder did not demand payment and the endorser's liability expired.

During this pastorate a beginning was made of contribution to the general benevolences of the denomination. These of necessity were small, but a step in the right direction.

Trinity Church owes a debt of love and gratitude to its faithful pastors, but to none more than to Jarvis A. Ames. On the central panel of our eastern window bearing his and Brother Herdmann's names, the morning sunlight streams through the passion flowers. On July 18, 1885, in the sunny southland (Florida) whither he had gone in search of health it was not his to find, he passed on to join the church triumphant. "Servant of God, well done."

A few words about some of the faithful ones of that trying period. West Medford streets were not as good then as now. Such constant attendants as Father and Mother Walker, with "Auntie Cheney," who came to evening service with their lanterns, and Sister Sargent, the good old lady who gathered up the mites here and there to help in the missionary cause, deserve mention. The sainted Sister Winship, whose love for the church was shown by her presence, even when brought in the strong arms of her husband, and when she could come no more, for a year gathered the children of her neighborhood in her sunny room for Sabbath instruction. She was one of those who came from Arlington, and there was one who walked both ways from the "Heights" twice on Sunday and to class meeting. At the Conference of 1880 Rev. George M. Smiley received his first appointment, and to our church. He had *supplied* a church in New Jersey while studying at Drew Seminary.

Far different was the outlook from that in 1877. The church, though small in numbers, was united, enthusiastic and ready, to the best of its knowledge and ability, to begin a new year's work with a *resident* pastor. During the year the Sunday-school increased and was brought

to a high state of discipline and efficiency under the charge of Brother S. C. Johnson.

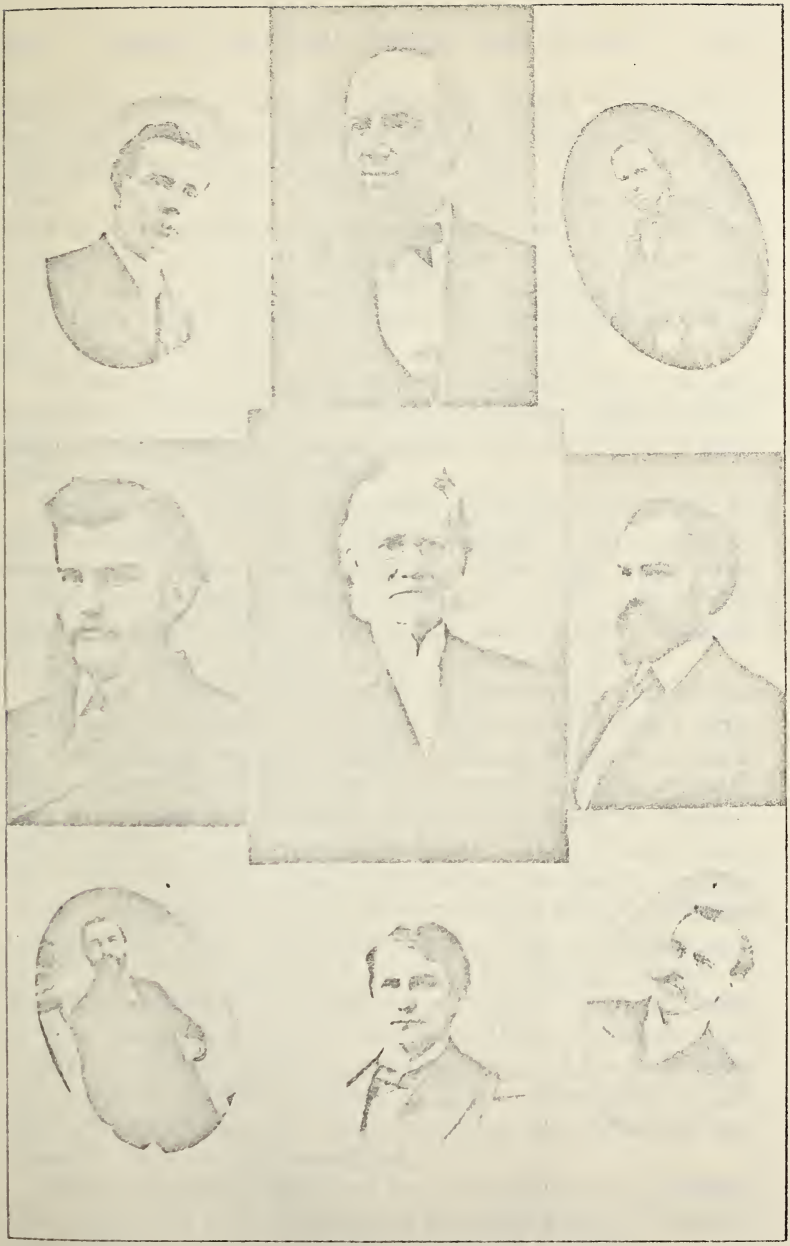
The benevolent collections also were increased, and a marked interest showed itself in the spiritual as well as social work. During the next year began the development of a special line of thought, later carried to an extreme, causing unhappy differences, but as yet not inharmonious.

A third appointment continued the pastor in charge (to what was then the "time limit"), who began an effort to clear off the mortgage upon the church property. His hopes were not entirely realized, but by various means a reduction of about seven hundred dollars was made.

Forty-nine names were added to the membership list during Brother Smiley's service. Among the number came one who, with his good wife, have been in labors abundant, and who, still with us, hold the record for longest *continuous* membership. A veteran of the war, and of the "church militant" is Brother Nelson Taylor. Brother Smiley and wife have achieved prominence and distinction in other fields since their earnest work in West Medford.

Rev. Charles W. Wilder was assigned to Trinity in 1883, and also served three years. It is safe to say that a more discreet and self-sacrificing pastor has never ministered here. During his term the church steadily gained in membership and spirituality. Largely by his efforts one thousand two hundred dollars were raised and paid upon the mortgage. He also secured the funds to paint the chapel, which had been built thirteen years before. Twenty-nine persons united with the church during his labors. Mrs. Wilder is remembered as a worthy helpmeet, and their memory is as "ointment poured out." They went, at the expiration of their time limit, to our large and influential church at Leominster.

One April day, just after Conference in 1886, I saw on the street, with the president of the Ladies' Aid Society (to whom nature was generous), a boyish but scholarly



Rev. William Full. Rev. F. J. Wagner. Rev. J. A. Ames.
Rev. S. S. Curry. Rev. W. G. Hambleton. Rev. E. C. Herdmann.
Rev. C. W. Wilder. Rev. J. F. Brant. Rev. Geo. M. Smiley.

appearing young man that some one called "a little one for a cent," and who did seem little by comparison. The Methodist ministers always called *him* "little Fred Upham." People soon found that the *boy* was a coming man in our ministry, and came to hear both him and the message he brought from his Master. For six years the society had, in a way, maintained a parsonage, and had just made ready for new-comers. Love's labor was lost for a time, as Brother Upham was unmarried.

At the close of the year some notice was taken of our fifteenth anniversary, and Brother Upham made an excellent historical address, a printed copy of which is preserved in the church records.

During his second year some changes were made in the furnishings of the church building in the form of new seats, carpet and hymnals. The pipe organ (of which an interesting history might be written, and which had been disused for several years) was sold and replaced by a reed organ, bought by the Ladies' Society.

Brother Upham finding the Scripture true that it was "not good for man to be alone," took unto himself a wife, so a parsonage became needful. As no house was available a good friend built one and rented it to the church, and to it, after the "Ladies' Aid" had a hand in the furnishing, the pastor brought his bride. It was hoped that his would be a three-year term, for he was doing a grand work. Unhappily the doctrinal thought already alluded to had taken more pronounced form, and at Conference of 1888 he was appointed to the Old South Church at Reading, where he successfully served the then full term of five years. During his first year there all hearts were saddened by the untimely passing away of his estimable wife, whom all had learned to love. Beautiful in life and character was she, and lovely as the lilies in our window that is her memorial.

Baker Memorial (Boston) and Westfield next claimed him, and while at the latter he was called home. Twenty-one names are on our register received by him.

Rev. William J. Hambleton was next assigned to Trinity, and came with the experience of years to his credit, while of Mrs. Hambleton it was well said, "She is just like mother." The younger element that had been drawn to Brother Upham's ministry had hardly become assimilated to the church, and had much to learn of loyalty to the church and its polity. Some, however, remained and became staunch supporters of church and pastor.

The church edifice, originally designed for a chapel (before the modern idea that requires all accessories and conveniences had obtained), had been in use for fifteen years, and the need of more convenient quarters began to be evident. But "how," was the question that could be answered only by united effort, and such did not exist. After two years of faithful service the pastor requested another appointment, and has ever been a welcome visitor to his old charge, and during the past year has entered into rest.

At the Conference of 1890, Rev. William J. Pomfret became his successor. He had served large and important churches, and his administration was that of a master hand. Though advanced in years, he was at home among the young people, and very soon organized the chapter of the Epworth League that bears his name. Dear as was this to him, it remained for the Junior League to reach his great heart and receive his warmest friendship. Under his preaching the Sabbath congregations increased and the social worship was of marked interest. Early in the autumn the subject of a new house of worship was agitated, and for a time the prospect was highly favorable. Plans were secured, and the assistance of other churches invoked through the medium of our Church Aid Society. Though satisfactory to the majority, the feature of kitchen and supper room was disliked by some. An organization called the "Holiness Association," renewed its activity. The maintenance of Sabbath and evening meetings in a hall by a minority still holding member-

ship in the church, complicated the situation and delayed further effort toward building a new house of worship.

> "Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
> The saddest are these, 'it might have been.'"

At this later day it would seem that the effort should have been carried forward; still, brethren who had heroically carried burdens for years can not well be blamed for waiting till harmony could be restored before entering into a new church enterprise, with its financial burdens.

As the result of the trial that followed, the church lost about a dozen members and some attendants, and a Primitive Methodist Church was formed, which after a little over a year disbanded. Trinity Church was not alone in such experience. In other places, the action here was followed by the formation of societies of like views, bearing various names, affiliated with the "Evangelical Association of New England." In what I have said of this movement there is no word of bitterness or aspersion of the motives or character of those who went out from us. It was an unhappy difference of opinion brought to conclusion, and had a depressing influence.

Our Quarterly Conference had, in voting to build, wisely limited commencement till five thousand dollars should be subscribed, and this was unsecured at the end of Brother Pomfret's third year. Seeing no hope thereof, he asked and received another appointment.

In 1893 Rev. William M. Cassidy came to our pastorate, this being his third charge. The society welcomed him and he became a favorite in the community.

Matters moved on well, save in the building enterprise, which, though not lost sight of, progressed but slowly, so slowly that some despaired of its accomplishment. But in March of 1896, the subscription limit being reached, plans were secured and work begun. On July 23, at 6 P.M., the corner-stone was laid, in the presence of two hundred and fifty people. This was taken from under the tower of the old house, the dates 1873–1896 cut in it by the contractor who originally furnished it, and was

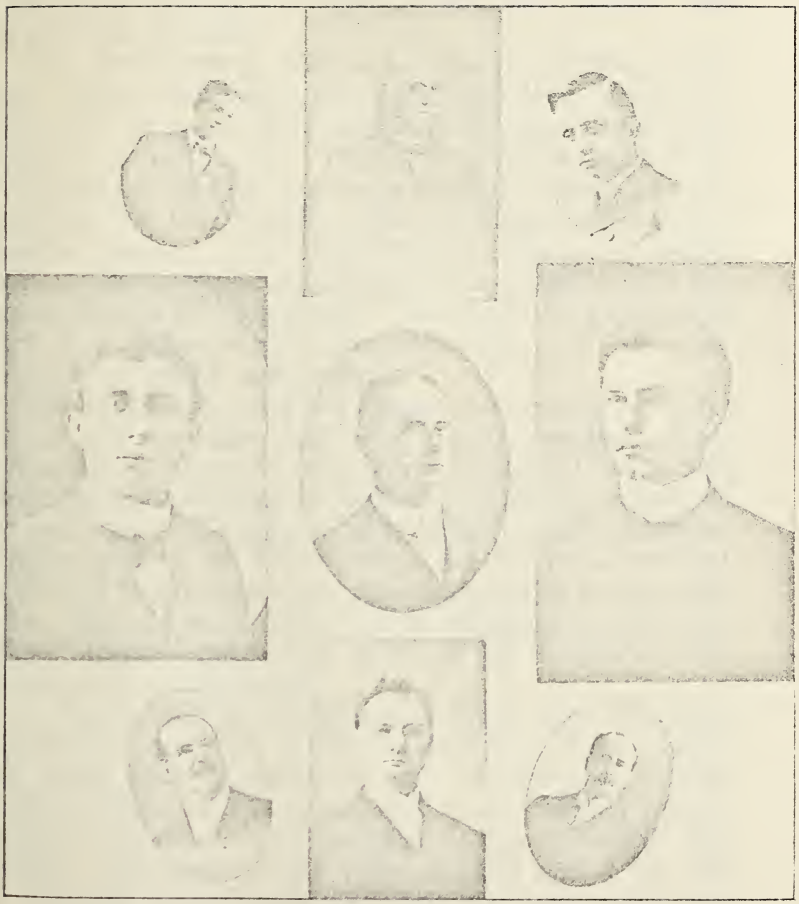
lowered to its place by the builders of both the former and present houses. The exercises were in charge of Presiding Elder J. O. Knowles, D.D. The pastors of the Congregational and Baptist Churches assisted, an historical sketch was given by Brother M. W. Mann, and the principal speaker was Rev. William N. Brodbeck, D.D.

The former house had been sold, moved to another spot, and was still in use, though perched high on the movers' timbers. Within its walls, in October, the newly formed Baptist church held its recognition service. On the last Sunday in November five services, all of special import, gave our first house, which had been our church home for twenty-three years, and around which so many hallowed memories cluster, an appropriate farewell.

We assembled for the first time in the chapel of the new one on the first Sunday in December, and there continued till March 11, 1897, when this second house was dedicated to the worship of Almighty God, according to the ritual and usage of our church, by Bishop Edward G. Andrews, D.D., LL.D. "On this rock I will build my church," was the text, and the sermon was simple, clear and convincing, a masterly effort of our beloved bishop. Other services followed during the week, and the society was settled in its new church home.

Space forbids details of this building enterprise. Its realization came only after much planning, labor and sacrifice. This latter house, with its tower bearing aloft the emblem of Christianity, forms the central figure in the vista seen westward from Cradock bridge, and occupies the spot originally selected for it in 1872. Its audience room, chapel, school-room and parlor occupy one floor, and all four open together if required. Kindergarten and class rooms are above, while a spacious dining hall and kitchen are in rooms below. Its cost was somewhat over fourteen thousand dollars.

It was with some surprise that the church, as well as the community, learned that their pastor, who had served



Rev. G. A. Cooke. Rev. W. J. Pomfret. Rev. F. N. Upham.
Rev. Arthur Bonner. Rev. Herbert S. Dow. Rev. Herbert A. Keck.
Rev. A. W. L. Nelson. Rev. S. S. Klyne. Rev. W. M. Cassidy.

four years, and to whom this success was in no small measure due, had asked for another appointment by the bishop at Conference. That this change was made, and a successor took up the work so smoothly, speaks well for the church polity.

Rev. Arthur W. L. Nelson was pastor for three years, Rev. Arthur Bonner for two years, and Rev. George A. Cooke for two years more, and each did good work under difficult circumstances. There was some reaction from the effort of building, and some financial embarrassment resulted that was happily removed during the stay of Brother Bonner. For a time Brother Nelson did double work, as did both his successors, in connection with the newly formed Hillside church. All these did good work, each in a different way from the other, and all were beloved by church and people.

The next three years our charge was read "to be supplied," and we were fortunate in our supplies. Rev. Sylvester S. Klyne of the North Dakota Conference, pursuing special study in Boston University, served us for two years. He was an able preacher and profound scholar, and in his limited time did no little pastoral work, and in this latter was ably seconded by his devoted wife. From here he went to an important church in West Virginia, and is now pastor of the largest church of our order in Baltimore.

In April, 1907, Rev. Herbert A. Keck from the Iowa Conference (and also the university) came to us under the same limit of partial work. He ably succeeded Brother Klyne in the pulpit, and in the weekly prayer meeting has never been excelled in the history of the church. His home in the West claimed him at the end of one year, where his people have just dedicated a fine new church edifice.

At the Conference of 1907 Rev. Herbert Smith Dow was appointed, and came an utter stranger to every one in his new charge. Loyal to our church polity, its greetings were sent him by mail as soon as the appointments

appeared in print, and on Saturday he, with his family, were in our parsonage and ready for duty.

Our ministers are appointed by the bishop, whose cabinet (or advisors) are the four presiding elders or district superintendents. The term is one year, but a minister may be reappointed year after year for an indefinite time. Under our system, no minister is without a charge and no church without a pastor or supply. If any break occurs, it is for want of loyalty to the church polity. Thirty-eight years have passed away since the little gathering on April 1, 1872, and eighteen men have served, duly appointed to our church. Eight have heard the summons to "come up higher," the others are doing effective work. Our present pastor, on last Sabbath, began his fourth year with us, in response to the unanimous call of our official board. During his pastorate several have, because of business reasons, removed from our city and church, and the latter, especially, feels the loss. But with the newcomers and the recruits of the evangelistic effort our number steadily though slowly increases, and the young men of the Brotherhood are an inspiration.

I have written of our church history by pastorates. During these years over three hundred names have been upon our roll in full membership, not to mention the probationers who may have been received elsewhere, or those who have labored with us but never enrolled. Some have died in the faith; "they rest from their labors," their memory is blessed. But *few* have proven unworthy, *none* have ever been expelled for sinful conduct or immoral obliquity. At the present time our entire membership is one hundred and fifteen.

This sketch would be incomplete without mention of the untiring and self-sacrificing work of the Ladies' Aid Society. Commencing in 1873 with a dozen members, and at no time numbering over thirty, it has, in these years, done a work of financial help for Trinity Church that is unequalled by any other in the district when the

number of its members is considered. For several years these ladies have paid the entire interest on the mortgage note and a generous pledge to the weekly offering, kept the parsonage furniture in order, and the pastor in touch with the people by telephone. Their efforts are not alone for their local church, as one of their former presidents (Mrs. Mann) has for the past ten years been connected with the New England Deaconess Aid Society, and for the past four years its vice-president. The first to enter this service, she has succeeded in enthusing numbers of others, and organized numerous circles of girls as deaconess' helpers. One of its number, Mrs. E. G. Came, was the prime mover, in 1893, of the effort that resulted in the Ladies' Aid Union, now representing over one hundred societies of Eastern Massachusetts, and was its first president, and in 1902 another, Mrs. Elizabeth J. C. Mann, who had served as secretary, filled the same honorable position. The building of the two houses of worship, their repair, and maintenance of public worship, has required an outlay during these years, together with the various benevolences, of upwards of one hundred thousand dollars, no inconsiderable sum when the numbers and circumstances of the society are considered.

Three years ago a special note of our anniversary was made by a banquet in the dining hall, a social hour and reunion in the chapel, and a more formal gathering (with music, addresses by former pastors and present members) in the audience room. It was the writer's privilege then to give an historical address, illustrated as this has been; not this, but a different paper. One illustration then given cannot be given tonight, but I quote these words: "A faithful brother entered into rest. Before his departure he made provision for the excellent pipe organ that was installed in the autumn of 1898. A noble memorial of a worthy man, presented to the church he dearly loved, it bears this simple inscription, 'Gift of Elisha Pierce, March 20, 1898.'" In the dark-

ness and quiet of the room the faintest tones of the organ began, gradually swelling until the last word, when the full organ was heard in his memory.

Other gifts there are — the pulpit, altar-rail and the windows, memorials of loved members and friends of the church. All these are expressions of the love for and interest in the work Trinity Church has done and is doing in Christian service. Its Sabbath School, Epworth and Junior Leagues, and latterly the Brotherhood, are each active in their place, and represented in the official board by their principal officer, as is also the Ladies' Aid Society and all subject to the discipline of the church. Its officiary for the current year is as follows: —

Trustees.

Nelson Taylor.
Frank U. Warner.
Samuel H. Guptill.
Frank W. Ham.
Frank E. Rollins.

Stewards.

Nelson Taylor.
Moses W. Mann.
Frank U. Warner.
James A. Knight.
Lyman W. Proctor.
George C. Rockwood.
Charles S. Given.
Ewen MacPherson.
Heber J. Cripps.
Harry A. Blodgett.
Charles E. Lowe.
Mrs. A. C. Rich.
Mrs. E. J. C. Mann.
Miss A. Evelyn Gilbert.
Mrs. Nelson Taylor.
Mrs. F. U. Warner.
Mrs. F. A. Oxnard.

District Steward.

L. W. Proctor.

Recording Steward.

Moses W. Mann.

Supt. of Sunday-school.

F. E. Rollins.

Pres. of Epworth League.

Mrs. J. A. Knight.

Pres. Ladies Aid Society.

Mrs. L. W. Proctor.

Pres. of Brotherhood.

Harry A. Blodgett.

Treasurer of Trustees.

Nelson Taylor.

Treasurer of Official Board.

Samuel Guptill.

Assistant Treasurer.

L. W. Proctor.

In common with others, Trinity Church holds the evangelical faith of Christianity, proclaiming a full and

free salvation, with definite knowledge thereof, and only differing in minor matters and church government. It is tolerant and respectful of others, and has only this invitation to its observance of the Holy Communion, "All ye who do truly and earnestly repent of your sins, are in love and charity with your neighbors and intend to lead a new life, following the commandments of Jesus Christ, draw near and partake to your comfort." Its belief is expressed each Sabbath by the congregation in the words of the Apostles' Creed. This, with the responsive reading of Psalm, the singing of Gloria and Doxology, and the use of the prayer-book version of the Lord's Prayer, form a liturgical worship, alike in all Methodist Episcopal Churches throughout our land. Its members and congregation have been people from the ordinary walks of life, good citizens and neighbors, and not burdened with wealth. In all our past they have given of their effort and means without stint for its maintenance, and found help and comfort in its fellowship. No inconsiderable number have here entered into the experience of Christian life because of the church. Therein is its greatest success, and in such work is its truest mission. Those that come to us from other places are heartily welcome, but our gain is others' loss. But a soul saved from sin, or redeemed from carelessness and indifference is truer gain, greater success, and it is on this line that our church effort is made. Our denomination is represented in Medford today by four societies — First, Trinity, Bethany and Hillside — all located near the border of Medford's territory, and all have found it no easy task to obtain their present status, but are here to stay as long as there is the Master's work to do.

The theocratic rule of the Puritan that hung the Quakers, whipped the Baptists and persecuted the Anglican Church when they came has passed away, and the charge of the "Lord's cavalry," the early Methodist preachers then known as "circuit riders" in New England, had much to do with it. The Unitarian preaching of Chan-

ning and Universalist of Murray was in the battle also, until the old conformity to the standing order was no more. In its stead, with religious freedom, has come an *indifference* perhaps more fatal. *This* not only the Methodist Episcopal Church, but all others, Protestant and Romanist, must combat.

And now a few words in closing. Just fifty years from the time the First Methodist Church began in old Medford, the first organized effort outside the Puritan parish, Trinity began the first organized church effort in the new Medford that was to be and is. Five churches are now in West Medford (two others have organized but are no more).

It has been given to me (perhaps as to none other) to have a part in the work, to know the difficulties, the labors, the disappointments, and something of success; to be personally acquainted with the men and women who have given their best service to this work. I wish to bear testimony to the kindly assistance and friendship of several Unitarian and Baptist people in those long-ago days, the days of small things. I have already alluded to the passing of prejudice among our Congregational neighbors. I have never doubted that it was the Lord's will that our beginning was made, though sometimes the way has been "rough and thorny." I am content.

As these faces have looked on us tonight how the old memories come back. I could introduce but a few, but what a host there has been! This is the story of Trinity Church, Methodist Episcopal. "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

DEDICATION HYMN.*

With trump, and pipe, and viol chords,
And song, the full assembly brings
Its tribute to the Lord of Lords,
Its homage to the King of kings.

To God, who from the rocky prison
Where death had bound him, brought his Son,
To God these walls from earth have risen;—
To God, "the high and lofty ONE."

Creator! at whose stedfast word
Alike the seas and seasons roll,
Here may thy truth in Christ our Lord,
Shine forth and sanctify the soul.

Here, where we hymn thy praises now,
Father and Judge! may many a knee
And many a spirit humbly bow,
In worship and in prayer to Thee.

And when our lips no more shall move,
Our hearts no longer beat or burn,
Then may the children that we love
Take up the strain and in their turn,

With trump, and pipe and viol strings,
Here pay, with music's sweet accords,
Their tribute to the King of kings,
Their homage to the Lord of Lords.

AN EARLY CRITICISM OF MEDFORD HISTORY.

Referring to the visit of Lafayette to Medford, August 28, 1824, and his entertainment and dinner at Governor Brooks', the author wrote, "of all the persons at that table, the writer of this alone survives."

Attached to Mr. Swan's copy is the following in his handwriting:

"This is a remarkable error of the author, and shows a want of polite attention, to forget that Mrs. Col. Brooks, the Governor's daughter-in law who presided at the collation, is still living in Dedham. Mrs. Brooks says the

* This hymn was sung at the dedication of the South Congregational Church, Boston, January 30, 1822, and was written by Rev. John Pierpont, who also offered the dedicatory prayer. He was later the minister of the First Parish in Medford.

following gentlemen who were present are also now living: General Sumner, Major Swett, Rev. Andrew Bigelow, who asked the blessing, [all] of Boston, Rev. Geo. Burnap of Baltimore, Dr. Swan [and] Mr. Dudley Hall of Medford. George Stuart, Canada, the Governor's grandson is also thought to have been present."

(Letter from Mrs. P. Swan, Jan. 5, 1856.)

AN OLD MEDFORD LANDMARK.

By John H. Hooper.

The brick tower standing on the estate of the late George L. Stearns, near College avenue, has been the subject of much speculation in recent years as to its origin and use. This tower stands over a spring of water and when in use was several feet higher than it is at present. It was surmounted by sails which furnished power to a pump used to force the water of the spring up the hill to the dwelling house on the Stearns estate. When aqueduct water was introduced, this water supply fell into disuse, the sails disappeared and the top of the tower fell away. A few years ago the top was finished off as at present and the door which was on the southerly side was closed up. The land upon which the tower stands was a part of Governor John Winthrop's Ten Hills Farm and later a part of the Royall estate. The Stearns house stands upon land included within the bounds of the Walnut Tree Hill division of the Stinted pasture and was set off to Peter Foule in the year 1685. When the Royall farm was divided this land came into the possession of Samuel Dexter. November 11, 1809, Mr. Dexter sold to Mr. John Osborn this lot of land "together with a new brick house standing on the premises." This house is also shown upon a plan of land drawn in 1808. October 16, 1810, Mr. Nathan Adams, who then owned the estate now occupied by Mr. Horace E. Willis, sold to Mr. Osborn the small portion of land upon which the brick tower

stands, and it is assumed that the land was bought to obtain possession of the spring of water and that the tower was built at about that date, which would make it about one hundred years old.

Until College avenue was laid out by the County Commissioners, the tower stood in the field remote from the highway. It now stands within two rods of the avenue and is a subject of much attention.

The fine row of willow trees on College avenue came from sprouts set out in the year 1864.

A RILL FROM AN ANCIENT SPRING.

A writer in the Pawtucket (R. I.) *Chronicle* (April, 1885) tells of "Ancient Times" and "A Boston Well," and says, "Forty years ago, the inhabitants of Boston became disgusted with the water of the city," which had become polluted with house drainage. After alluding to the introduction of Cochituate water he said, "It seems that here and there an ancient well has continued to be used. Dug in a lot less crowded with buildings and fed perhaps by a living spring, it has still been allowed to furnish rills to slake human thirst. One of these wells was in an estate owned by Peter C. Brooks. . . . Mr. Brooks was known by report at least to some of our citizens. . . . His former [city] residence was at 89 Mt. Vernon street and was sold last week. The lot contained about a quarter of an acre, and has on it a well which has always been known as Blackstone's well. Its water is uncontaminated and has continued to be used till the present day. The brown stone house just sold, stands on the site of the house which Blackstone occupied over two centuries and a half ago. . . . There were 'sweet and pleasant springs' which promised a more healthful beverage" to the early settlers who came from Salem to Charlestown and were not satisfied with the supply of

water there to be had and so went over to "Trimountain" where Blaxton had already located.

Only a few years ago, while excavating for the foundations of the Old South Building, in Spring lane, the ancient "Governor's spring" (Winthrop's) bubbled up anew.

It is now twenty-six years since the above was written and given to the world in the *Chronicle*; and recently the country seat of Mr. Brooks, in West Medford, has gone into other hands. That he was the owner of the ancient Blaxton spring is of interest to Medford, and the REGISTER thus notes the same as above stated.

REMINISCENCES OF GOVERNOR BROOKS.

WRITTEN BY CALEB SWAN (ABOUT 1856).

In writing to the earliest of Sir Isaac Newton's biographers, Pope expressed a desire to have some "*memoirs and characters of him as a man.*" This desire is very general, to know something of the *character*, *disposition* and *habits* of public men. I regret the author [Dr. John Dixwell] has not given us some anecdotes of Governor Brooks, to show the love, regard and esteem that was felt for him by his townsmen and neighbors, as well as their great respect for his patriotism and talent.

Governor Brooks was an elegant and excellent horseman, and next to Washington no one looked better on horseback at a military parade. Mr. Brimmer, of Boston, said it was a pleasure to see him on Boston Common. He always rode on horseback to visit his patients when the weather would permit. When the boys of the town met him riding and took off their hats to him he always lifted his hat in return very pleasantly and gracefully.

When the Declaration of Independence was voted by Congress it was not received by General Washington at the head of the army in New York until the morning of the 9th of July. He immediately issued the order that

it should be read at the head of every regiment that day at 6 o'clock. The Massachusetts regiment of Major Brooks was camped on Chatham square. He told Benj. L. Swan in New York (about 1815) that he was appointed to read the Declaration to his regiment. A table was obtained which he stood upon and read the document to the regiment drawn up in hollow square. This shows he had a good voice and was a good reader.

The brigade to which General Washington attached himself was drawn up on the south part of what is now the Park, and the Declaration was read by Col. Hamilton.

. . . . . .

His fame survives as a rich legacy to his country. His monument is in the burial ground of the town. His memory will be cherished and embalmed in the affections of the people of his state, who chose him for their Governor, and in the regard, love and esteem of his townsmen.

MEDFORD INCIDENTS.

(Advertisement in *N. E. Chronicle*, September 21-28, 1775.)

"Taken up in Medford some time after the Battle of Lexington, a basket of crockery ware which the owner may have again by enquiring of Mr. Samuel Tufts of Medford."

The above ad noted by
B. F. FENTON.

The late Rebecca Reed gave me the tradition, that when the people fled from Charlestown, June 17, 1775, as the flames swept away their homes, many women and children were kept over night in the Garrison House. Others hurried along over the Andover turnpike [Forest street].

ELIZA M. GILL.

MEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Officers for the Year ending January, 1912.

President.

WILL C. EDDY.

Vice-Presidents.

ROSEWELL B. LAWRENCE. BENJAMIN F. FENTON.
FREDERICK H. KIDDER. LEONARD J. MANNING.

Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer.

GEORGE S. T. FULLER.

Recording Secretary.

Miss ALICE E. CURTIS.

Librarian and Curator.

Miss AGNES W. LINCOLN.

Custodians of Real Estate.

PRESIDENT, CORRESPONDING SECRETARY, TREASURER.

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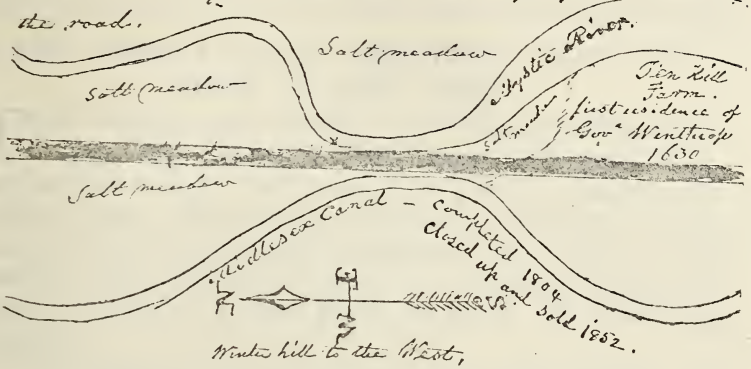

At this place is known in Medford, as "The Rock" —
Mystic River, the Medford Turnpike, and the Middlesex
Canal, are all close to each other, for about a hundred
Rods. — the Canal is the highest, the road is below
it, and the river still lower, — the river here
makes a beautiful bend, the outer edge of which touches
the road.
Salt meadow
Salt meadow
Mystic River.
Ten Hill
Farm.
first residence of
Gov. Winthrop
1630
Salt meadow
Middlesex Canal — Completed 1804
Closed up and Sold 1852.
Winter hill to the West,

PEN AND INK SKETCH BY CALEB SWAN, 1856.

MILLERS' DWELLING ON MEDFORD TURNPIKE.

The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XIV. JULY, 1911. No. 3.

THE ANCIENT NAME "MENOTOMY" AND THE RIVER OF THAT NAME.

THE Indians early taught the settlers of Massachusetts Bay Colony to "fish" their corn, pumpkins, squash and beans; that is, to place a fish in the ground with the seed. So plentiful were fish in the waters of the colony that they actually overflowed the banks of the smaller rivers and streams, as they crowded through the narrow portions in their haste to reach the spawning grounds.

The taking of land fish, that is, fish taken without the aid of boats, was from the first controlled by the General Court, as "The Ware att Misticke, granted to Gov. Winthrop and Mathew Cradocke of London" March 4, 1633–4, and "Att a Genrall Court holden att Newe Towne, Sept. 3, 1634." "There is leave granted to the inhabitants of Newe Towne to builde a weire vpon any place of Winotimies Ryver, within their owne bounds."

The business was further controlled, when in the General Court, June 6, 1639, "It was ordered that all weers shall be set open from the last day of the weeke at noon till the second day in the morning" (Saturday noon till Monday morning).

The weir granted to Winthrop and Cradock in 1634, was at the outlet of Mystic lake, where High street, Medford, crosses Mystic river at what is known as Weir bridge.

Cutter says, "The Mystic River, of which the ancient Menotomy River is a branch, has its source in Mystic Pond, which was shown on Wood's map of Mass., 1633."

The names of Mystic and Menotomy rivers are apparently aboriginal designations, and like all Indian names probably describe the locality to which they were affixed.

Trumbull gives the origin of the name Mystic (anciently written Mistick,) as applied to the Medford river, thus:

"Tuk in Indian, denotes a river whose waters are driven in *waves* by the tide or winds. With the adjectival *missi*, 'great' it forms missi-tuk, now written Mystic — the name of the 'great river' of Boston Bay."

The origin of the name Menotomy yet awaits explanation. The spellings of the word have been various.

Newtowne soon took advantage of the privilege granted by the General Court, and on March 1st, 1635, "Agreed with John Clark to make a suffcient Weir to Catch Alwiffs vppon Monotomies River in the bounds of this Town before the 12th of Aprell next and shall sell and deliver vnto inhabetants of the Town and no other, except for bayte, all the Aylwifs he shall take at iii s vi pr thousand."

On April 4th, 1636, it was ordered by the Town, "That Walter Nichols shall pull vpp the boarded weire in Menotemis River." Whether this order to pull up the weir was in anticipation of the order of the General Court, June 6, 1639, to set open the weirs from Saturday noon till Monday morning, to allow the fish to pass, or for its entire removal, is not plain, but probably the former, for on the 23rd of April, 1636, Andrew Warner was "Apointed to see a cartway made to the weire."

In February, 1686, the weir and weir field were let to Nathaniel Patten for thirty shillings for the ensuing year, and in April he was chosen to look after the gate at "Notomie Bridge," for which the rent of the weir was to be allowed him.

At a meeting of the proprietors, March 25, 1720, it was voted that the privilege of the weirs for catching of fish, with the lands thereto appertaining belongs to said proprietors. Also voted that one acre of the flats of Great Spy pond on the north side of the bridge over Mills' Weir be laid out for the better securing said proprietors' privilege of catching of fish in said town. The "Bridge" carried Weir lane or Lake street, Arlington, over the outlet of Spy pond.

Paige tells us that "at an early period the Dickson family occupied an estate on the easterly side of Menotomy river, extending from North avenue (now Massachusetts avenue) to the Winter Hill road" (Broadway, Somerville.)

On July 24, 1687, pursuant to a vote of the town, the selectmen laid out to John Dickson about one-fourth acre of land "in our ware field next Charlestown line"; the northwest boundary was next the weir field, on which boundary he was to maintain a fence.

At a meeting of the Proprietors, May 15, 1724, it was voted that Mr. John Dickson have the improvement of the half acre of land at the Weirs and the highway leading to it through Weir field this present year for six shillings.

Apparently the half acre at the weir and the highway leading thereto were never definitely laid out by vote of the Proprietors, but were reserved; as when, in 1707, three lots were assigned, "In the Ware field," the lot numbered thirty-six falling to Amos Merritt, was divided by the highway to the weir. That part of Merritt's lot on the easterly side of the highway was bounded northerly by the half-acre, while the portion on the westerly side bounded northerly on Menotomy river.

Massachusetts avenue in Cambridge, above the common, was in use as a path or road as early as 1635 and perhaps earlier, and was called the "highway to Menotomy."

From the foregoing records we learn that in 1635 a fish weir was established on Menotomy river, and that in the following year a cartway was made to the weir which led from Menotomy road and was possibly present Tannery street; also that the bridge over the river was called Menotomy bridge, and that there was a gate at that point; that the weir and the right to take fish thereat, also a half acre of land and the cartway leading thereto were leased to various residents of the town from time to time and that one of the designations for the lands between Massachusetts avenue and the Somerville line east of Menotomy river was "Wear Field."

There is a plan in the City Engineer's office, Cambridge, bearing date of 1862, and on which is shown a foot bridge crossing the river about 740 feet northerly or down stream from Massachusetts avenue. Just below this bridge appears on the plan the word "fisheries."

It would appear that here was located the ancient fish weir where shad and alewives were taken by the early inhabitants for "fishing their Indian corn."

The foot bridge was just at the point where the high land draws close to the river on either side, forming the outfall of the basin in which lie Fresh and Spy ponds and the Fresh pond meadows. It would be the natural place to locate a weir, for above, the "Great Swamp" spread out on either side, while a short distance below, the river was crossed by the Charlestown line, beyond which the weir could not be located according to the grant.

The General Court agreed March 3, 1635–36, that "Newe Towne bounds shall run eight myles into the country from their meeting house."

This grant, among other lands, included a part of the present Arlington; the line between Newtowne and Charlestown was extended nearly straight back into the country. The district north of this line, from the line to Mystic river and from Menotomy river westward to near Alewife Meadow Brook,* was known as Line Field.

There is among the records of the Middlesex County Court a plan of the ancient Line Field on which is shown the line from which the land takes its name, and parallel with it a road, designated in the Commissioners' Records as the "Bridgeway." In the Charlestown Records, under date of November 13, 1637, appears the following agreement, "That a ffooteway bee made over Wenotamies & a way between the lotts lefte 3 pole wide."

As near as can be ascertained the "ffooteway" crossed Menotomy river where Broadway (Somerville and Arlington) crosses now, but the "Bridgeway" has entirely disappeared, except a short portion of it northwest of

*Sucker brook that flows into the lower Mystic lake.

Medford street, Arlington. This ancient plan shows a highway bordering the Arlington shore of Mystic and Menotomy rivers, where two hundred and fifty years later the Metropolitan Park Commission laid out a parkway.

The Committee appointed to make a survey of Charlestown streets, 1767, and to assert the town's rights where encroachments had been made reported that, "There is a fishing place at Menotomy bridge, South Side, which appears to belong to the Town, but Mr. Dickson has put up a fence and enclosed the most of it." That the land belonged to the town is no doubt correct, but its right to take fish there was denied by the County Court in 1681 as appears in the records of the court: — "The selectmen of Cambridge, plaintiffs against Capt. Lawrence Hammond and John Cutler, jun., defendants, do humbly declare as followeth, &c. In the year 1634 the General Court granted them liberty to erect a ware upon Minottomy river, and they accordingly so did, and have had quiet possession of the same from that time until now, without any disturbance of their neighbors of Charlestown or any other; and hath been in a manner the stay and support of the town by fishing their Indian corn, which is the principal part of their husbandry and liveliehood. The defendants have both violently and contemptuously proceeded to obstruct the passage of the fish to the wares, which they so long possessed as above said, to their great damage and loss of two hundred thousand fish, which we judge will be a hundred pounds damage to the town in their crop, and tending to the inevitable impoverishing of divers poor families."

Paige says — writing in 1877, "The practice of "fishing their Indian corn" was long ago abandoned by cultivators in Cambridge; but the privilege of taking fish in Menotomy river remains valuable.

Some arrangement was perhaps made whereby Charlestown might take fish below the Cambridge weir. In 1842, when Somerville was set off from Charlestown, Lorenzo W. Dow, Jesse Simpson and George W. Hayes were ap-

pointed the first "Fish Officers," and Mr. Dow informs us that alewives were taken in seines in large quantities and sold in Boston for bait.

Somerville fishermen were allowed to take fish on certain nights, and those of West Cambridge or Medford on the alternate nights, and it was the duty of the fish officers to see that this law was followed.

The northwesterly part of the town of Cambridge was made a separate precinct December 27, 1732, and was afterwards styled the Second Parish or more generally Menotomy.

The line of division was Menotomy river from Charlestown till it comes to Spy Pond brook. The Second Parish in Cambridge, together with certain inhabitants of Charlestown, were incorporated into a District June 9, 1762, and Cutter tells us that the District was generally called Menotomy, since it included all the territory in the two towns on the westerly side of Menotomy river.

Cambridge Second Parish was incorporated February 27, 1807, under the name of West Cambridge, to which was annexed, February 25, 1842, that part of Charlestown west of Menotomy river called "Line Field." The name was changed to Arlington, April 13, 1867.

Russell Cook, a life-long resident of the neighborhood next Menotomy river states that alwives were so plentiful in the river during the spawning season that "one could walk across on them."!!

The great abundance of alewives taken from the river during the first two hundred years of settlement very naturally led to its being referred to as the Alewife brook, and so in the Commissioners' Records, we find under the survey of 1802, the bridge carrying Menotomy road, now Broadway, Somerville, over Menotomy river, referred to as the Alewife bridge. The stream was sometimes referred to as "the little river," and "Little Mystic"; as the Mystic river was called the Great river.

Little river has remained as the name of the outlet of Spy pond, which was sometimes called Menotomy pond, while Menotomy river was the outlet of Fresh pond.

In the Cambridge Town Records, 1630–1703, we find the river called "Menotomies," "Menotomy," "Notomy," and "Winattime"; in the Proprietors' Records, 1635–1829, it is given "Menotomy," "Manotomie," and "Menotamye"; the Commissioners' Records, 1638–1802, give "Winotamies," and "Menotomies" river. Paige calls it "Menotomy" river, and Wyman refers to "Menotomy" river no less than forty times between 1637 and 1808, and once to Alewife river, in 1818.

Cutter gives "Menotomy" river, and there have been found in the Middlesex Registry no less than thirty deeds between the years 1646 and 1794, in which Menotomy river is mentioned; it was also referred to as "little" river or "Menottomy" river in 1763. "Menotomy" is the form of spelling used by far the greater number of times in the above records, and as the records show, Menotomy river was the name by which the beautiful little stream, winding its way through the marshes and meadows from Fresh pond to the Mystic was known for nearly two hundred years. Its waters were clear and of considerable depth and at the old weir below Massachusetts avenue it had a width in 1862 of about twenty feet, while above it had a less, and below, a greater width. On May 10, 1775, the Committee of Safety voted, "that Mr. Watson be directed and empowered to remove to Cambridge, the boats now in Menotomy River."

The year 1818 seems to have been near the time when Menotomy river began to be called Alewife brook, and doubtless because of the abundance of alewives taken from its waters.

Webster says, "the alewife is a North American fish of the herring family, and that the name is properly *aloof*, the Indian name of a fish. It is also called ellwif, ellwhop and branch herring." He also says that alewife is a woman who keeps an alehouse.

The Century Dictionary says, "A particular use of alewife, probably in allusion to their corpulent appearance; the form aloof, as recorded in 1678, is said to be the

Indian name of the fish, but is probably an error for alewife."

But, as it is an American fish, the Indians doubtless had a name for it, and *aloof* is correct, the word "alewife" being the nearest in the language of the settlers to the Indian name *aloof*, and one with which they were more familiar, came to be used as the name of this fish.

Grandpa Keeler says in "Cape Cod Folks," "They're very good, teacher, ale-whops are — very good — though they're bony as the ——, they're 'tarnal bony, teacher. They're what we call herrin's in the winter.

"Bachelder Lot, here, was a' asking Captain Sartell what kind o' fish them was that it's recorded in the Scripters to a' fed the multitude, and then took up so many baskets full o' leavin's; and the Captain told him that as to exactly what manner of fish them was he hadn't sufficient acquaintance with the book of Jonah to say, but, as near as he could calk'late, he reckoned they was ale-whops . . . for it stood to reason that there w'an't no other fish *but* an alewhop that they could feed five thousand folks out of seven little ones and then take up twelve bushel baskets full of bones."

J. ALBERT HOLMES.

Cambridge, Mass., Jan., 1910.

AS A MATTER OF RECORD.

AT the meeting of the Medford Historical Society on December 21, 1908, it was voted, "That this society request the Historical Societies of Arlington, Cambridge and Somerville to unite with it in a request to the Metropolitan Park Commission, to hereafter in their printed reports, and otherwise, use the words Menotomy River, instead of Alewife Brook; and to designate the new bridge just completed over the same as Menotomy Bridge: And this in view of the fact that by so doing the stream will receive its original and rightful name." Again on October 18, 1909, a similar

vote was passed and the mover thereof was delegated to represent the society. As a result, the following petitions were presented to the Metropolitan Park Commission. That such was the original name of the stream will be clearly seen in the preceding article, the work of one of the signers of the petition.

To the Honorable Board of Metropolitan Park Commissioners.

The undersigned committee, duly appointed and authorized by vote of their respective societies, respectfully request that your Honorable Board take such action as will lead to the restoration of the more ancient name of "Menotomy River" to the so-called "Alewife Brook," lying between and forming a portion of the boundaries of the cities and town of Cambridge, Somerville and Arlington.

That the name "Menotomy River" be used to designate the new channel now being constructed between Spy Pond and Mystic River, in the proposed Act relocating the boundary lines between the cities of Cambridge and Somerville and the town of Arlington, along the center of the new channel; and that the name of "Menotomy River" be used on the signboards erected by your commission in the reservation bordering the new channel, and in any other manner which will restore and fix in the public mind the name "Menotomy River."

(Signed) Richard H. Dana, } Cambridge Historical Society.
Hollis R. Bailey, }
Moses W. Mann, Medford Historical Society.
Frederick E. Fowle, Arlington Historical Society.
J. Albert Holmes, Somerville Historical Society.

To the Honorable Board of Metropolitan Park Commissioners.

The undersigned committee, duly appointed and authorized by vote of their respective societies, respectfully request that the concrete masonry bridge over the new channel of Alewife Brook, proposed to be called Menotomy River, near its junction with Mystic River, be called Dunster Bridge, in honor of Reverend Henry Dunster, the first president of Harvard College, who owned adjacent lands in "Menotomy Fields" prior to 1656.

(Signed) Moses W. Mann, Medford Historical Society.
Frederick E. Fowle, Arlington Historical Society.
J. Albert Holmes, Somerville Historical Society.

Cambridge, Mass., December 6, 1909.

A CHAPTER OF CORRECTIONS.

WE are in receipt of several letters of not unfriendly criticism of statements in recent issues of the REGISTER (two of which we mention), the first from Hon. William Cushing Wait, from which we quote.

"Let me file a 'caveat' as to a statement on page 55 of the last number of the REGISTER. The quoted words are the part I query. 'Others hurried along over the Andover turnpike' [Forest street].

"Let no one picture occasional stragglers from Charlestown, driven from home in 1775, wandering disconsolately along Forest street. Whoever wandered in 1775 where Forest street now is, traversed fields or fell into clay pits, probably the latter.

"Miss Reed remembered part of what she related and unconsciously inserted the rest. Doubtless in some such way our 'Cradock House' tradition arose, leading to the teaching of a lot of fable as history."

By reference to page 55 it will be found that Miss Reed's statement is over the name of our valued contributor Miss Eliza M. Gill. The same is taken from her written communication in the Society's Scrap Book. We had no thought that either intended to convey the idea that the refugees wandered along the Andover turnpike as such, but in the locality where some thirty years later the turnpike was built. The Garrison or Wade house was in close proximity thereto and in their disordered flight the homeless ones might well be seeking food or shelter in all quarters. Miss Gill writes, "Perhaps some trail or path was taken in the direction later used as the turnpike. If this was not so, Miss Reed must have meant the Woburn road."

In relation to the other letter (which appears in this issue) we are fortunate in having the evidence of an old resident who knows whereof he writes and the same is presented as a correction on another page.

For the easy reference of the reader, the illustrations he refers to are reprinted, that of the house in question being from a photo, secured by Mr. Eddy, not long before its destruction by fire.

He had been (mis) informed that it was the toll-house of the turn-pike corporation, and had used the picture as a lantern slide in his talks on "Picturesque Medford." It has also been shown in illustrations of the Middlesex Canal, several times, as the toll-house beside the Canal, and in all instances without question. Its exhibitors, being later-comers to Medford, were dependent on the testimony of others, which was incorrect.

As to Mr. Swan's sketch; the illustration is a photographic reproduction. It was drawn on a pale blue paper, the river and canal shaded with a dark blue and the turnpike a brown color. The letter A in the corner, refers to a duplicate made by him on the page of the History of Medford to which it was attached. The Rock he referred to is the outcropping slate ledge in the adjoining hill-side. Mr. Swan doubtless knew of the extent of Governor Winthrop's farm and could not have intended to convey the impression that the small portion of his sketch thus marked was the entire Ten Hills Farm. Again, the sketch is not drawn to any scale, but is an observer's illustration of what must have been in those days a busy corner of Medford, including the river traffic, the boating in the canal, the turnpike travel and the tide mill work, all converged in that narrow space.

A few words concerning the *Blessing of the Bay.* Mr. Brooks styles it "the first keel laid in this western world." In a former number of the REGISTER Mr. Hooper has shown that Mr. Cradock had the *Rebecca* built here in 1629, but was there not one built still earlier at Popham, on the coast of Maine?

And now a foreword. In this issue is a poem relating to the Royall House. We think it worthy of preservation, but present it with some trepidation, warning our readers that poetic license must account for bricks brought over sea, as well as the location of the wigwam of Sagamore John. That same license provided Medford with a village clock when Revere rode over Cradock bridge nearly a half century before Mr. Brooks really gave one.

It was like carrying coals to Newcastle to bring ordinary bricks from England with clay so abundant here, even for a house "finished for Governor John." Was it? The old house guards its secrets well, though some curious things are coming to light.

THE MILLERS' DWELLING BESIDE THE MYSTIC.

Editor of the Historical Register.

DEAR SIR: — In looking over the HISTORICAL REGISTER of October, 1910, I find on the illustrated page opposite page 97 some errors that should be corrected.

The gambrel roof house shown was the residence of the millers who operated the tide mill on the opposite side of the road, and was not the toll house as stated. The toll house stood near the Nunnery grounds, full one-half mile or more nearer Boston.

When I was a boy, my people lived on the turnpike near Peck's hat factory; at that time the toll house was occupied by a Mr. Spaulding, who was not only the toll gatherer but attended to the repairs on the road. I knew Mr. Spaulding and also his boys; later a Mr. Perkins lived in the toll house, and was toll gatherer and road repairer. I was also acquainted with the occupants of the old mill house. About the year 1840 it was occupied by a Mr. Woodbridge, and I attended school with his boys on Back (Union) street. I also knew the Cutter family when they lived in the old house, and I can safely assert that the old mill house as shown in connection with Mr. Swan's sketch was not the toll house.

Another error is, in leading one to infer from the legend "Ten Hill Farm, first residence of Governor Winthrop, 1630" that the plot of land near the river was the farm and residence of Governor Winthrop; in fact this plot of land was only a small part of the Ten Hills Farm, and the Governor's house at Mistick was located on easterly slope and near the top of Winter Hill.

The house that stood on the plot of land indicated was

the Temple house. In 1692 that portion of the Ten Hills now situated in Medford came into the possession of John Usher through his wife Elizabeth, daughter of Peter and Elizabeth Lidgett, and that portion now situated in Somerville came into the possession of David Jeffries, who married Elizabeth, daughter of John and Elizabeth Usher. In the year 1740 (September 16) John Jeffries, son of David and Elizabeth Jeffries, sold to Robert Temple a portion of the Ten Hills farm, and it was on this portion of the Ten Hills indicated by Mr. Swan in his sketch, that the Temple house stood; and this location was one of the Ten Hills. This hill has been partially dug away by the Metropolitan Park Commission in constructing the parkway. The estate afterwards came into the possession of Colonel Jaques, a noted agriculturist of bygone days; and it was the only portion of the original Ten Hills Farm that retained the distinctive name of the Ten Hills.

On page 97, mention is made of the claim of the Somerville people that the *Blessing of the Bay* was built within Somerville bounds. As I understand it, the claim is based upon the fact that in the place they indicate are some old ways such as are used for launching vessels. The existence of these ways at that place is no evidence that the Governor's bark was built there. I remember when a small yacht was hauled up out of the water to winter in that identical place, and have no doubt but that those ways were built for that purpose. Indeed it is very doubtful if that method of launching was used for launching the *Blessing of the Bay*. She was a small vessel of only thirty tons burden, and it was formerly the custom to build small vessels broadside to the water and when ready for launching drop them down upon their bilges upon plank or timbers laid for the purpose, and so slide them down the gravel beach to the water. When this method was used the launching took place at half or low tide. I have myself assisted in the launching of two vessels by this method. I have no doubt but that the *Bless-*

ing of the Bay was launched in the same way. When I was an apprentice in the shipyard an old shipwright told me that he once built a small fishing vessel on a wharf and tumbled her into the water in this same manner.

JOHN H. HOOPER.

ROGUE'S MARCH IN MEDFORD.

Attention has been called in the REGISTER* to an advertisement in the *New England Chronicle* early in 1776; wherein the Colony of New Hampshire offered a reward of one hundred dollars, for the discovery of some evil minded person who did steal and carry away the funds of the colonial paymaster, from the home of Benjamin Hall in Medford.

One of the New Hampshire officers who in later years related incidents of General Stark threw some light on the alleged steal, that was somewhat discreditable to the paymaster who came from Exeter. He styled him a man of plausible address but a mischief maker and with feelings of hostility to General Stark.

Upon his arrival in Medford he secured quarters in the home of the leading business man, Benjamin Hall, whither the troops marched from their camp on Winter Hill to receive their pay. This he refused them, alleging that the payrolls were not properly drawn. With much dissatisfaction they marched back to camp and on the next day marched down to Medford again only to be again refused on some trifling pretext. On the third day the same scene was enacted and the men were well nigh mutinous (which was what the paymaster was desirous of), and in this state of mind appeared at Colonel Stark's headquarters, probably the Royall House. He was no less indignant and gave expression to his feelings by saying that Hubbard (or Hobart) was a poltroon, and that having been visited thrice, it was but fair that he make

*See page 22, Vol. XII.

one in return. Serjeant Abbot, with a guard of soldiers was detailed so go down to Medford and arrest Colonel Paymaster Hubbard at his quarters at Mr. Hall's.

This the serjeant did and brought him to camp, to the accompaniment of the "Rogue's March" which the musicians played all the way. Upon his arrival, complaint was made and the payrolls produced. In the presence of the commanding officer they were examined and found correct. As the paymaster could make no further pretense or delay he paid the men and was dismissed. Upon his return, which seems to have been without escort or music, he spread a report that during his absence (which by the printed advertisement appears to have been on December 30) his funds had been stolen. These consisted of bills of the first emission of New Hampshire paper money.

The General Court was then in session at Exeter and word was immediately sent thither. As but little of the first series of bills had been put in circulation it was decided to call it in by proclamation. By the time this was done the paymaster had arrived at Exeter and on the following evening a strange looking man closely wrapped in a long cloak and muffler approached the door-keeper. After handing him a bundle for the Speaker he suddenly disappeared. On examination of the parcel, it was found to contain the money said to have been stolen from Mr. Hall's house at Medford.

The affair proved to the discredit of the paymaster who held the rank of colonel and he soon after left the army. It seems that he got no satisfaction for his arrest by Colonel Stark's order, though the latter's conduct was looked into by a Court of Inquiry. This was doubtless at the instigation of the paymaster and several sessions were held. We have never heard of any other occasion of the Rogue's March being played in the streets of Medford, and this occasion was no doubt the town talk for days afterward.

A RELIC OF THE ROYALL HOUSE.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

[Read before the Medford Historical Society, October 19, 1909.]

THE Medford of earliest days comprised a strip of territory on this side the Mystic, supposed to extend back therefrom a mile for nearly the entire length of the river. After a time portions of old Charlestown were annexed to it, until in 1754 that portion beyond the river was added, and the locality we know as Medford Square was no longer within twenty rods of the boundary, and the Great Bridge was wholly within the limits of the town.

Our society is supposed to be especially interested in Medford history and incidents, and though the one of which I wish to speak occurred in ancient Charlestown, yet because of our Medford acquisition I feel sufficient warrant for so doing.

Governor Winthrop's farm limit was at the Great or Cradock bridge, but his farm house was just beyond the farther end of our acquired territory. He had been there less than two years when in a spirit of exploration he took an evening ramble to the westward. Far different was it than one we might take over the same ground. No clay-pits or race-tracks, brick-yards or railway cuts were there; no houses or barns, but a heavy growth of forest, through which coursed the streamlet called Two-penny brook. As wolves had been prowling around, the Governor took his gun along for safety, and had his tinder-box also. These enabled him to light a fire, when a little later at nightfall he found himself lost in the solitude of the forest.

As the governor wandered along he crossed the "Sorrelly Plain," treading down the undergrowth and doubtless pressed into the soil the seeds fallen from the pine cones of the forest monarchs. Somewhere thereabout one of them took root in friendly soil, and overcoming all adverse conditions grew, year after year, till well-nigh

a century had rolled away. During that century the governor had served the colony well and had passed away, and many of his successors also. The charter he had brought oversea had been annulled and the province had succeeded the colonies. The king who had granted it had been dethroned and beheaded and the provincial Governor Andros had been ousted, but one of his adherents and favorites had come to live in the house that stood on the Governor's farm.

For a time he did so with a deal of state and style, for he was Lieutenant Governor of New Hampshire, till at last his fortunes declined, and after his death his estate passed into other hands. It was then the scene of busy labor for a time, for the old mansion, already venerable, was enlarged and made "the grandest in North America." We may never know who the workmen were, though we do know the name of the new owner.

Doubtless some of the artisans were men of Medford and Charlestown, and perhaps there labored the sable sons of Ham, the slaves of their master Royall, beside the dutiful subjects of their royal master King George.

But to return to our pine tree, that was a seedling in Governor Winthrop's day. It had grown tall, strong and stately with the sun and rains, winds and storms of the long years of its growth, and one day the woodman's axe laid it low. The timber hewers squared it, and the marks of their shining steel are yet visible. Then the sawyers laboriously reduced it in size, by taking from two adjoining sides a plank of generous thickness, leaving it a timber seven inches square, straight and comely.

A moulding was needed to form the base of the mansion's western front, which was to rise stately and beautiful; and the architect's design was put into the hands of the master workman. The moulding was to be solid, as befitted its place at the base of the building; and so this solid square timber was selected and a third of its substance cut away ere the moulding's curves were formed. I wish I might know who the workman was that labored

so patiently and faithfully one hundred and seventy years or more ago.

I have done quite a little of the same kind of work myself, by the same slow process of hand labor, as well as by the modern moulding machine driven by steam power; but I would deem myself as having achieved some fame thereat, could I be assured that my productions would last as long as have his. But the artisan of that long-gone and far away time probably little dreamed, that after his work had been exposed to the sunshine and snows, the rain and winds of a century and three quarters, another of his craft would take it up and fashion it into an article of use by the methods of this later day, and call the attention of an assembly of Medford people to it. He had, however, the advantage over the artisans of the present day in having an abundance of good material to select from and to use. Such tools as he worked with seem to us uncouth and clumsy, but he knew how to use them, and did his work well.

Mr. President, — It affords me pleasure to present to the Medford Historical Society at this time, as we begin another season's work—and by your forbearance with my somewhat circumlocutory remarks, the bracket on yonder wall over which is the picture of the house well known to us (and which we are all glad to know is to be preserved) from which it was recently taken, and of which as I have said it was a part.

The forces of nature began the same soon after the advent of the white man to these shores. Artisans who will ever be to us by name unknown, fashioned it almost two centuries ago. In the lapse of the years, its "face with time and storm was tanned." Simply as a passing incident I have added a little of my own work in shaping its ends to the same curves, and I trust our society will preserve it for many years to come, as a relic of provincial days taken from the Royall House.

INSTEAD OF THE PICTURE POSTAL.

"Mt Vesuvius
"Feby 19, 1834

"Dear M. Ann.

"Will you receive a note from the top of this Mt? I have just put my stick into the burning current. I am almost suffocated with the sulphurous smoke."

"I am at this moment in the tomb of Virgil. Sacred to genius is this spot. It stands on a hill overlooking the beautiful bay of Naples."

"I finish my letter from Herculaneum, where I now am. I have descended sixty feet into the midst of the Theatre, & the rattling of carriages over the pavement above makes this dark tomb resound as with thunder.

"Feby 21st 1834 Yr Br

"C. Brooks."

"Rome March 4, 1834.

"I have come to the 'Pantheon' or 'Temple of all the gods,' now converted into 'All Saints Church', & here I am writing in the midst of this vast Rotunda, hoping that these lines may not be less acceptable from being indicted [sic] under such a dome.

"Here & everywhere I am yrs

"most sincerely

"C. Brooks."

"Rome March 5, 1834 — My dear M. Ann,

"I have carried this letter in my pocket thro' the ruins of Pompeii, & thro' the Roman Forum, & fearing that you might think I had forgotten my promise, I send it, only because it may have some value with you from the circumstance of having been a traveller with me in each memorial place. I shall write you soon. With warmest wishes for yr best good I am yrs ever

"Charles B."

Note. The above is written upon two pages of a sheet of note paper and the address is: Miss Mary Ann N. Williams, care of Mrs. C. W. Brooks, Hingham, Mass. The postmark shows the date of receipt, New York, May 12, and that it was a "Ship" letter, that is, one on which the postage was to be collected in this country. It also

bears a stamp "Forwarded by Yr. Ob. Serv.' Welles & Co., Paris."

The handwriting is far from being in Mr. Brooks' usual style, which was clear and precise, and this goes to show that the various items were indeed written as stated. Mr. Brooks made good his promise to "write soon," for he sent a long letter within a few days.

Miss Williams was his wife's sister, who was with Mrs. Brooks during her husband's absence. There was clearly need of some one, for when Mr. Brooks sailed for Europe, November 8, 1833, he had left at home an infant less than six weeks old.

During his pastorate in Hingham, Mr. Brooks lived in a house, burned many years ago, which stood on the lot adjoining the land of the First Church, "The Old Ship," directly south.

JOHN ALBREE.

STORY OF THE ROYALL HOUSE.

Read before the Boston Tea Party Chapter, D. A. R., upon the completion of their room in the Royall House. In this room is one of the original tea chests that was emptied into the big teapot (Boston Harbor) on December 16, 1773.

Under the grand old forest trees,
With a song on his lips and a gun in his hand,
John Winthrop walked over the hills and the leas,
And gazed with calm pride on God's gift of land.
"Ten Hills" pointed upwards toward Heaven's own blue,
All around him the woods grew dense and tall,
He walked till the path was lost to view;
And the sound of the winds and the night birds' call,
Were all familiar things he knew;
The dark came down, but he felt no fear,
He lighted a fire, and sung a psalm,
His voice in thanksgiving rang true and clear,
For he trusted in God to keep him from harm.
When daylight came he looked around,
"I will build me a house on this land" said he;
"The oak and the pine shall be cut for the frame,
The bricks shall be brought from over the sea,"
So the house was finished for Governor John,
And time went on.

A hundred years went by, and the house still stood,
When up from the tropics a nabob came,
With his wealth and rich wines and a roll call of slaves;
And a world of work and a glorious fame
Awaited the house and the ancient town.
There were long years of pleasure and laughter and mirth
From the maids so merry who thronged the stair,
With the courteous lads who sought their love,
And the stately dames so gracious and fair.
Then came rumors of war, and the cannons' peal,
Every window pane rattled, the timbers shook
With the boom of the guns at Bunker Hill;
And the house was filled with fighting men
Who fought for their homes and to do God's will,
And time went on.

Nearly a century more rolled by,
The house was filled with peace and love,
A home with loyal hearts and true,
And the quiet rest, as of brooding dove.
Then came a day when all was changed,
Deserted and lonely the old house stood;
Sad and neglected the roses bloomed,
And the wild winds whistled a requiem rude,
And time went on.

The house appealed to many a heart,
And willing hands and workers of skill
Each vied with the other to do a part,
And bring beauty and grace to the house on the hill.
So now we are gladdened, our hearts are gay,
We have wrought the good work, our task is done;
We welcome our friends who are with us to-day,
And cordially thank them every one.

CLARA E. GOWING.
April 1, 1911.

AN UNFULFILLED PROPHECY.

Forty-one years ago, there appeared in the *Boston Transcript* an interesting and timely article in relation to the Royall House, under the caption,

THE LAST OF AN ANCIENT MANSION.

In it the writer says "It was the intention of the purchaser (Mr. Geo. L. Barr) to repair the place and preserve it in original shape

as a residence, but the assurance of builders that this could not be done without involving modifications which would amount to a substantial rebuilding of the house, has led him to a change of plan and before many days the hand of the destroyer will be laid on an edifice which has long been an object of interest in this old town so rich in antique structures."

The article gives a detailed account of the house, its exterior appearance and arrangement of rooms, etc., but evidently the author was not a craftsman as he writes of *shingles* upon the front wall and on "the end nearest town"; and of the rear wall as "panelled." Also that the path from Main street was of "gravel originally imported from England, but has lately been covered with native soil."

Mention is made of the barn "to the right and farther away [than the slave quarters] still in a good state of preservation considering its age, and ornamented with a small and quaint looking cupola."

The summer house described at some length, was said in the former days to contain a huge punch bowl. The writer's mythology is a little at fault, however, as the account reads, "roof surmounted by a large carved wooden statue of Mars, at present minus arms and somewhat bent from a perpendicular and dignified position."

The steps thereto were "composed of a peculiar dark freestone (probably imported) and partially covered with moss."

The central brick wall is also mentioned as "through the two lower stories." This wall in the residence at Antiqua from which the present one was modelled was to guard against the effect of earthquakes."

The article closes with, "In building his new house it is the intention of Mr. Barr to have one apartment finished off with the trimmings and in the style of one of the present rooms in which he will retain many relics of the original edifice. The summer house will also be rebuilt in its first form with a new statue of Mars upon its top."

Now that the grand old mansion has escaped the "hand of the destroyer" and its future seems assured by the public interest aroused thereto, the article quoted from is of especial interest. Possibly its allusion to the tiled fire places and iron firebacks stimulated investigation, resulting in their restoration.

But should the summer house be restored, by all means let the swift messenger of the gods in his hastening attitude resume his old place, instead of the effigy of Mars the god of war.

With thanks for the interest shown by the writer of 1870 this is written as a waymark in the old mansion's history.

A MEDFORD SCHOOLMASTER AND ATHLETE.

For six months in 1796 Medford had a Harvard student for schoolmaster. In later years he was described as a large and powerful man of dignified and commanding appearance. His name was Thomas Mason, and during the whole of his college life he was the champion wrestler of Harvard. Upon his graduation he was settled over the church at Northfield,* Mass., when the parish included the whole town. He was ordained on November 6, 1799, with a settlement of 250 pounds and an annual salary of 400 dollars. The town thriftily made provision that if he left before twenty years elapsed he should return a *pro rata* amount of the 250 pounds, which was to be paid him within eighteen months. His dwelling was a large and substantial one, resembling the Train house, which he had ample opportunity to observe during his stay in Medford.

During his ministry at Northfield a party of men came up the Connecticut River and challenged the town to a wrestling match. Mr. Mason attended, and remarked to the champion that he did not understand his art, whereupon he was himself challenged to a trial. He at

*See REGISTER, Vol. XI, P. 96. Copy read "Deerfield," but Northfield is correct.

first declined, whether from lack of practice or because of ministerial dignity is unknown; but on being much urged, accepted the challenge. Having noticed the weak points of his opponent, he soon threw him, but was challenged to a second trial, with the remark that he "could not do it again." He did so, however, and with much mortification at his defeat the challenger left the ground.

He had no occasion to refund any of his settlement money, as his ministry covered a period of thirty years. He served the town eight years in the General Court and one as selectman.

A century ago there were slaves in Northfield and Deacon Dutton had a native African who was tattooed on both cheeks before his capture — a witty and faithful servant. The Sabbath after his death the deacon sent up to the desk the usual request for prayers for the bereaved, and Mr. Mason's pathetic allusions to the faithful old slave were long remembered.

With such an one in the old Medford schoolhouse as master, it is safe to conclude that the Medford boys of 1796 "toed the mark" as well as studied the three Rs.

A COMMUNICATION.

How many of the crowd of people who watched the burning of the old house in the brickyard on Buzzell's lane, May 9, 1911, knew that a portion of that building was contemporary with the older portion of the Royall House? It was mentioned in a deed dated 1707, and was then the property of John Usher and was occupied by Joseph Whittemore, his tenant. It stood on the spot where the Mystic House (now removed) formerly was, and was later removed to the brickyard and enlarged. It had been on fire several times, and once its roof was burned off, and when repaired a flat roof was substituted. It was first occupied after removal by Mr. Buzzell for whom Buzzell's lane was named.

—J. H. H.

The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XIV. OCTOBER, 1911. No. 4.

LUCRETIA MOTT.

BY ANNA D. HALLOWELL.

[Read before the Medford Historical Society, February 20, 1911, by J. Mott Hallowell, Esq.]

PREFACE.

All over this broad land of ours one can meet people who claim with pride their Nantucket descent. The word is an open sesame to the warmest hospitality, an unfailing link between those who had been strangers. "Ah! from Nantucket did you say? So am I! Come in," and you are at home. The writer, although the third generation away from this blessed little island, almost feels that she was born there, so carefully and lovingly have its traditions been held before her. Lucretia Mott, the subject of this paper, though living only for her first eleven years on the island, always claimed to be a "Nantucket woman." And no wonder!

On the third of January, 1793, a little girl was born on the island of Nantucket who was destined to a great work and wide influence in her long life. On both her father's and mother's side she was descended through their common ancestor, Tristram Coffin, one of the twenty first settlers and owners of Nantucket, from a line of well-to-do farmers in England, but her nearer forbears were seafaring folk, many of them captains of whalers and owning their vessels. Her father, Capt. Thomas Coffin, was the seventeenth child of his parents. Although a sailor from his childhood, he was a courteous and refined man of unusually studious habits and strong religious feeling, intelligent looking, rather than handsome, and formal in manner. He made use of his varied opportunities to become quite a linguist. In 1779, when he obtained the command of his first ship, he married his neighbor and playmate, Anna Folger, he being twenty-two years old and she just seventeen. They were both

consistent members of the Society of Friends (commonly called Quakers), as their families had been for several generations. Anna Folger, the youngest of six sisters, was a woman conspicuous throughout her life for great energy, keen wit and unfailing good sense. She inherited the dignified bearing of her grandfather, "Tory Bill Folger," who was said never to have found anything in his life but a jackknife sticking in a post above his head. Anna was less conventional than her sisters. It is told of her once, when she went for water to the pump near by which was owned in common by several families, and was using her own vigorous strokes, that one of her sisters remonstrated, saying, "Don't, Anna, don't pump so strong!"

The house where Lucretia was born is not standing now. She was still a little girl when they left it, and she remembered only one incident connected with it — that one day, when she was left in charge of a baby sister, it was struck by lightning and a neighbor came in and took both of them home with her; but curiously enough, no impression of terror remained with this recollection. The associations of her childhood belonged to the house on Fair street, into which they moved in 1797. It is still standing, in good preservation. As with all houses of that period, more attention had been paid to comfort and strength in its erection than to style or ornament, although the solid mahogany rail on its easy staircase shows that it was meant to be as handsome as was consistent with proper Friendly simplicity. Its frame was of solid hand-hewn oak. (Query — where did such oaks grow? On little Nantucket?) The walls over the open fireplaces were panelled up to the ceilings and the best rooms were wainscoted all around. The room at the right hand of the front door was the parlor, the scene of many lively family parties, and it was little Lucretia's place on these occasions to slip in while the elders were at tea in the other room, replenish the wood fire, and draw the chairs into a sociable circle around it. This

naturally grew in her mind to be an essential feature of hospitality, which as she became old she passed along to children and grandchildren.

In the room to the left of the front door Anna Coffin kept a small shop for the sale of East India goods, brought home by her husband, and by this means eked out a scanty income during his long and uncertain voyages to China, thus beginning the traditional family use of blue India china so precious ever since to the initiated. The shutter of the shop window, when opened, projected far enough beyond the corner of the house to be visible down the side lane, the children's way home from school. How eagerly they watched for that sign of their mother's being at home, and how cheery was her welcome when they ran in. Then their dinner became a feast to them, particularly if they might bake a potato in the ashes. On the occasions when the mother had to go to the "continent," as these good islanders called the main-land, to exchange whale oil, candles, and other staples of the island for dry goods and groceries, Lucretia was left in charge of the little family, and early learned the simpler parts of housekeeping. These excursions were serious journeys in those days, and the return home almost as exciting as the return of the vessels from China, or from the still greater perils of a whaling voyage. When one of these was sighted and the crier, going his rounds, cried the good news at the street corners, the population betook themselves to the house-tops, spy-glass in hand, to see whose ship was coming in, and by the time it had crossed the bar and was rounding the point, Long Wharf was filled with an expectant crowd. Nantucket was then at the height of her commercial success. It was said that the little island contributed more men to the whale fishing and East India trade than any other town of its population. So identical was such employment with thrift and prosperity that a Nantucket good wife asked no better fortune than "a clean hearth and a husband at sea."

These were the prominent events of the simple community in which Lucretia passed her childhood, but there were also certain annual festivities in which she took delight, like the "veal feast" and the "shearing feast." Fresh meat being a rare luxury, the killing of a calf was a time of excitement to all concerned. On one such memorable occasion little Lucretia was told, "Now, if thee is a good girl thee shall *see* them kill the calf." I must record that sometimes she was far from good, for she was a great tease, being full to overflowing of animal life. But to return, the "veal feast" followed the killing. It was a family reunion, occupying two days. On the first all the husband's relatives were bidden; on the second all the wife's, and to those unable to come a portion of the good things was carried in dishes wrapped in great square napkins, especially prepared for this use, and the children who were careful enough were allowed to be the bearers, a much coveted privilege. The veal was presented to the guests at the "feast" under various disguises known only to such good cooks as the women of Nantucket. While they knew how to make much out of little, and were content with their ordinary fare of bacon and corned beef, clams, fish, and corn bread, they were not above rejoicing in occasions that called forth their culinary skill. The "shearing feast" was the annual three days' holiday, when young and old went out to the ponds on Miacomet Plain to wash and shear the sheep and have a good time generally. And among the Friends there were also the weighty gatherings of monthly and quarterly meetings when strangers or "off islanders" filled the hospitable houses to overflowing.

Anna Coffin, like the rest of the women whose husbands "followed the sea," enjoyed an occasional "dish of tea" with her neighbors, and especially with her sisters, who, all five, were married and settled in Nantucket. When going to them she would say to her children, "Now, after you have finished knitting twenty bouts you may go down cellar and pick out as many as you want

of the smallest potatoes—the very smallest, remember—and roast them in the ashes." This was a great treat! The huge fireplace in the cellar, where the children held this feast, was the place where most of the family cooking was done. It is still there.

When it was the aunts' turn to visit Anna Coffin the children would be sent early to bed with permission to talk as long as they pleased, with the promise of reward the next day, but this was little comfort to Lucretia, who always longed to stay down stairs to hear the conversation of the grown people. Although not the oldest of the little family, Lucretia was most her mother's companion, and shared in the care and responsibility of the household. If a message were to be carried or an errand done, she, quick and reliable, was generally chosen for it. But this very readiness made her impatient with the slowness or stupidity of others.

Her parents were careful to preserve in their children the peculiarities of the religious society to which they belonged — Friends, or Quakers — training them in the daily observances and in regular attendance at "Meeting" on First Day, as Friends call Sunday, where they learned to sit still without restlessness or drowsiness, and to understand the value of silence. This latter was difficult for such a quick, restless child as Lucretia, but though restless she was not unruly, and was quick to appropriate to her own needs the spiritual admonitions of the preachers, as if their words were especially addressed to her. Conscious of a wayward spirit, she had many difficulties to overcome, but she tried to do right, praying for strength to overcome a naturally hasty temper. Her reading book at school was called "Mental Improvement," by Priscilla Wakefield, including pictures of slave ships, as presented by Thomas Clarkson, the English philanthropist. These attracted her attention, and early enlisted her sympathy for the slave and fostered her abhorrence of the institution of slavery. One of her favorite couplets from the copy-book was

"Learn to avoid what thou believ'st is sin,
Mind what reproves, or justifies, within.
No act is good that doth disturb thy peace,
Or can be bad which makes true joy increase."

Captain Coffin's last cruise was made in 1800, when Lucretia was seven years old. He sailed, as commander and owner of the ship *Trial*, in quest of seal-skins to take to China and exchange for silks, nankeens, china and tea. When he had been out about a year the *Trial* was seized by the Spaniards off the Pacific coast of South America for alleged violation of neutrality and taken to Valparaiso. Captain Coffin undertook his own defence in the Spanish courts and obtained some favorable decisions, but after much delay, finding that he could get no redress nor regain his vessel he crossed the Andes and sailed from a port in Brazil, reaching home after an absence of three years. His family had believed him lost. Great was their delight over his return. They never tired hearing him recount his adventures, and he in turn found amusement in teaching them Spanish phrases, some of which Lucretia remembered after she was an old woman of seventy.

Luckily, this ill-starred voyage proved profitable, for the seal-skins forwarded to China by another vessel made good returns. Some years later his brother, Capt. Mayhew Folger, had *his* ship seized in the same way, but more fortunate than Captain Coffin, he recovered both ship and $44,000 damages. This Captain Folger was the one who in 1809 discovered the lost mutineers of the English ship *Bounty* on Pitcairn's Island in the Pacific, where they had remained unmolested for nineteen years.

In seventh month, or July, 1804, Captain Coffin, with his family, removed to Boston, where he engaged in a profitable commercial business. This was the first time Lucretia or her sisters had ever left Nantucket, even for a visit, but, although she never returned to the island to live, Lucretia always regarded this first home with an affection different from that given to any other, and ever after "Nantucket way" became household law.

The habits formed in these early days, habits of simplicity, moderation, temperance and self-restraint in all material things, with an abhorrence of falsehood and injustice of any kind, remained with her through a long life, consecrating her to that gospel which anoints to "preach deliverance to the captive" and to "set at liberty them that are bruised."

Thomas Coffin's house in Boston was on the north side of Green street, a little below Chardon street. The garden behind the house sloped down to the fields, beyond which the Causeway crossed to Charlestown. From her window the little girl had an unobstructed view of the Charles and the Mystic rivers, with Bunker Hill beyond, and could hear the sound of travel on the draw-bridges. Green street was then a select, if not a fashionable, neighborhood, soon made more desirable by the erection of a block of dwelling houses on Bowdoin square, which, from their handsome finish, mahogany doors and window seats, became the admiration and talk of that part of the town. Lucretia was often taken by her father to see them while they were being built. He also used to walk with her on First Day afternoons out Marlboro street, now Washington, to the Neck, where the high tide washed up on both sides of the road, then back by the way of Charles street, on the bank of the broad Back Bay, or by the pretty gardens and fine residences on Franklin and Summer streets.

At first the children attended a private school, but afterwards, at the wish of their father, were sent to the public school of the district "to mingle with all classes without distinction." Lucretia wrote afterwards concerning this change, "It was the custom then to send the children of such families as ours to select schools, but my parents feared that this would minister to a feeling of class pride, which they felt was sinful to cultivate in their children, and this I am glad to remember, because it gave me a feeling of sympathy for the patient and struggling poor which, but for this experience, I might never have known."

When she was thirteen years old she was sent with a younger sister to the Friends' boarding school at Nine Partners, N. Y., where her future husband, James Mott, was already a teacher on the boys' side of the house. In accordance with the practice of the Society of Friends, both boys and girls were admitted to the school, but they were not permitted to meet or speak to each other unless they were near relatives, when they might talk a little together on certain days over a certain corner of the fence that divided their playground. Like other spirited children, Lucretia sometimes rebelled and gave trouble to the authorities when they exercised what she called unreasonable severity and inflicted unfair punishment. Once when one of the boys, James Mott's cousin and a favorite with her, was shut in a dark closet on bread and water for what she thought a trifle, she contrived to get into the forbidden side of the house, where he was, and supply him with bread and *butter* under the door. She was quite human. She was also a capital mimic, in which art she doubtless often indulged mischievously. It is easy to imagine that while in the main she was a satisfactory pupil, she was not averse to playing the part of a thorn in the sides of her teachers. A favorite game with her was to "play meeting" and imitate those preachers whose "gift" had amused her.

I dwell somewhat lengthily, perhaps, on her early days, because it is encouraging to us struggling mortals, in hearing of a life that has become famous in maturity, to see in what small ways that life began, and under what limitations.

The principal teacher of the school at Nine Partners was an English woman, Susan Marriott, of uncommon acquirements, with a special fondness for the study of grammar, which liking she succeeded in imparting to her pupils. She was very critical of their pronunciation and their choice of language, making nice discriminations between words in a precise and antiquated style easily imitated by the mimic. An appreciative lover of English

poetry, Susan Marriott taught her pupils to love it too, and gave them selected passages to learn by heart as a regular school exercise. It was to this influence that Lucretia owed her familiarity with Milton, Cowper and Young, and above all, the Bible. The scope of studies was not wide, but it was all that Quakerism then demanded, including the "use of the globes." Their first map was one presented to the school by Captain Coffin in 1807. Lucretia made such good progress that at the age of fifteen she was made assistant teacher, and a year after regular teacher, her services entitling a younger sister to her education. A teacher's salary was about $100 a year with board. During this last year in the school some of the teachers, desiring a wider culture than the somewhat meager plan of Friendly education, formed a French class. Among these were James Mott and Lucretia Coffin. Even at that early day the unequal condition of woman impressed her mind. She said of this later, "Learning that the charge for tuition of girls was the same as that for boys, and that when they became teachers women received only half as much as men for their services, the injustice of this distinction was so apparent that I early resolved to claim for myself all that an impartial Creator had bestowed."

During this time Captain Coffin was induced to give up his business in Boston and take charge of a branch manufactory of cut nails in Philadelphia, and consequently removed thither with his family in 1809, where Lucretia joined them, and in 1810 James Mott followed them. The young people were already engaged to be married. He was a pleasant looking fellow, tall, over six feet, with red hair and blue eyes, shy, and rather grave in manner. She, short, five feet, sprightly, and more than ordinarily comely, fond of a joke, impulsive and vivacious.

Thomas Coffin's business was so prosperous that he could offer a position to James Mott, who in 1811 became his son-in-law, he being twenty-three and Lucretia

eighteen. As was customary in those primitive days, they formed part of Captain Coffin's family, not going to housekeeping until a year later. After various ups and downs in business, experimental trips on horseback to Ohio and New York, James Mott settled in Philadelphia. Meantime two children had come, a girl and a boy. Their journey back to Philadelphia is in such contrast to the luxury of the present modes of travelling that I give the account from a letter: —

> Our journey here was quite as comfortable as we could expect. We left the Hook about eight o'clock, found the roads pretty good till we got to Brunswick, where we dined; from there to Trenton was exceedingly rough, large stones having been laid where the poles used to be, and only two passengers besides ourselves, so that we were obliged to keep little Thomas well wedged in, that he need not be thrown against the side of the stage; the pillow added much to his comfort and our convenience, as it enabled my James to hold him part of the time; he was very quiet, slept most of the day, and was not out of the stage, except when we stopped to dine, until we arrived at Trenton at half past seven. He was then put to bed and slept quietly all night. The steamboat was quite a relief, and we reached Philadelphia at 12 o'clock the next day."

Of their little daughter, Anna, then two and a half years old, they write, "We have much neglected teaching our Anna until within a few weeks. She learns quickly, and begins to spell."

It was in 1815 that they became members (or James Mott did, I fear women were not allowed) of the Abolition Society, founded by Benjamin Franklin, who was its first president, "for promoting the abolition of slavery, the relief of free negroes unlawfully held in bondage, and for improving the conditions of the African race."

Business did not prosper, so that Lucretia found it best to return to her old occupation as teacher and opened a small school with four scholars at $7 a quarter. This school enlarged to a satisfactory success, and business also changed for the better, but sorrow almost overwhelmed them in the death of the "darling little Thomas," a crushing blow to his mother, whose health suffered

seriously in consequence. Under the solemn influence of this bereavement she was led into a deeper religious feeling, which finally expressed itself in Friends' Meeting, and led to her becoming a preacher in the Society. In the year 1818, when she was twenty-five years old, she spoke for the first time in public. This was in the form of a prayer, which, sixty-one years after, she wrote out without hesitation from memory, giving the very words she had spoken.

As the years went on, speaking, at first difficult, became easy, and her ministry was eagerly sought, sometimes carrying her far afield, once in a private travelling carriage, with a Friend, on a religious visit into Virginia, and as far, several times, as Ohio and Indiana. She became a member of the "Fragment Society" but resigned, because she found she could help as well without such association, and "because most of the conversations at the meetings are neither interesting nor instructive, much of it being what is called gossip." She and her husband both took part in the momentous "Separation" among Friends, some following the teachings of Elias Hicks, others remaining Orthodox. This took place in or near 1827. During this time, from about 1820–1830, James Mott was engaged in the domestic commission business, including the sale of cotton, then considered a legitimate article of merchandise, even by anti-slavery people. It was a popular and very profitable business. But the powerful preaching of Elias Hicks against any voluntary participation with slavery was arousing Friends to an understanding of the subject, and led many to unite with him in abstinence from the products of slave labor. James and Lucretia Mott resolved, so far as their household was concerned, to "make things honest" in this respect. This involved many daily discomforts and annoyances and not a few sacrifices of personal pride, but they consistently followed the path of their convictions until the Proclamation of Freedom in 1863 made it no longer necessary. As far as possible they bought their groceries

and dry goods at the "Free Store," but, unfortunately, free sugar was not always so free from other taints as from that of slavery, and "free" calicoes could seldom be called handsome; free umbrellas were hideous and free candies an abomination. (I have with me a *free* umbrella and a pocket made of nankeen cotton, free and high priced.) May I recall an incident? The children at a small birthday party had, as part of the "goodies," some "secrets"—candies with mottoes, wrapped in bright paper, in much favor then with children. Imagine their disappointment on opening the packages to find, instead of the usual delightfully silly couplets, a set of good, improving anti-slavery sentiments, such as

> "If slavery comes by color, which God gave
> Fashion may change and *you* become the slave."
>
> "'Tis not *expedient* the slave to free?
> Do what is right. That is expediency!"

The "secrets" had been bought at the "Free Store." Children were as human then as now, and preferred good candy to consistent convictions. But to their elders, whose sympathy with the oppressed had become a religion, apparent trifles became of grave importance, and these were upheld with a heroism that derision could not laugh down nor persecution dismay.

James Mott did his part bravely. He was not one to shrink from any step which duty demanded, but he was cautious, and slow to move, and the struggle in his mind was long and painful. It was no easy matter to turn from a newly found prosperity and face again the doubtful chances of an unfamiliar business, but finally, about 1830, he quitted the profitable trade, that could be carried on only at the loss of self-respect, and entered the wool commission business. In this he remained, with various successes and reverses, until he retired in 1852 with a moderate competency.

He was a man "calm, sensible and clear-sighted, one who feared not the face of man, and whom nothing could move to the slightest bitterness." What a blessed com-

plement to his gifted, impetuous wife! What a support to her in the path whereunto she was called! *His* life made *hers* a possibility. He was as different from her in disposition and manner as in personal appearance. He, reserved, silent, easily depressed; she, lively, fluent, a sunbeam of hopefulness; he, gentle and somewhat yielding; she, energetic and resolved; he, a good listener; she, a good talker. On one occasion, as she entered a room where he and his brother were sitting in perfect silence, she laughingly said, "I thought you must *both* be here, it was so still."

They formed part of their mother's family until, in 1824, they took a small house in Sansome street, in Philadelphia, a street now wholly given up to shops and offices. As no nurse was kept, Mrs. Mott was closely occupied by the care of her children, the fourth, another Thomas, having been born in 1823. She also did much of the housework, and all her own sewing, as they could afford only one servant and felt the necessity of strict economy. In an old account book we find that the yearly expenses of this household were $655.58 in 1820, increasing to a little over $1,000 in 1824, but did not reach $1,700 till in the '30s, notwithstanding the birth of two more children.

It was in those busy years that she read and reread with an absorbing interest the writings of William Penn. She had a folio copy of his works which she would lay open at the foot of her bed, then, drawing her chair near, with a baby on her lap or in the cradle at her feet, she would study the passages that had especially attracted her attention until she had them stored in her retentive memory. In her public discourses throughout her long life she continually used them to illustrate or confirm the views she advanced. She also "searched the Scriptures daily," gaining an intimate knowledge of them. Her quotations from the Bible were strikingly apt and invariably correct. This familiarity with venerated authorities often served her in good stead. Once, when she was

"visited" by two Elders from the Meeting to which she belonged, a visit of criticism for something she had said on the previous First Day, "they couldn't quite remember, but it was something like '*notions* of Christ,'" she repeated the whole sentence, "Men are to be judged by their likeness to Christ, rather than by their notions of Christ," asking if that was what they objected to. On their saying it was she quietly informed them that it was a quotation from their honored William Penn, and the Elders went their way in silence!

It is painful to recur to this period of the life of Lucretia Mott — the period known as the "Separation" among Friends. She discovered that her failure to cooperate with those who seemed to her to be taking a retrograde course met with coldness and unfriendly admonitions. Although the question of slavery had already engaged her attention, her chief interests so far had been within the limitations of the Society of Friends, but in the severe mental discipline of the Separation her whole spiritual visions widened, and she beheld directly before her extended fields of labor wherein honest workers were sorely needed.

She believed that there was yet other work for her to do; she must devote her life to the abolition of slavery, the elevation of woman, the cause of temperance, and the promotion of universal peace.

With her to see was to do. She said of herself, "I felt bound to plead the cause of the millions of downtrodden slaves in our land, in season and out of season, and to aid all in my power in every effort for their immediate emancipation." She attended the historical convention of 1833 in Philadelphia by invitation, as a "listener and spectator," and was stared and wondered at when she ventured to suggest an improvement in the words of the Declaration of Sentiment. The improvement was adopted, even if made by a woman. Soon after, though it was an unheard of thing, certainly in Pennsylvania, for women to have societies of their own,

except under the patronizing shelter of church organization, they formed the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society, and new to such undertakings, were obliged to ask a man to preside at the first meeting, no woman feeling capable of taking the chair and calling the meeting to order. "Friends" were increasingly averse to the agitation of so unpopular a subject as anti-slavery, and exhorted their members to "avoid all contention," even closing their meeting-houses against such discussions.

Lucretia Mott, who had become an influential minister among Friends, persisted in "lugging in" the distasteful subject, and brought herself into such disfavor she several times narrowly escaped disownment, but she was adroit enough to keep her membership, which she greatly valued. She felt that she was above all a *Friend*, and that she could do more good *within* the fold than outside. As a visiting Friend she travelled largely. On one of these journeys she attended seventy-one different meetings, speaking at each, and travelled a distance of two thousand four hundred miles, most of it in a stage-coach, generally taking her knitting with her. The generation of today would find it difficult to conceive of the savage form of opposition to the abolitionists which prevailed during many years. In these perilous periods Mrs. Mott proved her fidelity to her non-resistant principles as well as to her anti-slavery faith. In the year 1838, when Pennsylvania Hall was burned by a mob, her own house barely escaped, the excited throng having been headed by a Friend, who shouted, "On to Mott's," and led them up the wrong street. This was not the only mob through which her courage carried her unhurt. At one time, in Virginia, the gentleman who was with her was tarred and feathered, while she protested that she only was the offender and besought them to spare him. On another memorable occasion, several years later, when the annual meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society in New York was broken up by rowdies, some of the speakers as they left the hall were roughly handled by the

crowd. Perceiving this, Mrs. Mott asked the gentleman who was escorting her to leave her and help some of the other ladies, who were timid. "But who will take care of you?" said he. "This man," she answered, quietly laying her hand on the arm of one of the roughest of the men, "he will see me through." Although taken aback for a moment he responded by conducting her to a place of safety, and as he left the room asked who that lady was, and on hearing her name, remarked, "Well, she's a good, sensible woman, anyhow!" When twitted with "walking with colored people" she replied, "We have never made a parade of doing so, and shall do as we have done before, walk with them when occasion offers; it is a principle with us, which we cannot yield, to make no distinction on account of color."

In the year 1839 the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society of London called a general conference in order to deliberate on the best means of promoting the interests of the slave, etc. Massachusetts and Pennsylvania chose their best delegates, whether men or women, they having discovered "that as a concert of advice between men and women was important to success, so mutual counsel and discussions in their business meetings were convenient and profitable." James and Lucretia Mott were among the delegates. Her health was much impaired at this time, and it was hoped that a sea voyage might prove beneficial, and the kindness of a distant relative made this expensive trip possible. They sailed in a packet ship, *Roscoe*, from New York, on May 7, 1840, and landed in Liverpool on the 28th. They spent about three months in England and Ireland, being entertained by prominent people and making many new friends. For the only time in her life Mrs. Mott kept a diary, quaint and pleasant reading, but too long for quotation here. To her infinite surprise the convention to which she was a delegate refused to admit her, except as a listener behind the bar, because she was a woman. The great world's convention of 1840!

This action in excluding women caused general indignation. William Lloyd Garrison and party, who also were delegates, in protest refused to take part in the convention, as did many others, among them Wendell Phillips and his new-made wife.

It was in London that she made the acquaintance of Elizabeth Cady Stanton and formed a life-long friendship. Their exclusion from the convention on account of sex brought her for the first time face to face with the reality of the subjection of woman. In the Society of Friends she had been accustomed to see members valued more for their individual merit than for the accident of sex, and this indignity sinking deep into her heart, she resolved to do her best to right this arrogant wrong. As she and Mrs. Stanton walked home together at the close of the first day's session, they agreed to call a Woman's Rights Convention on their return to America. Eight years after, around the tea-table of a mutual friend, they discussed the question in all its bearings and decided that the time had come. That same evening, July 14, 1848, the call appeared and the meeting was held, James Mott in the chair. This was the famous Seneca Falls Convention, the beginning of a movement now world-wide. It led Mrs. Mott into even greater publicity than had the hated anti-slavery cause. Her correspondence became voluminous and her calls to address public meetings incessant. As a speaker she was in demand, partly because she was almost the only woman then who was able to address with ease a public audience, but also because of her eloquence, her beautiful voice, her winning manner and her fearless advocacy of truth.

Meantime her children had grown beyond the needs of childhood, and her well-ordered household gave her frequent opportunities for absence. This was not, however, by the neglect of home duties, rather by habits of careful economy of time and strength. It is recorded that she thought herself "pretty smart to get her currants squeezed and jelly made before meeting time," ten

o'clock. She was an early riser and an indefatigable worker, never sparing herself. It was a rule with her to be willing to do herself any work that she required of another. She also had the power to discriminate between the necessary and unnecessary duties of housekeeping, the essentials and the non-essentials. She said of herelf, "Being fond of reading, I omitted ornamental stitching for my family that I might have more time for the improvement of my mind." It was the days before sewing machines, nevertheless she cut and made her own and her children's clothes, with the help of her handy daughters, one generally reading aloud while the rest sewed. She kept two servants, and at one time, when one of them had an attack of cholera, Mrs. Mott writes, "I sent for extra help, but with our large family there is still much to be done, so this morning I have ironed four dozen pieces, made soft custards, stewed blackberries, potted some Dutch herring, besides doing all the dusting and receiving several callers. I was more tired when our family of thirteen gathered at dinner (mid-day, then) than since I came home." This was in the '40s or '50s. Although a large family in themselves, they gave hospitable welcome to the many guests from far and near who came to them, often distinguished strangers from across the water. At their table black guests and white were treated by them and their family with equal courtesy. So many wretched outcasts came to them for help that a large chair standing in their hall in Philadelphia came to be called the "beggars' chair." They were also an acknowledged station on the "underground railroad." Their house, "338," so called without mention of the street, was a refuge to all. Once a colored man, for some offense, perhaps for being a runaway slave, was pursued to their door by a hooting mob. James Mott opened the door, the man dashed in, and without stopping, ran through the house, and out the back gate to a small street, where he successfully escaped. As Mr. Mott stood at the door a brick was thrown violently at

him, which, however, struck the door jamb instead of his head and left a deep, indented mark. The mobs were many, but their angry rumble generally passed by.

In 1856 this memorable house was left for the country, where James and Lucretia Mott bought a small farm on the "Old North Road," the old turnpike between New York and Philadelphia, calling the place "Roadside," and here they spent their remaining years.

It is difficult to give a connected account of her life during the next ten years, sometimes in the peaceful country retreat, sometimes in the whirl of city events; at one time apparently engrossed in domestic affairs, and then absorbed in the day and night sessions of a fugitive slave's trial, and again in the happy circle of a family gathering.

Mrs. Mott retained her city interests, going into town almost daily, her husband generally driving her in their comfortable old-fashioned carriage. It was in these drives that she accomplished her "little knitting"—free cotton, still—of bed spreads and bureau covers, so many that one was presented to each of her daughters and granddaughters.

Their carriage was always loaded with products of farm or orchard, chickens, fruit, or vegetables, to be divided among the children's homes in town, or taken to the "House of Industry" or the "Colored Home"—something nice for somebody. Later, when these long drives were superseded by the convenient steam railway, Mrs. Mott still persisted, carrying a basket of fresh eggs or ripe pears, refusing offers of assistance. Sometimes these good fresh eggs were carried in her own handbag, in dangerous proximity to its other contents. Mrs. Mott was curiously averse either to exact or receive attentions. When travelling she preferred to be alone, if her husband could not accompany her. With him she made journeys into Illinois, Ohio, Virginia, Massachusetts and Nantucket, speaking at innumerable meetings, often in spite of some dyspeptic trouble, meeting with persecution in some parts and enthusiastic welcome in others.

On one religious journey she stayed over night with a Friend, who had recently come into possession of the family homestead and a comfortable property, but he said, deprecatingly, "I have to keep my mother." "Was she an active woman in early life?" asked Mrs. Mott. "Oh, yes, very! she brought up a large family of children, attended to the housework and dairy, and seldom kept any help; she was a very saving woman." "And yet," replied Mrs. Mott, "thou says thou has to *keep* her. Did not her industry and frugality entitle her to an equal ownership with her husband in homestead and farm? Should it not be said that she allows thee to live with her?"

Mrs. Mott was a tireless reader, making copious extracts as she went, and calling into her library any one she could to share the pleasure of a fine passage. Indeed, her whole spirit was to *share*—time, money and strength, all given freely with the love of giving.

If possible many instances of this might be given, but for the already great length of this paper. But we must draw to a close, merely summarizing the rest of her long life as busy, active and serene.

James and Lucretia Mott had the happiness of celebrating their golden wedding, with a large circle of descendants about them, on the 10th of 4th Month (April), 1861. Children, grandchildren and one great-grandchild were there, and three of the original number who had been present at their marriage in the old Pine Street Meeting House in Philadelphia.

After this came the Civil War, and a camp for recruiting and training colored soldiers was established near the home of the Motts. As an abolitionist she gave the movement her sympathy, but as an advocate of peace she condemned the resort to carnal weapons. With these conflicting feelings Mrs. Mott seldom visited the camp—"Camp William Penn"—but she found many chances to befriend its inmates, both officers and privates. The regiments, as they left for the seat of war, sometimes

marched in at the Mott's back gate and out at the front, in order to pass directly by the house. Once, as they were heard approaching, Mrs. Mott ran quickly to the cake box, emptied its contents into her apron, and then, standing at the end of the piazza, as the men filed along handed each a cookie, until the supply was exhausted.

For several years she was in the way of sending each of the employees of the railroad that passed near their home a small box of candy at Christmas time — once amounting to over fifty boxes — as a slight acknowledgment of their kindness in helping her in and out of the cars, and for various small courtesies received. The following note was sent her on her eighty-sixth birthday: —

LUCRETIA MOTT:

DEAR FRIEND: — The officers and employees of the North Penn. R. R. Co. desire to recognize on this, the 86th anniversary of your birth, their appreciation of the happy intercourse that has existed for so many years between you and your family and them. One and all join in wishing you a happy continuance and a peaceful ending at the close, of your long and useful life.

On behalf of the Co.'s employees.

The War of the Rebellion brought peace within the borders of the Quaker communion. Those who had violently opposed the abolition movement began to think that they had always been in favor of emancipation, and greeted its advocates as brothers beloved. James and Lucretia Mott were again received as honored members of the Society of Friends, a most pleasant change to them; but public work was beginning to be a dread to Mrs. Mott, whose health was far from satisfactory. Her husband's death, in 1868, caused a serious illness, from which she slowly recovered. With great effort she contrived to be present at the Free Religious Association in Boston. This was a movement with which she deeply sympathized, almost as much as with the cause of peace, and she attended the annual meetings of both associations as long as she was able; but with these exceptions she went less and less into public assemblies. Her home

life gradually assumed a new routine, and the days passed on. She found solace in the general kindliness that greeted her and in the devotion of the younger generation. Each year, as it stole something from her physical and mental vigor, but added to the gentle grace of her manner, her face became like that of a transfigured saint. With the mysterious balance of mortal life, while in public she was reaping the fruit of her own faithfulness, her domestic life was shadowed by one sorrow after another. Under these afflictions her frail body yielded more and more to the infirmities of advanced age. An eager reporter, hearing this, wrote an article on "the valuable lessons of her long life." This was read to her, her quizzical comment being, "It's better not to be in a hurry with obituaries," adding after a few minutes, "I am a much overrated woman."

She died November 11, 1880. "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel."

SAMUEL CROCKER LAWRENCE.

The tolling of bells on Sunday evening, September 24, 1911, announced to the community the passing of its leading citizen, Gen. Samuel C. Lawrence,

General Lawrence was born in Medford, November 22, 1832, and with the exception of two years spent in the west, after his graduation from Harvard College in 1855, was a life-long resident of his native place, which he loved, and to which he was ever loyal.

General Lawrence was prominent in financial, military, Masonic, and charitable circles. His record as a soldier was honorable; he had held the highest offices in the Masonic Order, and his ability as a financier brought him large returns. A man of wealth, he lived modestly, and his charities were generous and widely extended.

He was the first Mayor of Medford, yielding against his personal inclinations, to the imperative call of his fellow citizens to take the office.

He was a charter member and a life member of the Medford Historical Society and aided it by his financial contributions.

His death was a marked loss to every circle in which he moved.

CHARLES H. LOOMIS.

THE LEGEND OF "CHEESE ROCK."

For the Forest Festival, June 17, 1882.

In sixteen hundred thirty-one,
It was a winter day,
When Winthrop, Nowell, Eliot,
To northward strolled away.

The frozen Mistick flood they crossed,
Ere Cradock's mansion stood;
O'er swamps and rocky hills they pressed,
Through miles of lofty wood.

They crossed a lovely ice-bound lake,
With islands here and there;
"Spot Pond" they called it, from the rocks
That showed their noddles bare.

Then up northwestwardly they climbed,
A hill well crowned with trees,
And hungry there, as well might be,
They dined on simple cheese.

For, why? the guv'nor's man in haste,
And careless how they fed,
His basket loaded with the cheese
And quite forgot the bread.

This fact so simple and so grand,
To us they handed down;
"Cheese Rock" they named that lovely hill,
Those men of high renown.

Some smaller men cut off the trees
And then they named it "Bare";
And when the bushes wildly grew
The spelled it "B-e-a-r."

But nature still asserts her rights
Against all vulgar spells,
And cries aloud, "Restore the pines
To these my favorite Fells.

"Mount Winthrop you may call this spot
If you'll preserve the trees
That canopied with winter's green
The guv'nor's lunch of cheese!"

THE SOCIETY'S WORK—PAPERS AND ADDRESSES—FIFTEENTH YEAR, 1910-1911.

October 17.—"Boston–1915. Its Motives, Methods and Goal." Mr. John L. Sewell, Executive Secretary of Boston–1915.

November 21.—"Days of the New England Primer." Rev. Anson Titus of Somerville.

December 19.—"Music in the Early Days of Medford." Mrs. Elsie R. Perkins.

January 16.—Annual Meeting. Election of Officers.

February 20.—"Lucretia Mott." Mrs. Anna D. Hallowell.

March 20.—"Tufts College." Professor Lawrence B. Evans of Tufts College.

April 17.—"Literary People of Medford." Mrs. Louise Peabody Sargent.

May 15.—"The Union Congregational Church, Medford." Mr. Henry B. Doland.

"LATE, TOO LATE."

The editor feels that an apology is due our patrons, because of the delay in the issue of this number of the REGISTER.

Absence and unavoidable circumstances have caused the same. We hope to be on time in the future, and forgiven for the present.

5.12

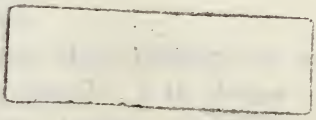
THE MEDFORD HISTORICAL REGISTER

VOL. XV., 1912

PUBLISHED BY THE
MEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY
MEDFORD, MASS.

MEDFORD

J. C. MILLER, JR., PRINTER



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OLD MAN OF THE FELLS.

THE MEDFORD LION.

The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XV. JANUARY, 1912. No. 1.

LITERARY MEDFORD.

[Read before the Medford Historical Society by Louise Peabody Sargent, April 17, 1911].

FROM the beginning of Medford's history her records have always shown much intellectual activity among the people. The beautiful natural surroundings, the lakes and woods and river, have formed an environment favorable to a love of letters.

The earlier inhabitants prevented the invasion of the town by large manufacturing interests and thus attracted a class of residents that found leisure for more or less cultivation of the arts and sciences and literature.

In the early days the church was the center of literary interest, and most of its ministers have left some printed record behind them. The Rev. Benjamin Colman, who preached in Medford in 1693, was a model of literary excellence in his sermons. Rev. Ebenezer Turell, who occupied the Medford pulpit from 1724 to 1778, published a pamphlet on "Witchcraft," and "A Direction to My People in Relation to the Present Times," which plead for a religion founded on truth and soberness rather than one arising from emotion. Even more in advance of the times was a discourse in favor of inoculation for smallpox. In 1741 he published "A Memoir of the Life and Death of the Pious and Ingenuous Mrs. Jane Colman Turell, who died at Medford, March 26, 1735, *ætat* 27." Most of the quaint prose and poetry was collected from her own manuscript, and his part of the work included a sketch of her father, the Rev. Benjamin Colman.

Many discourses of the Rev. David Osgood were published from 1784 to 1824, one especially notable in 1783, "Reflections on the Goodness of God in Supporting the People of the United States Through the Late War."

He was famous for his political sermons; the "Devil Let Loose," on the French Revolution; an "Election" sermon; a "Eulogy on George Washington," and others. His daughter, Miss Lucy Osgood, wrote a memoir of Charlotte Ann Haven Brooks, and left many interesting letters written in a marked literary style.

The Rev. Converse Francis published several orations, a "History of Watertown," and "Lives of John Eliot and "Sebastian Rale" for the "Library of American Biography," 1795–1872.

The Rev. Charles Brooks wrote a "History of Medford" in 1855, one of the first of the Massachusetts town histories; "Biographies of Eminent Men and Women," two volumes; "Letters of a Foreign Correspondent"; a "Daily Monitor"; a "Prayer Book"; "Prussian System of Education"; "System of Education in Holland"; a book on Ornithology, and many sermons and lectures. He was a pioneer in the cause of training teachers for their work; by his constant writing and lecturing on the subject, caused the normal school system to be adopted in Massachusetts.*

The Rev. Andrew Bigelow published a minute account of his travels in North Britain and Ireland, also a journal of a tour through Malta and Sicily; and many sermons.

The Rev. Nathaniel Hall published sermons and discourses.

The Rev. John Pierpont, poet and author, was one of the most celebrated divines of Medford. He wrote the "Portrait" in 1812; "Airs of Palestine," 1816, published with added poems in 1850; "Sabbath Recreations," 1839; "Lays of the Sabbath, 1850; "Pilgrims of Plymouth," 1856. He was deeply interested in the cause of education and compiled a number of readers for use in schools. The "American First Class Book" is one of the most notable books of its kind and still sought. On his stone

* Mr. Brooks also wrote, by request of the citizens, "The Tornado of 1851," an account of the devastation of the same in Medford and West Cambridge.—*Editor.*

at Mount Auburn is carved the words, "Poet, Patriot, Preacher, Philosopher, Philanthropist."

The Rev. William Henry Furness was a distinguished theologian whose sermons were published, best known for his books, "Jesus," and "Jesus and His Biographers."

The Rev. Caleb Stetson wrote many tracts, and his sermons and discourses were printed.

The Rev. Elihu Marvin edited the *Congregational Review* and a temperance paper, the *Daily News*.

The Rev. Hosea Ballou, President of Tufts College, wrote the "Ancient History of Universalism," many pamphlets, and edited several hymn books. His sermons and newspaper articles have been reprinted.

The Rev. Edward B. Hall wrote a "Memoir of Mary L. Ware," "Life and Character of Samuel Howe," and the "Atonement."

The Rev. Elias Nason published several biographies, a gazetteer of Massachusetts, and edited a hymn book.

The Rev. E. C. Towne printed many of his sermons.

The Rev. James L. Hill, retired from the ministry, now devotes his entire time to literary work. He has written the "Growth of Government"; "Seven Sorts of Successful Sunday Evening Services," 1904; an election sermon preached before the Governor and Legislature in 1878, and numerous pamphlets on religious, social and historical topics.

The Rev. Frank Ilsley Paradise is the author of "The Church and the Individual," a book that has received wide and favorable comment.

David Atwood Wasson was one of the most notable preachers of his time. He wrote "Christianity and Universal Religion," and a volume of poems. Since his death his essays, critical, political and religious, have been collected and published. A volume of his letters in manuscript, written to and presented by Thomas Wentworth Higginson to the Medford Public Library, are of great interest.

The Rev. Henry C. DeLong, who began his pastorate in 1869 and is still preaching, has published a memorial of Miss Lucy Osgood, and written many articles. His scholarly sermons should be printed. No more unique and faithful record of the citizens of Medford could be made than the choice words he has so fitly and honestly spoken in memory of one and another as they have passed on.

Medford was early chosen as a fitting location for many private schools. In 1790 William Channing Woodbridge started a school that at one time numbered ninety-six girls and forty-two boys. He published a "Modern School Geography," with atlas, "Woodbridge & Willard's Geography, Physical and Political, for the Use of Higher Classes," and edited the "Annals of Education."

Dr. Luther Stearns, father of George L. Stearns, opened a school in 1791 that "became the leading Academy of the United States," to quote the opinion of the time.

Susannah Rowson, famous as the author of "Charlotte Temple," "Lucy Temple," and "Sarah," moved her large school to Medford in 1800, when she wished its girls to have the advantages of a country life. She also wrote a volume of poems and an abridgment of "Universal Geography."

Dr. John Hosmer, John Angier, A. K. Hathaway, Miss Ann Rose, Miss Hannah Swan, Mrs. Newton, and others, carried on large and successful private schools for many years.

Mystic Hall Seminary, in the fifties, trained young ladies in "Composition, Criticism, Moral and Intellectual Philosophy and Horseback riding. English branches, French and Latin languages, Ancient languages and Mathematics. Penmanship and Bookkeeping. Spanish and German, Drawing and Dancing, Embroidery, Needlework, Phonography, French conversation. Singing, Harp, Guitar, Piano and Organ. Painting in Oils and Papier Maché, Monochromatic, Grecian, Oriental, Potichomania, Painting in Water Colors, Wax fruit and flowers, Inlay-

ing of Pearl, Leather Work, Head drawing, Crayon or Colored. Anatomy, Physiology and Hygiene.

"The course comprises four departments, the physical, the moral, the mental and the graceful. Boarding pupils, including all the comforts of home, use of carriages, saddle horses, salt water bathing, gymnasium, bowling alley, and all the privileges of day scholars, Spanish, German and Italian extra, three hundred dollars a year."*

Names of the pupils enrolled in these schools have always been and are found among the literary people of the town, thus showing an influence that has been carried down through generations.

Free public schools were founded in Medford in 1670; in 1776 the people voted that "the master instruct girls for two hours after the boys are dismissed," but not until 1834 was it decreed that the "girls shall enjoy equal privileges therein with the boys throughout the year." This may have been one reason for the prevalence of private schools for girls and for boys and girls. This edict was not carried out, however, until the high school was organized in 1835, one of the first three free schools in the State for both sexes, devoted to the higher branches of learning. This school has proved an important factor in the intellectual life of Medford. Numbers of its teachers and pupils have distinguished themselves in art, science and letters. Thomas Starr King, author of "The White Hills; Their Legends, Landscape and Poetry," 1859, said to be "the most complete work of its kind in existence," a forerunner of the modern nature books, taught one of the public schools of Medford for several years.

Lorin Low Dame, whose quickening power guided the high school for twenty-seven years, spent his leisure in adding to the world's knowledge of flowers and trees. "The Flora of Middlesex County," "Typical Elms and Other Trees of Massachusetts" and the "Hand-book of the Trees of New England, with Ranges throughout the United States and Canada," are valuable monuments

* Quoted from year book.

to his exact observation and industry. Elizabeth Gleason Bigelow, a pupil, made many careful drawings to illustrate the "Hand-book of Trees."

Rosewell B. Lawrence has written a complete handbook of the Middlesex Fells, with maps; and a series of letters of travel, "Egypt and the Holy Land."

The Rev. Bradley Gilman, a high school graduate of 1875, now a Unitarian clergyman, is the author of "From a Parsonage Porch," "Back to the Soil," "Roland Carnaquay," and juvenile stories under the name of Walter Wentworth.

Helen Tilden Wild, who has done such valuable work in historical research, has written a book, "Medford in the Revolution," 1903.

Horace Joseph Howe, engineer, wrote many newspaper articles, and discussions in scientific magazines. His pamphlet, "Piles and Pile Driving, New and Old," is used as a reference book in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; one on the "Rotherhithe Tunnel" was written for and presented before the Institute of Civil Engineers in London at their request; "Some Notes on the Replacement of the Superstructure of the Harlem Ship Canal Bridge" was presented with lantern slides before the American Society of Civil Engineers and contains much historical as well as scientific interest.

Charles Edward Hooper, another high school graduate, has written a delightful book, "The Country House," full of original designs, photographs and descriptions that tempts immediate building.

William Cushing Bamburgh has written "Echo and the Poet" and "Giacomo," both volumes of verse.

One notable contribution to the science of living has been made by Louise Brigham in a book called "Box Furniture," which tells just how to make any furniture needful for kitchen, dining-room, living-room, bedroom, library, office, school-room, from the ordinary packing-boxes of commerce. The necessary tools and materials,

with directions for using, are plainly given, that all who read may make.*

Mrs. Fannie Merritt Farmer, author of the "Boston Cooking School Book" which was said to have had the largest circulation of any book in the Medford Public Library one year, "Chafing-dish Possibilities," "Food and Cookery for the Sick and Convalescent and "What to Have for Dinner," is another high school graduate and proud of it, as Medford is of her.

Persis Hannah, a recent graduate, writes under the pen name of Ruth Cameron for one hundred and twenty newspapers each day, one of the widest audiences of any woman journalist. Some of these essays have been published by this syndicate in book form.

Ernest Bacheller has written two books used in Normal Art Schools — the "Principles of Design" and "Design in Theory and Practice," with a personal directness and freshness of treatment unusual in text-books.

From the days of William Woodbridge and Susannah Rowson until now, Medford people have been writing text-books. Benjamin Franklin Tweed, principal in one of Medford's schools, and afterwards professor at Tufts College, wrote several text-books on English grammar and composition, and was editor of the *Massachusetts Teacher*. Ephraim Hunt, at one time superintendent of schools, published a "Geometry for Grammar Schools." Charles H. Morss, who held the same position, edited a "Book of Fables," by Horace E. Scudder, and the "Heroes of Asgard." He has written many papers, "Practicability of the Extension of High School Influence," "Development of the Public Schools of Medford" and a "Memorial of Lorin Low Dame," and delivered many lectures.

George E. Davenport made a valuable collection of ferns, which he gave to the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, where it is known as the Davenport Herbarium.

* This Medford girl lives on the East Side in New York, in a charming apartment furnished with box furniture made entirely by herself, and teaches children and others the art.

He wrote for the *Botanical Gazette*, on botanical nomenclature, many monographs on ferns, on which subject he was a recognized authority. He delivered a lecture with lantern slides, on the Middlesex Fells many times for the benefit of the Fells, and poems and essays of his are to be found in periodicals.

Mrs. Josephine L. Richards made herself an authority on native wild flowers and ferns, and described them so graphically in "Wild Flowers and Ferns," 1893, that the reader could discern them for himself.

Mrs. Etta Austin Macdonald, at one time superintendent of Brockton schools, and her sister, Miss Mary Frances Blaisdell, have issued an instructive set of school readers for young children, the first, "The Child at Play"; the second, "Child Life in Tale and Fable"; third, "Child Life in Many Lands"; the fourth and fifth, "Child Life in Literature." The selections are chosen from the best literature in an original manner, and the workmanship is excellent. "Play Time," "Story-book Friends," "Wide-awake Primer and First Reader," "Polly and Dolly," are other books for young readers by the same authors. In collaboration with Mrs. Julia Dalrymple, Mrs. Macdonald has written "Kathleen in Ireland," "Manuel in Mexico," "Rafael in Italy," and "Une San in Japan." Mrs. Dalrymple is the author of two delightful books for children, "Make-believe Boys" and "Little Me Too."

Mabel Priest Rust is joint compiler of "Song Echoes from Child Land," for use in the kindergarten.

Freeman Clarke Coffin, engineer, wrote a scientific work, "Graphical Solution of Hydraulic Problems," but his real words lie deep in the hearts of his workmen and friends.

George T. Sampson has a pamphlet on "Railroad Organization."

John C. Rand compiled a book of short biographies of prominent men called "One of a Thousand."

Edward Baxter Perry, the blind pianist, has written a

book for music lovers and teachers entitled "Descriptive Analyses of Piano Works," æsthetic as opposed to structural analysis of the music of Beethoven, Chopin, Liszt, Saint-Saens and others. "Stories of Standard Teaching Pieces" is another of his books.

Miss Emily Hallowell has made musicians her debtors by transcribing many songs of the Southern negro as she heard them, and publishing them under the name of "Calhoun Songs." Olive Dame Campbell has made a like important contribution to literature and music by writing out words and tunes of old ballads as they are sung in the Southern mountains by the descendants of the English, Scotch and Irish who settled there.

Tufts College has been another strong intellectual force in Medford. Charles Tufts of Somerville, who inherited Walnut Hill, then a barren tract, said he meant some day to set a light on it. His words have proved true, for the college set on the hill he gave for that purpose, has been a center of education and culture throughout its history, and has added many illustrious names of both teachers and pupils to literature and life.

Hosea Starr Ballou wrote a biography of Hosea Ballou, 2d, the first president of Tufts College, and many addresses. Rev. Elmer H. Capen, president of Tufts College from 1875 to 1905, published many articles and sermons, a tribute to John Boyle O'Reilly, wrote a history of Tufts College and of Universalism for the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and a "Bible History." The present president, Dr. Frederick W. Hamilton, is the author of "The Church and the Secular Life," and many essays. Alaric Bertrand Start edited a "History of Tufts College." Prof. Amos Emerson Dolbeare, the eminent electrician, wrote many scientific works, and magazine and newspaper articles: "Chemical Tables," "Art of Projecting Matter — Ether and Motion," "Modes of Motion," "Natural Philosophy." Prof. J. Sterling Kngsley has written many scientific papers, and is editor of the *American Naturalist.* Prof. Gardener Chace Anthony is the author of a series of

text-books known as the "Technical Drawing Series." Rev. Warren S. Woodbridge is the author of "Christ in the Life," and many articles. Edwin A. Start, Executive Secretary of the American Forestry Association, has written many articles and lectured on forest preservation. Lawrence Boyd Evans, professor of history, has edited the writings of George Washington, first of a series on the writings of American statesmen, and a series of "Handbooks of American Government," illustrating the polity of different states.

Hollis Godfrey, head of the Science Department in the Practical Arts School of Boston, is the author of an "Elementary Chemistry," and the "Health of the City," a clear, concise statement of the problems that rise from city life, with practical solutions for settling them; a book to be studied. The chapters are, respectively, Air, Water Supply, Food of the City, Food of the Individual, Water and Waste, Ice, Sewer Gas and Plumbing, City's Noise and City Housing. The text of the book is:

"Whether we wish it or no, to keep ourselves we must be our brother's keeper. Only when we strive to guard our neighbors are our own walls secure."

He has also written an unusual story called "The Man Who Ended War," and two juvenile stories, "For the Norton Name," and Jack Collerton's Engine."

Prof. Leo Rich Lewis and Leon Ryder Maxwell compiled "The Assembly Praise Book."

Ruth Dame Coolidge is a contributor to periodicals, the editorial page of the *Boston Transcript*, and has given a course of lectures on architecture.

In the January number of the present year of the *Tufts College Graduate* is an appreciation by Prof. Charles St. Clair Wade, of the personality and the poetry of Grace Harvey Lane, who lived her all too short life in Medford, graduating from the Medford schools and Tufts College. Her poetic translations won great praise. Professor Shipman said she had mastered

the technique of composition, but her own poems describing the things she saw from her window, "The Swamp," "The Redwing," "The Veery," "Evening Primroses," are the true expression of her life.

Suggested by "Chantez! la nuit sera brève," in "Par le Glaive," by Jean Richepin:

Lullaby, the sun is going —
Comes an old man up the stairs,
For a cap the night mists flowing,
And a cloak of dreams he wears;
Lullaby, the sun is going.

Lullaby, the stars are shining —
Like a shadow stealthily
Through the nursery door he 's creeping.
Tiptoe — barefoot — peeping sly;
Lullaby, the stars are shining.

Lullaby, the moon is beaming —
Gently smiling, soft he throws
Golden sand of dream-land gleaming,
On the lids that will not close.
Lullaby, the moon is beaming.

Lullaby, soft winds are breathing —
Now the old man 's gone away;
Dream wings round the sleeper wreathing
Cradle him till comes the day.
Lullaby, soft winds are breathing.

THE VEERY.

Morning over the hills,
The slanting fingers of shade
Lie with a lingering touch that thrills
Into dewy valley and glade.

The birch leaves twinkle and wink
In the touch of the freshening breeze,
And the wild bee hums as down he comes
Through the aisles of bending trees.

The little brook sings and shines
As it slips round the hindering stone,
Telling the violets under the pines
How the sun on the uplands shone.

And a thrush sings far away,
To the sun, and the nesting wife,
And the sweet, wild note from the glad bird's throat
Tells my joy in the day — and life.

In 1825, through the suggestion of the Rev. Andrew Bigelow, a social library was formed in Medford, "promotive of good morals," and "to aid in the diffusion of valuable information." This was merged into a free public library in 1856, through the generosity of the stockholders, and was added to from time to time by gifts from private citizens. This library was useful to those who knew how to take advantage of its privileges, but it was not until the advent of Miss Mary Sargent and her sister, in 1891, that it became a power in the daily life of the community. Since that time good books have been put directly into the public schools, the age limit of use of the library has been abolished, a children's department has been organized, the public has been admitted to the stack room to make choice of books, special students have been assisted in all possible ways, books relating to current events have been listed at appropriate times, wise counsel given to readers by helpful word and suggestive bulletins, educational exhibits in art, handicraft, domestic science and other human activities have been given at frequent intervals. Through their wisdom and diligence the library has become an actual possession of, and a liberal education to, the people of Medford. It has aided and supplemented the work of church and school and formed another uplifting incentive to high endeavor. The collection and arrangement of books written by people who have lived in Medford was one of the many valuable and unsought services Miss Sargent gave the library.

This bookcase of Medford authors has since been catalogued and found to contain over two hundred volumes, representing seventy-nine writers, exclusive of the fourteen volumes of the MEDFORD HISTORICAL REGISTER and its many contributors. Medford has added few great names to the history of literature, but is unique in having

so many busy people who give their leisure to literary pursuits.

Webster defines the word literary as "versed in, or acquainted with literature, well learned, scholarly," also "occupied with literature as a profession." First and foremost, I would name in love and reverence Miss Mary Sargent; versed in literature, with an intimate knowledge of books and who made that knowledge of the utmost service to all. She wrote valuable papers relating to her profession, of which she was one of its most eminent members; and in collaboration with her sister, "Reading for the Young," 1890.

One of the most renowned people, and certainly the most prolific writer of Medford was Lydia Maria (Francis) Child, a sister of Rev. Converse Francis. Her first novel, "Hobomok," published in 1824, when she was only twenty-three years of age, was a great success, and was soon followed by the "Rebels" in 1825. She edited a periodical for children called "Juvenile Miscellany," afterwards published as "Flowers for Children." "The Frugal Housewife"; "Evenings in New England," 1826; "First Settlers of New England," 1829; "The Girl's Own Book"; "The Coronal"; "The Mother's Book," 1831; and the "Ladies' Family Library," four volumes of short biographies, followed in quick succession. Some of her books reached twenty-five editions and were translated and printed abroad.

In 1833 she wrote a pamphlet, "An Appeal for that Class of Americans Called Africans," which cost her her popularity as woman and writer. She never faltered in her work for the anti-slavery cause, however, but left her home and went to New York to edit the "Anti-Slavery Standard," wrote "Incidents in the Life of a Slave Girl, Written by Herself," "Life of Isaac T. Hopper," and "Letters from New York" and newspaper articles daily against slavery. She wrote for all time; the "Mother's Book," but for the diction, might have been written yesterday; we have not yet gone beyond her vision.

She excelled in many lines — juvenile literature, fiction, essays, history, biography, domestic science. A further list of her books are "Philothea," 1836; "A Brief History of the Condition of Women in Various Ages and Nations," two volumes, 1854; "Fact and Fiction"; "Aspirations of the Spirit"; "The Freedmen's Book," 1865; "Progress of Religious Ideals Through Successive Ages," three volumes, 1869; "Romance of the Republic," 1867; "Autumnal Leaves," 1857; "Looking Toward Sunset," 1865; "Biographies of Good Wives"; and "Letters," collected after her death.

Maria Gowen Brooks was born in Medford in 1794. She went abroad, met many famous people, and achieved an international reputation for her poetry — "Judith, Esther, and Other Poems," 1820; "Zophiel," 1825; and an "Ode to the Departed." Robert Southey was said to have given her the name Maria del Occidente, which she used as a *nom de plume.* She wrote a novel in 1843 called "Idomen," supposed to have been autobiographical. Many believed her to have been the original of the "Woman in White," by Wilkie Collins.

Dr. John Brooks, one of Medford's most distinguished citizens, delivered an oration before the Society of the Cincinnati in 1787; a "Eulogy on George Washington," 1800; "Discourse Before the Humane Society," 1795; and a remarkable "Farewell to the Militia of the Commonwealth" in 1823, all of which are in print. Of his inaugural address, when governor of Massachusetts, President Monroe said, "I am willing to take the principles of that speech as the basis of my administration."

Among other early writers we find Timothy Bigelow, lawyer, many of whose orations from 1767 to 1790 have been preserved, and a "Journal of a Tour to the Falls of Niagara," reprinted.

Samuel Hall was editor of the *Essex Gazette*, *New England Chronicle*, *Salem Gazette*, and *Massachusetts Gazette*, 1768–1807.

Edward Brooks was a contributor to the "North American Review."

A unique pamphlet was written in 1847 by Abijah Baker—"The Ark, Ships and Shipbuilding, with a Brie History of the Art," and a register of vessels built in Medford.

James Gilchrist Swan wrote "Life in the Northwest," in 1857, and later the "Amoor River." He was the author of many monographs on ethnology and made himself an authority, through observation, on the customs and languages of the Northwestern Indians. Much of his work was given to the Smithsonian Institution, and he filled many important public positions. Judge Swan presented the collection of Indian relics and curios to the Medford Public Library in 1880.

In 1856, a Medford lad of seventeen, Nathaniel Holmes Bishop, with forty dollars in his pocket, shipped before the mast and sailed to Buenos Ayres. From there he tramped, with a caravan of natives and aliens, over the Pampas, the Cordilleras, crossed the Andes through the snow, dangerously alone, landed in Chili, where he shipped again for the long voyage around Cape Horn, and reached home with five additional dollars in his pocket. The journal of this "One Thousand Mile Walk Across South America" is of thrilling interest, and filled with geographical and ethnological data and descriptions of the flora and fauna of the countries he traversed. His interest in natural history was the incentive for making this unusual journey, and he brought home with him a rare collection. He also wrote the "Voyage of a Paper Canoe, from Quebec to New Orleans, via the Hudson River and Atlantic Waterways," and "Four Months in a Sneak Box," both records of personal experience.

In 1853 a volume of short stories, essays and poems by Louise J. Cutter were collected and published after her early death and named "Cypress Leaves."

Elizabeth M. Hall compiled a book on "Practical American Cookery and Domestic Economy" that would repay study, even in the changed conditions since 1856.

Elizur Wright, a man of words as well as deeds, translated "La Fontaine's Fables," 1859, and wrote "Savings Bank Life Insurance," 1872, and "Trap Baited with Orphan," 1878. His daughter Ellen published his appeals for the Middlesex Fells and the forests, with a sketch of what he did for both.

Richard Price Hallowell was the author of "Quakers in New England," 1870; "Quaker Invasion of Massachusetts," 1883; "Pioneer Quakers in Massachusetts," 1887.

Mrs. Anna Davis Hallowell edited the "Life and Letters of James and Lucretia Mott," 1884.

John Ward Dean, whose long and valuable services as librarian of the New England Historical and Genealogical Society has made all investigators in that most patient of studies indebted to him, has written a "History of the Gerrymander," 1892; "Descendants of Thomas Deane," 1883; "Memoir of Rev. Nathaniel Ward"; "Memoirs, Rev. Michael Wigglesworth"; "Hon. Daniel Messinger"; "Charles Wesley Tuttle," and with Hon. Daniel Messinger, "The Messinger Family in Europe"; and with Charles Wesley Tuttle, "Capt. Francis Champernowne."

David Henry Brown, a worker in genealogy, wrote "Simon and Joan Clarke Stone and Three Generations of Their Descendants."

James Madison Usher published the "History of Medford," by the Rev. Charles Brooks, in 1855, and revised and enlarged it afterwards up to the year 1886. Edward Preston Usher wrote "The Church's Attitude Towards Truth," 1907, and a memorial sketch of Roland Greene Usher, to which is added a genealogy of the Usher family in New England.

Henry Grosvenor Cary wrote "The Cary Family in England" and the "Cary Family in America."

Thomas Brooks compiled the family record of Jonathan and Elizabeth Brooks.

The writings of Frank Preston Stearns cover a wide range of subjects — art, literature, criticism, biography, political science. In 1888 he edited a book on John

Brown, by Herman von Holtz, for which he was singularly fitted through his personal knowledge of John Brown. In 1895 he published "Sketches from Concord and Appledore," and in 1905 "Cambridge Sketches," both intimate biographies of famous men. In 1892 appeared "Real and Ideal in Literature," and in 1897 "Modern English Prose Writers." He also wrote "Four Great Venetians" and the "Midsummer of Italian Art;" a "Life of Otto von Bismarck;" "Life and Genius of Nathaniel Hawthorne;" the "Life and Public Services of George Luther Stearns," his distinguished father; and "True Republicanism."

Miss Annie H. Ryder, who has conducted a private school in Medford for a dozen years, is the author of two inspiring books of essays, "Hold Up Your Heads, Girls," and "Go Right On, Girls," and has compiled "New Every Morning," a day book of selections appropriate for girls.

Joseph Edgar Chamberlin, editor, who originated the Listener column of the *Boston Transcript*, published two volumes selected from it, wrote a monograph on "John Brown," included in the "Beacon Biographies," and a book of curious interest entitled "The Ifs of History."

Some notable briefs on the Division of Medford and other cases, by Judge Benjamin Franklin Hayes, have been published for reference and are to be found in the Medford Authors' bookcase; also stirring speeches by Col. Norwood P. Hallowell, and an article on "American College Athletics" by J. Mott Hallowell.

The "Proceedings of the Two Hundred and Seventy-fifth Anniversary of the Settlement of Medford" were issued by the Publishing Committee in 1906. The addresses, poems and various events of the four days' celebration are fully recorded and form a very interesting and valuable volume of nearly three hundred pages. This book is prefaced by a very complete though necessarily brief history of Medford from the day of its settlement to the time of the anniversary (June 15, 1905). The author, John H. Hooper, has given a concise and

clear account of Medford's beginning, its people, its industries, its roads, bridges and buildings, its churches, schools, institutions and societies in ninety pages, a labor of love for his native town.

The Medford Publishing Company also issued during the time of the celebration a souvenir volume called "Medford, Past and Present," which is a credit to the writers and an honor to the city. The contributors of the various articles are John H. Hooper, Moses Whitcher Mann, Herbert A. Weitz, Helen Tilden Wild, Mrs. M. Susan Goodale, Charles E. Bacon, Elizabeth J. Joyce, George S. Delano, Irving Farnum, Mortimer E. Wilber, Allston P. Joyce and others.

A copy of the costliest book in the world is owned by the library, one hundred of which were made for distribution only, at the cost of one thousand dollars each. Other copies were sent to the King of England, the Queen of Holland, the Emperors of Germany, Russia, China and Japan, and to famous museums and libraries in different parts of the world. This book describes and illustrates the marvellous collection of jade, giving a chronology of the mineral's life and history, that Reginald Heber Bishop, a native of Medford, presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City.

George Savary Wasson, son of David Atwood Wasson, is the author of three volumes of short stories, "Cap'n Simeon's Store," published in 1903; "The Green Shay," in 1905; and "Home from Sea," in 1908. Many others of his stories have appeared in the *Atlantic*, the *Outlook*, and other periodicals. He is a marine artist, familiar with the men and the scenes of the Maine coast. He formed a habit of making a note of the stories he heard from time to time, and offered the records thus formed to his neighbor, William D. Howells, as material for his work. Howells replied to him as did Henry James to George Du Maurier under similar circumstances, "Write them yourself."

Sarah Warner Brooks was the author of three volumes

of poetry — "Blanche," published in 1858; "St. Christopher, and Other Poems," in 1859; and the "Search of Ceres, and Other Poems," in 1900; also a volume of criticism, "English Poetry and Poets," in 1890. She wrote two volumes of short stories, "My Fire Opal, and Other Tales," 1896, and "Poverty Knob" in 1900. "Alamo Ranch" appeared in 1903, and "A Garden with House Attached" in 1904. Four of these books were written after she was seventy-eight years of age and the last one in her eighty-third year.

Mary B. Carret, whose childhood was spent alternately between the Island of Cuba and the Royall House, wrote, in 1899, "The Little Hero of Matanzas."

Louise Winsor Brooks made one of the wisest and most delightful books for children ever written, accessible to English readers by translating "Heidi" from the German of Johanna Spyri. She also translated "Veronica" and "Rico and Wiseli" by the same author.

Mabel G. Foster, at one time a Medford school teacher, has written a novel of the Italian quarter called "The Heart of the Doctor," and essays on Italian life and literature, art and history.

Mary Augusta Kellogg is the author of "Leo Dayne," a novel.

Amy Woods has written many magazine articles, and in 1905 a book called "Mr. Penwiper's Fairy Godmother."

Marion K. Loud, another young woman born in Medford, is the author of "A Picnic on a Pyramid."

Susan Marr Spalding, author of the "Wings of Icarus" and "Winter Roses," volumes of poetry, famous as the author of the poem called "Fate," chose Medford as her home the last five years of her life, and lies in Oak Grove Cemetery.

THE SINGERS.

One, blind, has taught how beauty should be sung;
One, deaf, all silence tuned to music sweet;
From one who wandered homeless in the street,
A rapturous, deathless song of home was wrung.
How many a pæan of victory has sprung

From pallid lips, grown nerveless with defeat!
How many empty hearts must sadly greet
Their own love songs on happier lover's tongue!
As some rare fabrics are in darkness wrought
Lest light should mar the dainty web, so, too,
The poet, with a golden thread of thought,
Weaves in the shade his fancies fine and true.
So from his sorrow is your pleasure brought,
The joy he hath not doth he give to you!

— *Susan Marr Spalding.*

Catherine Wilder Fellowes Paradise wrote juvenile literature for periodicals. "Little Theocritus," a poem, is reprinted in Stedman's "Anthology of American Poetry," and "On a Volume of Dante," is included in Higginson's "American Sonnets."

LITTLE THEOCRITUS.

Ye white Sicilian goats, who wander all
About the slopes of this wild mountain pass,
Take heed your horny footsteps do not fall
Upon the baby dreamer in the grass.

Let him lie there, half waking, and rejoice
In the safe shelter of his resting place,
In hearing of his shepherd father's voice,
In reach of fruity clusters o'er his face.

Look up, sweet baby eyes, look up on high,
To where Olympus merges in the blue,
There dwell the deathless gods in majesty,
The gods who hold a mighty gift for you.

Those little, clinging hands shall write one day
Rare, golden words, to lift the hearts of men;
Those curling, downy locks shall wear the bay,
A crown that they shall never lose again.

Little Theocritus! Look up and smile,
Immortal child, for there are coming years,
When the great, busy world shall pause awhile
To listen to your singing through its tears.

Maud Kilbourn Wellington has published a volume of "Rhymes."

Mary L. Wyatt, for many years a correspondent of

the *Springfield Republican*, wrote "Verses for Little Citizens," a volume of temperance rhymes.

Mary Harlow Hayes has written many poems and sonnets, occasional and inspirational, that deserve a wider audience.

Caroline E. Swift is the author of many brilliant occasional poems, club papers and articles for magazines.

The verses of Charles H. Loomis have often graced the pages of the HISTORICAL REGISTER and the *Medford Mercury* and have been collected and privately printed.

There are many young journalists in Medford doing excellent work — Persis Hannah, Eleanor Ladd, Frank Lovering, Mortimer Wilber, Charles T. Daly, and others.

Medford has reason to be proud of, and grateful to its Historical Society for putting into permanent form so much of the literary work of its members, setting aside the historical interest entirely. The fourteen volumes of the MEDFORD HISTORICAL REGISTER contain many valuable articles written by Miss Mary Sargent, James A. Hervey, Thomas S. Harlow, Lorin Low Dame, Abby Drew Saxe, Parker R. Litchfield, Benjamin F. Morrison, David H. Brown, Charles Cummings, Dr. Charles M. Green, Rev. Henry C. DeLong, John H. Hooper, Moses Whitcher Mann, Charles H. Morss, Myra Brayton Morss, Helen Tilden Wild, Anna D. Hallowell, Eliza M. Gill, Caroline E. Swift, William Cushing Wait, Walter H. Cushing, Fred H. C. Woolley, Benjamin Pratt Hollis, Herbert N. Ackerman, Mrs. J. M. G. Plummer, Grace L. Sargent, Charles H. Loomis, Ellen Wright, and many others.

The annals of the Shakespeare Club, started in 1866 by Miss Alice Ayres, forms a distinguished chapter in the literary history of the town. For thirty-four years a modest little reading club has studied literature, history, and problems of the day. The numerous essays written by its members, if published, would be found worthy of the greater recognition. For several years the programs of the Medford Women's Club were furnished

by its members; many subjects were thoroughly studied and many interesting papers written that merit preservation. All these societies and others have produced good literary work that would add to the value of the bookcase of Medford authors if placed there. It would show appreciation of the work Miss Sargent so wisely began, and be a help and stimulus to others, could these poems and essays be collected and given into the custody of the librarian.

The work of church, school, library and club has been, after all, the work of the many noble men and women, all through the history of the town, whose lives and words have stimulated thought and action; its preachers, teachers, home makers, who have understood the fine art of living and made Medford a place where people could live as they chose to live, in freedom of thought and independence of action, with leisure devoted to uplifting work. Such a past and present should presage an even greater future for literary Medford.

ROCK SCULPTURE IN MEDFORD.

How many residents of the Medford of today remember anything of an industry of the old town that must have been an extensive one in its time? The dark granite in many walls along our streets and in numerous house foundations is often noticed by visitors in the city and inquiry made about it. And a like inquiry was made years ago in relation to the red gravel that surfaced the broad malls of Boston Common, for both were from the same source. Like many other good things, they were Medford products, though not so widely known or distributed as some others.

The Medford granite was favorably known, and at the time when the polishing process came in vogue was found to lend itself to artistic work equally well with the other varieties.

It is not to this industry that we wish to call attention,

though an interesting article might well (and should be) written thereon by some one conversant with the facts. The industry has long ceased, and the "Quarry road," over which the massive blocks and thousands of loads of red gravel were hauled is now only traversed by solitary horsemen or the carriages of pleasure seekers, or by lovers of nature rambling along its shady and quiet woodland way. Nature has for years been kindly healing the gashes and wounds made by the quarrymen, and the scars that remain are gradually disappearing as the seasons come and go.

Thanks to the efforts of interested and public-spirited men a great natural park is assured to the people, and the old granite quarry lies at its gateway. But a short distance from Forest street and the new boulevard is a rare combination of the natural and the artificial, or rather accidental, an object of interest and one rarely seen, the "Old Man of the Fells." We deem the Old Man worthy of an introduction to our readers and to the public, and show him in his calm and graceful pose in our frontispiece. So far as we know he has never been introduced to the people in print by any one, other than the present writer,* who did so three years ago in the columns of the *Medford Mercury* and *Boston Globe*. To the former the REGISTER is under obligation for its illustrations.

Shortly after such introduction the old man was visited by numerous people, to whom his existence was a revelation. Some took the woodland walk and returned no wiser, having failed to discover him, though passing within a rod of his stony face. Of course the reader will understand that, like every thing else of the kind, all depends on the point of view. As one leaves Forest street and enters the Fells, Quarry road takes him over Gravelly brook. A few rods ahead to the right the rock ledge crops out, the eastern end of the old granite quarry.

* It should be noticed here that the *New England Magazine* has presented a summer view of the same profile, but with no description thereof, in connection with an interesting article on Middlesex Fells by F. W. Coburn.

Whether here was the end or the beginning of the quarrymen's work may never be known, but the farther, or western side of the rock is rent and torn by their blasts, while the eastern and southern are the natural slope.

As one walks along it is simply a woodland vista that he sees. A few steps farther and the massive head begins to assume shape; a little farther and the forehead and eyebrows appear, then the jagged rock, wind-swept, storm-beaten and sun-kissed for long years, present the aquiline nose and firmly set chin of the Old Man of the Fells in his impressive pose. A dignified and restful one it is, too, as he looks northward into the solitude and quiet of his domain, and seems like a watchful guardian of a sylvan shrine.

The Old Man is seen at his best by those who take a winter walk when snow has spread a mantle of ermine over his shoulders and white robes all about him. Then the sharp contrast of his rocky profile is all the more prominent, and under such conditions was our view secured.

A summer visit may be more comfortable to make, but will lack these features. It will have the compensation, however, of bird songs, and the glinting sunlight as it plays through the quivering foliage will lovingly caress his devoted head, no longer with gray locks but many years young.

Unlike most of such weird rock sculpture, the Old Man may be viewed almost as well from the opposite direction, but at a greater distance. A year since the writer walked thither from the Lawrence tower in company with a Western prairie-born lady. To her the wild, rugged scenery of the Fells was something new. As we walked over the height of Quarry road he remarked, "I'm going to introduce one of my friends to you," and she replied, "Oh, yes! I can see him." And sure enough, much to his surprise, he saw for the first time from that direction the placid face of the Old Man of the Fells peering out between the trees and keeping his lonely vigil.

. . . . . .

On the eastern slope of the hill over which the early settlers of Woburn penetrated the primeval forests to locate their Charlestown village, lies a great boulder that is worthy of notice, partly because of its lonely position, and also because of its peculiar shape. No artificial work on this, for ages agone it was left there by the irresistible forces of nature that shaped it thus. It bears the semblance of a great stone beast, and of one that has ever been the human sculptor's favorite, the kingly lion. Reposefully he lies on his rocky bed, his visage grim and dark with the suns and storms of centuries long past. Could he but speak, what a story might be told of those ages long gone; of his far-away home, and how he was left stranded strangely alone on this rocky hillside! Compared with those, the time when the red men came would be modern. And he might tell of the last of that race that dwelt in our city but a few rods away from him, until they went for their last abode farther off in the rocky fastness now known as the Fells. He would tell how the early settlers made their first road northward just behind him, and of the people and traffic that went over it for two hundred years. Within his view, not far away, the first Medford meeting-house was built, and nearer still the woodland lane that still remains led to some early settler's home on Cedar hill beyond the brook.

Not till seventy years ago was the new road (Winthrop street) cut through Sugar-loaf hill, and the stream of travel from Woburn and farther north flowed down at his feet. A little later, when steam had been utilized, some adventurous ones began the building of a railroad. They failed in their effort, and work stopped with the rock-cut beside the lane sixty years ago. For years a band of gypsies had their summer rendezvous just below his rocky lair, but they come no more.

Silent as the Sphinx in Mount Auburn, this Medford one has beheld sorrowful processions pass with their loved ones to the ever increasing but silent city of the dead. Silently, also, has he seen some stranded by the

adverse waves of misfortune wending their way to the city home; but of none of these does he speak, but we may read it all between the lines.

In recent years the modern trolley cars have come nearer him than would those earlier ones, and have met for their passing just below, with their busy human freight. Few, indeed, of all the throng have ever noticed the silent figure on the hillside, or recognized his form silhouetted against the sky. But all the time he has been lying there, stately and serene in reposeful attitude, only waiting for some one to stop in the right place, with eyes to see, camera to carry away the view, and the public print to reproduce by the modern process his leonine majesty on his rocky throne.

His audience chamber is limited to a small area on Winthrop street. His attendants, the cedars, wave their dark green plumes about him constantly, while the birches, like maids of honor in white robes, with fans of summer foliage vie in their attention and make it difficult to see him in all his royal state. The rock ferns are thick about him, and the heavy green moss is like an emerald carpet before his throne, now ages old.

At a respectful distance, from a carefully selected point of view, because of the trees alluded to, may best be seen this boulder that requires but little imagination to be what some one has called it, the "Medford Lion." Just below Brooks street, coming toward Winthrop Square, is the place—and look up. It, with its surroundings, form a bit of natural scenery well worth seeing, but the right position must be taken. This done, the shaggy mane and tail appear clearly, and best when the foliage is gone.

THE 18-18 BOYS.

Such was the name by which a little company of Medford men was for many years known. Various have been the reasons for which clubs have been formed, and equally various the conditions requisite for membership.

In this, there was but one, the accident of birth, and that not of place, but of time.

And so it came about that ten (and perhaps more) Medford men formed a social club with the above name. At the present time, of the coterie born in the year 1818 but one survives,* and he "in age and feebleness extreme." Their names, so far as can now be ascertained, were Asa Law, Marshall Symmes, William B. Thomas, Henry Richardson, Alfred Tufts, Henry Reed, David S. Hooker, Mark Durgin, Samuel F. Woodbridge and John Frost. How many beside Mr. Symmes were natives of Medford is unknown.

Various occupations they had. Mr. Law, who bore the military title of Colonel, was in the engraving business, and also at times officiated as an auctioneer. Mr. Symmes was a farmer, and resided at Symmes' Corner in Upper Medford, in Governor Brooks' birthplace, and when Winchester was incorporated was thus arbitrarily moved out of town. Mr. Thomas was a carpenter, skilled at his trade, and served the town in various offices. Mr. Richardson and Mr. Reed were ship-carpenters in the days when things were lively on the Mystic. Mr. Woodbridge was a Faneuil Hall market-man, and John Frost was a "fish man" whose white head gained him the sobriquet of "Jack Frost." Mr. Tufts was a wheelwright and Mr. Hooker a blacksmith.

The 18-18 Boys, unlike the other social and fraternal societies, were satisfied with one meeting yearly, which they held at the Medford House and indulged in a spread, called by some a dinner, by others a supper. On these occasions each member invited a son or nephew, and one (Colonel Law), who had neither, invited a Tufts College boy, who entertained the company by singing or otherwise. On these occasions the "real boys" wore badges on which the numerals 18-18 were made by boring holes through the same. Two (Richardson and Durgin) were accustomed to present their contributions to the entertainment in rhyme. Inquiry fails to establish the date

* See following article.

when they first met, but probably when they had reached middle life.

One guest was always present and doubtless entertained his hosts with many a good story — George Nichols. But time passed on and Medford's "Old Sexton" (Nichols) could truly say in the words of the song, "I gather them in, I gather them in."

About ten years ago they met for the last time, three (possibly four, as there were but seven) men present on that occasion. They had passed the age of fourscore years, and the memories of the past and their old associations were too much for them to longer gather thus.

This account, meager and perhaps faulty at points, is compiled at the instance of Mr. Francis Wait, who furnishes most of the details. Some are given by Miss Emma, daughter of Colonel Law, and some by Mr. Frederic Symmes, who attended a few meetings, and probably their final one, with his father, who is the only survivor* of the 18-18 Boys of Medford.

*See following article.

MARSHALL SYMMES OF UPPER MEDFORD.

Since the preceding article on the 18-18 Boys was prepared, Marshall Symmes, the last of the company, has passed away. His death occurred on July 19, 1911, at his home in Winchester, of which town he was the oldest resident. He always lived near his birthplace, which was, in 1818 and till 1850, in that part of Upper Medford known as Symmes' Corner. He was seventh in descent from Rev. Zachariah Symmes, the first minister of the Charlestown church.

The ancestral home was upon the minister's farm, granted to him in those early colonial days. Some portions have never passed from, but are still in the family name. The location being in that part of old Charlestown lying northwest of Medford, its residents were obliged to journey through the latter to their meeting-house, and in 1754 their section was annexed thereto.

Incidentally we notice that Governor Brooks was a *native* of Charlestown (and not of Medford, as has been stated), having been born in what became the former residence of Marshall Symmes, and at a date prior to the annexation to Medford.

Reverend Zachariah had a large posterity, many of whom were artisans of various crafts, as well as farmers and professional men, and their mills and shops were scenes of busy industry in the days long gone. At the present time the Marshall Symmes farm is passing somewhat into residential sites, but the name of Symmes' Corner clings to the locality, with its diverging streets, though that of Upper Medford has been well-nigh forgotten by the incorporation of Winchester.

A MEDFORD PROPHECY FULFILLED.

In a breezy article on "Men We Know," in "Medford, Past and Present," George S. Delano, less than seven years ago, made this prophecy, "He will be one of America's highest church officials, granting that his life is spared." Ere a year had passed a former Medford curate, the Rev. William O'Connell, who had begun his priesthood at St. Joseph's Church, was appointed coadjutor to Archbishop Williams of Boston, and another year succeeded him on the arch-episcopal throne.

A man of rare gifts, strong personality, tireless effort, and beloved of all, his recent elevation to the Cardinalate in the Roman Church is noted with satisfaction by many Medford people beside those of his own faith.

It is said that he loved Medford, and was much interested in her welfare during his work here and would willingly have served his people longer and become the parish priest. It was, however, the old story of faithfulness in small things that brings advancement, and the good will of his former townsmen follows him to the high position in his church to which he has been elevated.

Cardinal O'Connell is not the only man who has begun here a career of usefulness. Scattered all along the years

of the old town's history may be found the record of those who have here labored, and their endeavors should be an incentive to the youth of today.

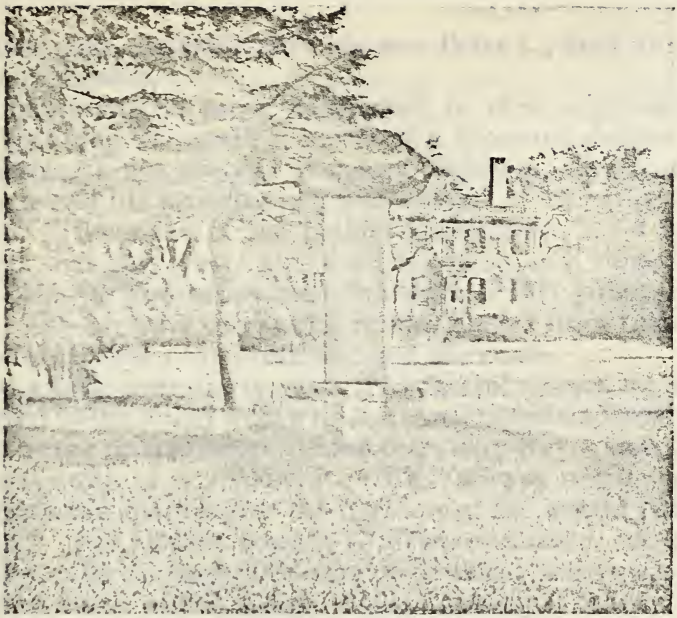
Doubtless our Medford prophet rejoices in the fulfilment of his prophecy.

THE PASSING OF A MEDFORD ESTATE.

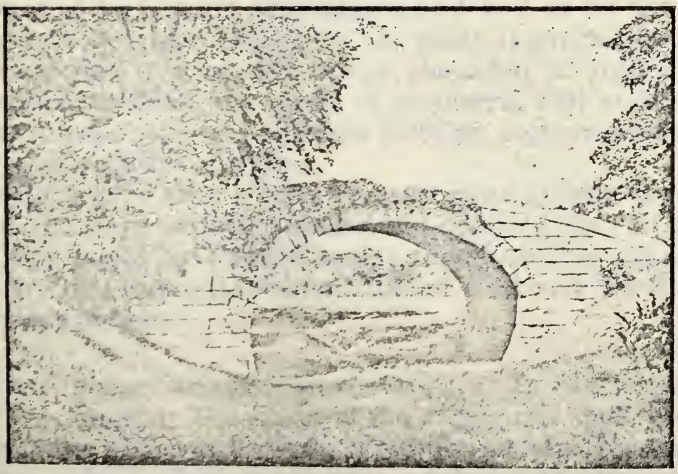
For two hundred and fifty years the name of Brooks has been associated with Medford, as Thomas Brooks bought part of the Cradock farm in 1660. His son Caleb lived in the "mansion house" of Golden Moore, mentioned by Edward Collins in his deed. Since Caleb (the first resident of the Brooks name), successive generations have there had their homes until the recent sale of the estate (including the mansion built by Peter C. Brooks in 1802) to a real estate trust. During the century gradual disposals have been made, but the latest will produce the change most marked.

In 1803 the Middlesex canal, and in 1835 the Lowell railroad, were opened for travel through it. Early in the fifties the southern portion came into the possession of Thomas P. Smith. Oak Grove Cemetery is in the northern border, and also enlarged from this estate. Next, the Playstead took a portion along Whitmore brook, and the residential section near the Gleason school followed. In more recent years the Mystic Valley Parkway has bordered the lake, and the Mystic hickories that were sizable trees when Paul Revere rode by, overlook its winding way.

In the years before the Revolution the home of another Thomas Brooks, "the marrying justice," was at the right of Grove street. The spot is marked by "the old slave wall," and the great black-walnut tree stood before it. It was demolished in 1865, after the building of the stone house on the hill top. Just across the road was the home of Rev. Edward Brooks, who rode away "in his full bottomed wig," and gun in hand followed the British troops on the eventful morning of the first Patriots' Day. This



INDIAN MONUMENT AT WEST MEDFORD.



BRIDGE OVER MIDDLESEX CANAL, IN BROOKS ESTATE, WEST MEDFORD.

Courtesy of Medford Mercury.

has also gone, probably after his son Peter C., built the present mansion.

In improving his estate he erected, in 1820, a granite arch spanning the canal, at a cost of a thousand dollars. Its architect was George Rumford Baldwin, who had just attained his majority, and this was one of his earliest works. The name of the builder is unknown, but it is related that fifty years afterward he came and viewed with pleasure and satisfaction the work of his younger days. The granite composing it was boated from Concord, N. H., down the Merrimac and the canal.

For a little over thirty years its graceful curves were reflected in the placid waters till the canal was abandoned, killed by the rival railroad. Three years later Rev. Charles Brooks wrote of it, hoping it would "always remain, a gravestone to mark where the highway of the waters lies buried." For fifty-six years it had thus remained, when one day, after an imperilled year of doubtful fate, it was, stone by stone, pulled down. Thus "a thing of beauty," missed by many, was sacrificed in the extension of Boston avenue along the old canal site.

It has been said that the "Real Estate Trust" was ignorant of its historic associations, and had so far progressed as to make change in its plans impracticable. However this may be, this bridge, the admired subject of frequent remark, the study of architects and artists and well known by its numerous pictures, succumbed to the commercialism of today.

It might have been a valuable asset in an artistic survey of the once beautiful estate, the central object in a park that would have added beauty thereto, whose value need not be estimated in square feet of land and less by cubic feet of stone.

. . . . . .

In later years, during some excavation, an Indian burial place was found. The bones of the aborigines thus exhumed were given appropriate sepulture by Mr. Francis Brooks, and a unique monument erected with this inscription, "To Sagamore John and those Mystic Indians

whose bones lie here." In recent time this monument, with the vault beneath, has been placed near the bridge site by the present owners of the estate, where it is hoped it may ever remain. An account of the same may be found in the *Medford Mercury*, as also in a previous issue a detailed description of the bridge.

Officers for the Year ending January, 1913.

President.

HENRY E. SCOTT.

Vice-Presidents.

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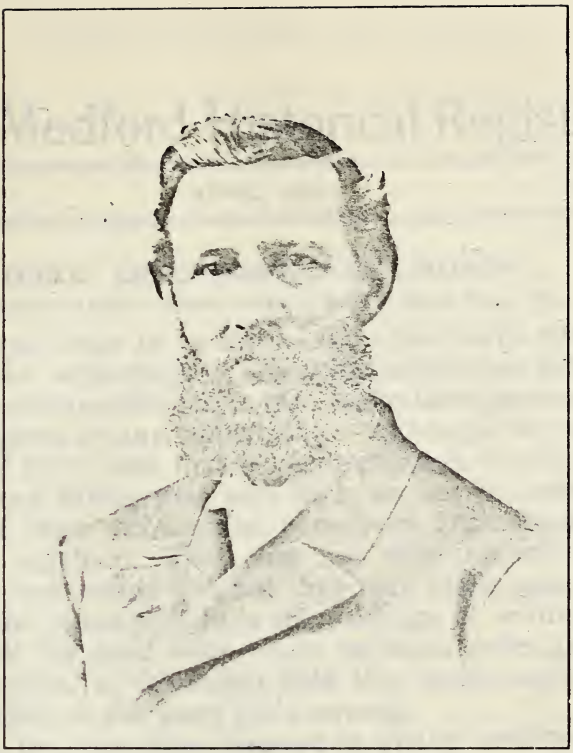
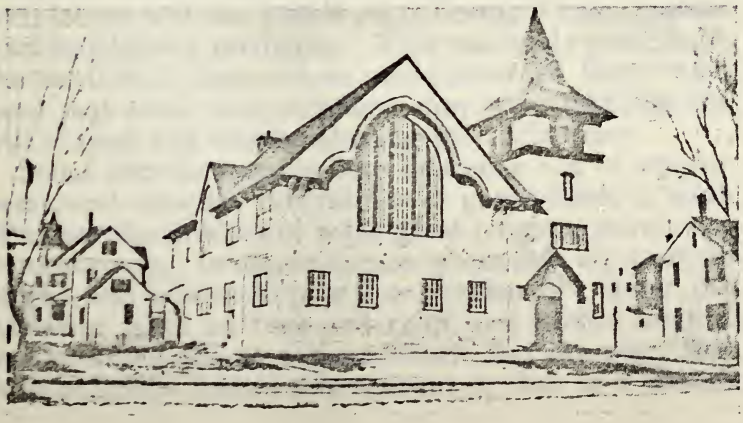


REV. JOHN WILD.



UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XV. APRIL, 1912. No. 2.

UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

[Read before the Medford Historical Society by Henry B. Doland, May 15, 1911.]

IT is a privilege to be able to say a few words relating to the beginnings of any organization that belongs to those constructive forces that make for righteousness and progress in any community. Although the narrative may have little that is picturesque in it, still it is proper and fitting that such facts as can be collected from the brief records that have been kept should be brought together. They may not only interest those who are now concerned, but they may assist some one who in the future may have the privilege of writing the history of the good work yet to be done, under greater opportunities, in the larger field that opens more and more widely as the years glide onward.

Then, too, one takes pleasure in giving testimony of the simple faith and sacrifice of those who were the pioneers in any movement, whose purpose was wholly altruistic, who labored that others might enjoy the fruit of their labors, and that people yet to be might enjoy greater civil or religious privileges. This was made possible by the sacrifice of those whose convictions led them to believe that some way, somehow, they were fulfilling the will of God, and thereby blessing their fellowmen.

Some churches spring into existence out of controversy, and some are evolved out of persecution, or more often are the product of some great religious movement or awakening. In any such case, where men are strongly stirred, and where deep zeal or passion is a factor, the narrative takes on tone and color, and excites interest and attention almost without effort; but the story that is to be briefly told in this account is that of a church

whose life began in the quietest, most prosaic manner, with no excitement, no upheaval, and which owed its origin to no such causes, but rather to the consciousness on the part of its founders that a place convenient for the public worship of God was a necessity in the community, and that the duty of providing and maintaining such a place rested upon them. It will be the story of the feeble beginning of a modest little enterprise, whose originators had no vision of the future, nor anticipated the busy thoroughfares and the teeming life that was yet to cross the quiet fields in the neighborhood where they erected their first altar and opened the doors of their first house of prayer. Although scarce twenty-five years have passed since then, most of those who organized Union Church have finished their labors and passed on to the greater church in Heaven. So far as I can learn, only two families of those who formed her early congregations now worship within her walls.

Five and twenty years ago that section of Medford, now known as South Medford, had very little in common with the rest of the town, and was occupied by about one hundred and twenty families, three-fourths of whom were Protestants. A few of these were associated with the two churches then on Winter Hill in Somerville, and a few others attended the churches in Medford Center. The long, lonely walk to Medford, cold and bleak in winter and hot in summer, and the wearisome climb up Winter Hill, tended to keep many away from church, who would have been glad to attend had there been a more convenient place of worship.

In 1887 the Home Missionary Society of the Congregational Churches engaged Rev. F. I. Kelley (a student in Boston University) to hold preaching services in the chapel at the corner of Broadway and Alfred street. He found quite a company of men and women glad to assemble together for regular worship, and the movement gained such headway that the question of organizing a church soon began to be discussed. The decision was

reached that it would be wise and proper to organize. The Presbyterians had a larger number of adherents than any other denomination among those interested, and Methodists, Baptists, Episcopalians and Congregationalists also were well represented. So it became a question of much importance as to what denomination the new church should ally itself with. After much deliberation they decided that the Congregational form of church government would best satisfy their needs and desires, and somewhat to the surprise of the Congregational pastors in the vicinity, on the 29th of October, 1887, the Union Congregational made a formal beginning as a religious enterprise. It organized with a membership of fifty, twenty-eight of whom were received by letter, and twenty-two upon confession of their faith in Christ. On November 5, 1887, the Articles of Faith and Covenant were adopted by the church, and on the 12th of the same month, Alexander Robertson, Thomas Patterson and Nathaniel P. Richardson were chosen deacons. At the same meeting John G. Thompson was elected as the first clerk. On December 1, 1887, a council was held in the chapel on Broadway, which recognized the new society under the name of the Union Congregational Church of Medford. A large number of delegates from sister churches were present, and Rev. W. S. Alexander preached a sermon at the public recognition services in the evening. In organizing, the church made what was then rather a new departure in Congregational procedure. It provided that the society in whom the title to the property was vested, should consist exclusively of adult members of the church, either male or female. The old custom had been to have the society consist, not of church members alone, but of such adult males as owned or hired sittings in the meeting house. That was a custom which had resulted in the loss of many churches and property to the Congregational body. The Union Church, by vesting the title to all property in the hands of church members only, wisely provided against any future loss to the denomination.

All sittings in the church are free, and always have been so, the expenses being met by voluntary contributions. The chapel on Broadway where they worshiped was owned by private parties, who were not fully in sympathy with the idea of forming a new church. As they did not wish to sell the chapel to the new organization, that body decided to seek other quarters, and succeeded in renting the vacant store at the corner of Main and Harvard streets. After a few weeks' stay in this store, it became evident to the congregation that its new quarters were not adapted to its needs. The larger portion of the worshipers were residents of Medford, and it was their decision that the church should be located within the bounds of Medford to accommodate the community that was growing up in the vicinity of Tufts square. On February 24, 1888, the church voted to buy a lot of land on Marion street, where its present home is located. The Prudential Committee, consisting of Alexander Robertson, N. P. Richardson, Thomas Patterson, Joseph F. Hosford, Samuel Armstrong, J. C. Davidson and J. G. Thompson purchased the lot for $425. They were authorized to act as a building committee, with full power to make contract for a house of worship. On April 20, 1888, this committee reported that it had contracted to build a church edifice fifty feet by thirty feet, to be constructed of wood, on Marion street, during the summer of 1888. The church ratified the action of its committee and work was at once begun on the building.

This decision to build was not arrived at hastily. It was a brave venture to undertake to support public worship, and at the same time raise more than three thousand dollars for a new church edifice. None of the congregation could be called wealthy, and no one of them had an income from which much could be spared without a sacrifice, but they took hold courageously, and by the following November the building was framed and boarded in. Then the work had to pause, for the people had arrived at what seemed to be the limit of their resources.

The house was unclapboarded and only partly shingled, and it appeared as if the congregation could not occupy it that winter. Fortunately, friends in other churches came to the rescue, one of whom offered to give the needed shingles and clapboards if the church people would see that they were put on. They gladly accepted the offer, and the building was shingled and clapboarded.

This friendly assistance from without so inspired the local workers that they succeeded in finishing the vestry so as to make it suitable as a meeting place for the winter, and it was thus used until the main audience room was completed and the church dedicated in November, 1890.

From its starting, sister churches on Winter Hill and those in the Woburn Conference gave friendly counsel and substantial financial aid, and acting under advice and assistance of these friends the church soon completed the new edifice. The sister churches contributed the sum needed to make last payments for the same, and the house, costing $3,000, was dedicated free from debt.

The Massachusetts Home Missionary Society assisted the church in the support of a pastor from the beginning, and has continued its aid up to the present time, although the church at present comes very near to self-support, and contributes liberally toward the various missionary and benevolent organizations of the denomination. The Congregational Church Building Society has assisted towards the expense of the church building when occasion has required such aid. The Mystic Church of Medford presented the first Communion Service, and a member of that church * gave fifty settees for the first house of worship, and also provided a fine furnace and secured the bell that has for so many years called to worship.

Too much praise can hardly be bestowed upon the sacrifice and endeavor of the people themselves. As has been stated, few of the members could contribute very largely, and the continuous demand and strain upon

* The author of this paper. — [*Ed.*]

their resources discouraged the less earnest ones, causing some to withdraw, and leaving only the more devoted ones to continue the work. Among those to whose zeal and faithfulness the continued existence of the church in those early trying days is due, should be remembered Miss Janet Brown, in whose home on Marion street the church organization was first agreed upon; the Fraser sisters; the members of the Robertson, Patterson, Hosford, Richardson, Davidson and Donovan families.

To the first pastor, the Rev. Frederick I. Kelley, and to his devoted wife, are due the lasting gratitude of the members of his flock. Largely through his efforts and courage came the measure of success that marked the first two years of the church's existence. He did excellent work during the organization and building period of the church life. It was his first pastorate, and he threw himself into his trying labors with all the energy of his young manhood. His sermons were earnest and excellent, and he was faithful in his pastoral calling. He resigned July 16, 1889, to accept the call to the Congregational Church at Pigeon Cove, Mass., and his parish soon realized that it would be fortunate indeed if it could secure a successor who would be his equal. He is now pastor of the Old First Church in Derry, N. H., where he has been settled for several years.

On October 27, 1889, Rev. C. C. Bruce, a resident of Medford, came to preach as a supply, and November 3, 1889, was chosen pastor for six months, and continued to serve in that capacity until May 29, 1891. He was a scholarly man and a student, but his physical condition was such that he was not able to do the work needful in a new parish, and as a consequence the church steadily lost ground. Shortly after resigning his pastorate a stroke of apoplexy caused a complete breakdown, and after a few months of suffering he passed away.

The church had no settled pastor after Mr. Bruce's departure until August 14, 1891, when Rev. Benjamin A. Dean came to fill that office. He was a man of intense activity and extended experience. He labored

zealously to upbuild the church, in which endeavor he was faithfully seconded by his wife. During his ministry and through his suggestion and efforts the lot of land next west of the church was purchased and paid for. This proved a wise investment, and a tribute to his enterprise and foresight. The continued growth of the community encouraged the Baptists of South Medford to institute services and organize a church of that order. This drew away quite a number of valued helpers from Union Church and lessened the attendance of both congregation and Sabbath School, and thereby somewhat discouraged both pastor and people. The outlook had then so little of promise that the Home Missionary Society decided that it was inadvisable to any longer assist the enterprise. It withdrew its financial assistance, and matters continued in an unsatisfactory condition until the close of Mr. Dean's pastorate in August, 1895, when he became pastor in Coldbrook, Conn. So far as numerical or financial advance was concerned, the church made little progress during this pastorate. At its close there was much anxiety as to the future, for although the neighborhood was making a substantial growth the church was not. But with the coming of Rev. Isaac Pierson to the pastorate, December 6, 1895, new life and interest began to be manifested. The congregations and contributions were largely increased, new members were added at almost every communion season. An unusually large proportion of them were young men and young women, who made their presence and energy felt in the Endeavor Society and the Sabbath School. There was probably no church in the city that had so large a proportion of young people in its membership. All seemed to feel that a better day was at hand, and several hundred dollars were raised and expended in improving the house of worship. At no time in its history had the church seen such evidences of prosperity. The work glowed and the situation was so full of promise in 1901 that a committee was appointed to consider ways and means of

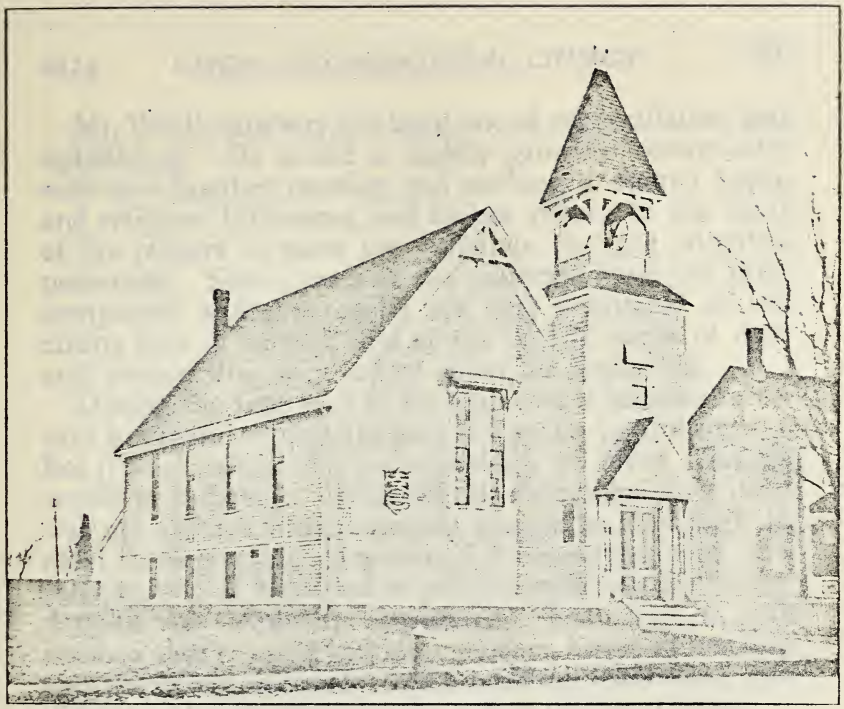
so increasing the capacity of the building as to meet the requirements of the rapidly growing Sabbath School.

This committee, consisting of Messrs. H. B. Doland, H. L. Jones, W. H. Hodgman, G. S. Whitehead and P. H. Hodgman, studied the situation and reported at the annual meeting of the church, October 18, 1901. Its recommendations were adopted, and the society voted to authorize the expenditure of $2,125 to make the proposed alterations and enlargement.

An effort to raise the required sum began at once, and met with such success that by the following April the sum of $1,300 was conditionally pledged, with excellent prospects of raising the entire amount before fall. But in April, 1902, when the church was in a state of revival and all interests seemed progressing favorably, conditions were unhappily changed by one of those unfortunate and uncalled-for incidents that sometimes interrupt and hinder the progress of churches as well as of individuals. This incident so unsettled affairs that the pledges were largely withdrawn, and the plans for enlargement were held in abeyance until difficulties might be cleared away and prosperity return again.

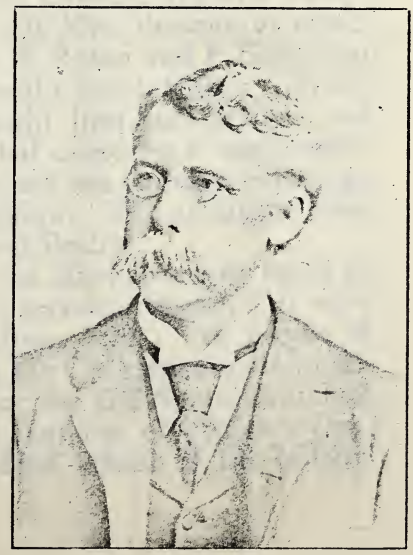
Mr. Pierson was the first pastor of Union Church to be installed or dismissed by council, and continued in his office until October 3, 1903, a period of almost eight years. To him more than to any other was due the cessation of pool selling at the race tracks in South Medford, an accomplishment greatly to his credit, and to which, as to all his duties, he gave his best energies.

After his resignation he removed to Wellesley Hills where he now resides. He left the church much stronger than it was at his coming, with a membership of about one hundred and a Sabbath School of more than two hundred members. Although there was a serious division at the time of his departure, the trouble that overshadowed the work began to pass away soon after the arrival of his successor, the Rev. John Wild, formerly of Hanover, Mass., who began his pastorate May 1, 1904.



FIRST HOUSE OF WORSHIP.

REV. F. I. KELLEY.



REV. ISAAC PIERSON.

Mr. Wild's ministry has been one of reconciliation and upbuilding. He found a rapidly growing community, with new families needing and seeking a church home and religious influences, and he has striven to the limit of his powers to meet the demands that the situation presented. Seven years of his pastorate have just been completed, and the results are very creditable to the efforts both of himself and of the faithful corps of men and women who have rallied under his leadership.

During the first year of his pastorate it became necessary to expend several hundred dollars for improvements, but it was realized that no temporary or minor changes would be sufficient. Evidently the church building itself was not and could not be made commodious enough to meet the increasing demands of the neighborhood, and the question of how best to provide sufficient accommodations was earnestly considered. The decision was reached that a larger and more modern house of worship was absolutely necessary, and a building committee was chosen and authorized to take action looking thereto.

The committee consisted of the pastor, with William H. Hodgman chairman, N. P. Richardson, George W. Pitts, P. H. Hodgman, D. W. Lawson, Wallace Campbell, Mrs. E. E. Armstrong and Mrs. Perkins to represent the church, and Charles H. Rutan and F. S. Norton to represent the Congregational Church Union. Architects and friends were brought into consultation and plans were finally accepted that called for a total expenditure of $12,500. The contract was awarded to George H. Archibald, builder, of Medford. The architects were Messrs. Brainerd and Leeds of Boston.

All friends now rallied to the labor of raising funds to pay for the new temple, for it was determined, if it were possible, to dedicate it free from debt. The people of Medford assisted generously; the Congregational Church Union of Boston gave $2,700; the Old South Church of that city, $5,000; the sister churches of Woburn Conference, $1,150; and the added efforts of the faithful

pastor and his zealous people completed the amount required.

The former house of worship was torn down, and the hall of Lincoln School on Harvard street was secured for a meeting place until the new church was finished. On September 25, 1909, the corner-stone of the new edifice was laid with impressive exercises, which were participated in by the clergy and laymen of the various Protestant churches, and by our mayor, Clifford M. Brewer, who represented the City of Medford.

The work progressed favorably, and the completed house was dedicated February 20, 1910, in the presence of a large and happy assemblage. The church has cause for rejoicing, not only for the completion of the house, but for the display of friendship, and substantial aid extended to them by Christian brethren and the public in general.

The total cost of building and furnishings was $13,700, and the total value of the entire property is rated at $17,000, all clear of any encumbrance.

The edifice is a framed wooden building, one hundred feet by sixty feet, with a large square tower at the southeast corner. The audience room on the second floor has a seating capacity of three hundred and fifty, with class rooms and study in the rear. The vestries and parlors on the ground floor furnish the much-needed and long-desired appliances for the Sabbath School, and for the devotional and social meetings of the church.

During Mr. Wild's pastorate one hundred and twenty-four members have been added to the church roll, making the present number two hundred and two. The complete list of the deacons as per records is, Alexander Robertson, Thomas Patterson, N. P. Richardson, Joseph F. Hosford, George L. Daniels, Walter Nelson, Henry B. Doland, C. A. Van Winkle, William F. Kilton, Harry L. Jones, Israel H. Slocum, Albert Carson, P. H. Hodgman, D. W. Lawson and William R. Faulkner. The Sabbath School, including the Home Department and Cradle

Roll, has three hundred and seventy-one members. The membership of both church and school shows a steady and gratifying increase, and progress is evident along every line.

There have been some very earnest men and women who have very greatly aided in the work of the Sabbath School, and those who have there served as superintendents are recorded as follows: —

John G. Thompson.	Rev. F. I. Kelley.
N. P. Richardson.	James Donovan.
C. A. Van Winkle.	Percy H. Hodgman.

Mrs. E. J. Fuller, Superintendent of Primary Department.
Mrs. Armstrong, Superintendent of Primary Department.

In no department of its activities does the church better serve the needs of the community than in its school. The vicinity is rich in children, and the school has ministered to them with marked success. To no party should more credit be given for this success than to him who for fifteen years or more has faithfully and with untiring zeal acted as the superintendent of the Senior Department of the school. Mrs. Ella J. Fuller, who served as superintendent of the Primary Department for several years, did most excellent and effective work there, and her successors have well followed her lead.

Although many names have been referred to as among the faithful and efficient members, those who know the inner history of Union Church will feel that the lasting gratitude of the church is due to Deacon Harry L. Jones, formerly of Medford (now of Newton, Mass.) for his financial assistance in trying times. But time would fail me to tell of all those faithful souls, both men and women, whose faith and labors have brought the undertaking from a beginning so feeble, so frail, worthy not so much of admiration as of pity, to an expansion so ample, a progress so steady, a promise, yet to be fulfilled, that will, we trust, be glorious.

In the year 1810 Eaton S. Barrett, in his poem entitled "Woman," writes,

"Not she with trait'rous kiss her Saviour stung,
Not she denied Him with unholy tongue;
She, while apostles shrank, could danger brave,
Last at His cross, and earliest at His grave."

And his words, dedicated to the women of the early church, are not altogether inapplicable to many of the noble company of consecrated women of Union Church who, throughout its entire history, in season and out of season, through heat or cold, have never failed to inspire and assist at each and every time of need.

And it is altogether fitting and proper to here affirm that, had it not been for the steadfast allegiance and continued financial support of the ladies, acting through their earlier organization, the Ladies' Aid Society, and its successor, the Ladies' Christian League, the subject of this story could never have attained to more than a small measure of its present achievement.

In all lines of activity and sacrifice their devotion and service have been foremost factors in continuing and expanding the usefulness of their beloved church.

As one looks back over the quarter of a century and recalls face after face of that devoted band of women, some still a part of the church on earth and others numbered with the greater company of the redeemed in Heaven, there comes a deep feeling of regret that the scope of this article permits of only a general rather than an individual tribute of praise to be given here and now.

"The Master praises: what are men?"

Among the pleasing facts to state about this organization is that it has been blessed in having had a succession of pastors who strove to preach the Gospel; men who have not been infected with the fever of doubt and radicalism that has disturbed and helped to decimate too many Congregational churches. Whatever any of them may have failed in, not one has failed to give an evangelical note to his preaching. And the people, too, are as strongly evangelical in faith and practice as their

pastors have been, and have little toleration and less respect for that imported gospel that now and then comes to us from some German theological toy shop.

It is time to draw this article to a close, but before doing so a word of tribute will be permitted to the last of this group of pastors, the Rev. John Wild, who passed away, October 25, 1911. It is a valuable asset to any religious society to have as its leader one whom the whole community respects for his manly and ministerial qualities, and one whom the somewhat narrower circle of intimates loves and esteems as a pastor or friend. Such a man was the one whom I have just named. He came to this city seven years ago to a parish presenting many problems that he realized would tax all his powers and faculties, and he has more than fulfilled all that could be asked of him. His works bear ample testimony to his sterling worth as an organizer and a Christian leader and pastor.

> "His life was gentle; and the elements
> So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'"

In closing this brief review of the past, with its detail of successful struggle and endeavor, we proffer this to the church as a guiding principle for the future:—

> "Give to the winds thy fears;
> Hope, and be undismayed;
> God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
> God shall lift up thy head."

THE WALNUT TREE HILL DIVISION OF THE STINTED PASTURE.

[Read before the Medford Historical Society by John H. Hooper, February 19, 1912.]

In the year 1637 the large tract of land situated at the present time within the limits of the Cities of Somerville and Medford, being a part of the common lands of the Town of Charlestown, was divided into rights of pasturage. A large committee was chosen to do this, or "to stint the common," and to determine the number of cow-commons which one hundred and thirteen inhabitants should have in this pasture. The agreement was as follows: "In consideration of the straitness of common on this side of the Mistick river it was agreed that all the ground from the town to Menotomies river that is without the enclosures, shall be reserved in common for such cattle as are necessarily to be taken care of near home, as milch cows, working cattle, goats and calves of the first year and each one to have a propriety of the same, according to the proportions underwritten for such cattle above specified, either of their own or any they should let, unto the same kind and not otherwise —."

In the year 1685 that portion of the common lands situated between Menotomy road (Broadway) and Mystic river and bounded westerly by Menotomy river (Alewife brook) and easterly by Governor John Winthrop's "Ten Hills farm," and known as the Walnut Tree hill division of the stinted pasture, was set off to the several proprietors whose names appear upon a plan hereto annexed, "to be their propper right and Estate." The amount of pasturage allotted for each cow, or "Cow-Common," was three and one-half acres.

Prior to the year 1637 there were no restrictions as to the number of cattle to be pastured on the common lands, but when the number increased so that the pasturage was insufficient, it became necessary to stint the pasture, or to limit the number of cattle to be pastured there by each inhabitant. Hence the term of "The Stinted Pasture."

There were three roads, or rangeways, laid out through this pasture, that extended northerly from the Menotomy road to Mystic river, and were called the first, second and third rangeways. These rangeways were laid out two rods in width and the width between the ways was eighty rods, making the width of each range or plot of land forty rods. The first rangeway is mostly closed at the present day, only a small portion being now visible where it connected with the Menotomy road.

When Lieut.-Gov. John Usher owned the Royall farm he purchased a portion of the stinted pasture and closed a portion of this rangeway. A complaint was made to the selectmen of Charlestown that he had stopped up a rangeway running through his farm and he was ordered to open the way forthwith. There is no evidence that this order was complied with. The ancient ford was situated at the Medford end of this rangeway.

The second way is laid out as a public way and is known as Curtis street in the City of Somerville and Winthrop street in the City of Medford. Near this rangeway and close to the river stood the house of James Tufts, also the shipyards of Paul Curtis and Jotham Stetson.

The third way is also a public way and is known as North street in both cities. This street, as laid out, varies somewhat from the location of the rangeway. Prior to the laying out of these two ways they were encroached upon and in some places entirely closed by the adjoining owners.

The third rangeway was sometimes called Cook's lane. There are four ways leading westerly from the third rangeway, two of them to the marshes through land of Lieut. John Cutler. The third way was situated between land of John Blaney and land of Susanna White, leading to the land of John Dickson, and was called the way to Dickson's land.

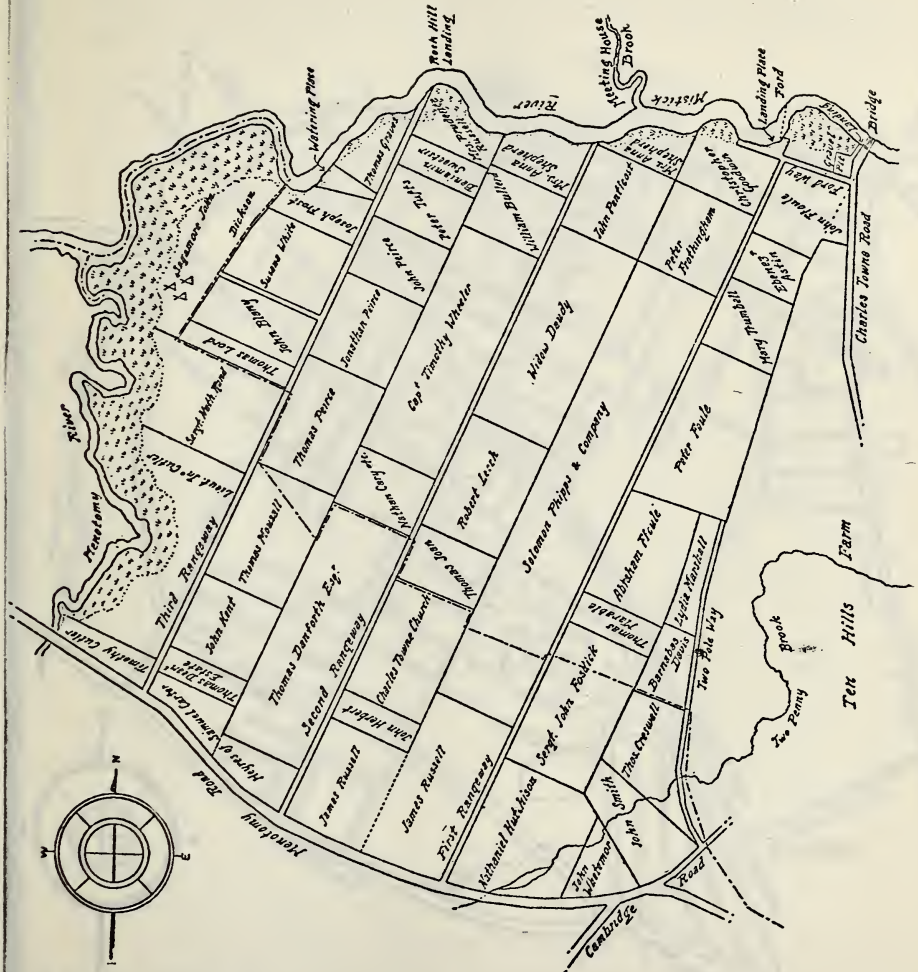
The fourth way, situated between land of Joseph Frost and land of Thomas Graves, led to the common landing

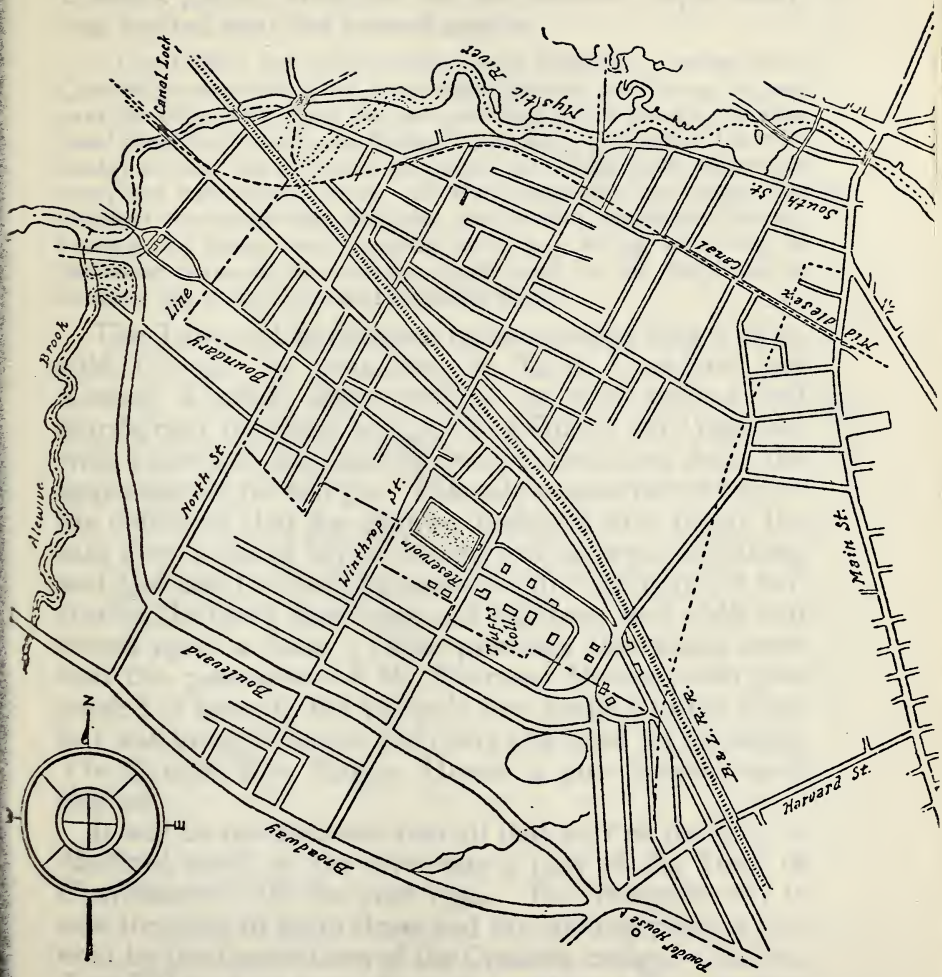
or watering place. This way was two rods in width where it connected with the rangeway and along the river; the length of the landing place was thirteen and one-half rods. This landing place was known in recent years as Second Beach, and by the action of the Metropolitan Park Commission in changing the course of the river this landing has been obliterated. The house of the Rev. William Smith stood on land shown as that of Thomas Graves.

Another way, two rods in width, was laid out from the highway now known as Warner street in the City of Somerville and Harvard street in the City of Medford. The easterly line of this way was the westerly boundary of Governor Winthrop's Ten Hills farm, and is in part the boundary line between the Cities of Medford and Somerville. This way extended to Peter Foule's lot, it being the lot now owned by the heirs of the late George L. Stearns and upon which their mansion house is situated. The spring on said heirs' land, over which the brick tower stands, is on land formerly belonging to the Ten Hills farm.

There was a way two rods in width called in the early days "the way to the ford," and in later times "Fish-house lane," which extended from the highway (Main street) to land of Christopher Goodwin, the northerly line of whose land was in part bounded by this way. The southerly end of the ancient ford or landing place was on the northerly side of this way, opposite land of Goodwin, and contained about one-half an acre. A portion of this landing place is now a part of the estate of Mr. F. E. Chandler. This location was the site of the ship-yard of Mr. James Ford, and later the yard of Mr. George Fuller. This way is now known as South street. The improvements made by the Metropolitan Park Commission have destroyed this landing place.

In the year 1644 Gov. John Winthrop, in his journal, describes the following incident as taking place at a ford in Mystic river. From a careful study of the story it is


Rock Hill Landing
Watering Place
Meeting House Brook
Landing Place
Ford
Bridge
River
Mistick
Charles Towne Road
Meadow
Third Rangeway
Second Rangeway
First Rangeway
Thomas Danforth Esq.
Thomas Dane
Thomas Graves
Thomas Kendall
John Kent
Thomas Bellingham Esqr.
Samuel Lane
John Hefter
James Russell
Nathaniel Hutchinson
Sergt. John Ruddick
Thos. Crewes
Barnabas Lewis
Lydia Mansfield
Two Pole Way
Two Penny Brook
Ten Hills Farm
Meadow Gutter
Meadow Gutter
Meadow Gutter



SECTION OF CITY MAPS, 1910, WITH COURSE OF CANAL ADDED.

evident that the ford referred to was at this place, and that the parties lived near the farmhouse of Governor Cradock (called Meadford on the ancient maps) which was located near the present square.

"One Dalkin and wife dwelling near Meadford, coming from Cambridge where they had spent their Sabbath and being to pass over the River at a Ford, the tide not being fallen enough, the husband adventured over, and finding it too deep, persuaded his wife to stay awhile, but it raining very sore, she would needs adventure over, and was carried away with the stream past her depth, her husband not daring to go help her, cried out and thereupon his dog, being at his house near by, came forth, and seeing something in the water, swam to her, and she caught hold on the dog's tail, so he drew her to the shore and saved her life."

The Town of Charlestown, by vote passed May 8, 1723, sold, through its committee, to Aaron Cleveland and Samuel Kendall, about one-half an acre, upland and marsh, near the great bridge, "The Gravel Pit," together with a two-pole way leading down to the river, above the upper side of the bridge. This sale was authorized upon the condition that the grantee maintain and repair the said town's half of Mystic bridge and causeway adjoining and also build a dwelling house (within two years) of two stories, thirty-six feet long and eighteen feet wide, two rooms upon a floor. These premises afterwards came into the possession of Mr. Ebenezer Merrow, who proceeded to fence in the two-pole way leading to the river, but was brought before the court and fined for so doing. The Central Fire Engine House is now located upon this lot.

It will be remembered that all that part of the City of Medford south of the river was a part of the Town of Charlestown until the year 1754. The two-pole way is now included in Main street and the landing place is covered by the foundations of the Cradock bridge. Walnut Tree hill took its name from the walnut trees growing upon it.

The parties to whom these lots were granted were obliged to pay the Town of Charlestown for the wood

standing on their lots, as will appear by the records of that town, and it is evident that at that date (1685) there was still quite a forest standing upon this pasture. It was within the limits of this pasture, portions of which were then covered with a thick forest, that Governor Winthrop lost his way while taking a walk and was obliged to pass a night in an Indian hut. According to a map made about the year 1633, Sagamore John, son of the Squa Sachem, had a residence on the westerly slope of Walnut Tree hill, near the pumping station of the Mystic Water Works.

An illustration of the condition of this pasture is afforded by the incident above referred to, and which is related in Winthrop's "History of New England":—

"October 11, 1631, the Governor, being at his house at Mistick, walked out after supper, and took a piece in his hand, supposing he might see a wolf (for they came daily about the house and killed swine, calves, etc.) and being about half a mile off, it grew suddenly dark, so as in coming home, he mistook his path and went till he came to a little house of Sagamore John, which stood empty. There he stayed and having a piece of match in his pocket (for he always carried about him, match and a compass and in the summer snake weed), he made a good fire near the house and lay down upon some old mats, which he found there, and so spent the night, sometimes walking by the fire, sometimes singing psalms and sometimes getting wood, but could not sleep. It was (through God's mercy) a warm night, but a little before day it began to rain, and, having no cloak, he made shift by a long pole to climb up into the house. In the morning there came thither an Indian Squaw but perceiving her before she opened the door, he barred her out, yet she stayed there a great while assaying to get in. At last she went away and he returned safe home. His servants having been much perplexed for him, and having walked about and shot off pieces, and hallooed in the night, but he heard them not."

The Governor's house at Mystic stood upon the southeasterly slope of Winter hill, within the present limits of the City of Somerville, a short distance from the boundary line between the Cities of Medford and Somerville.

Lieut.-Col. Charles Lidgett came into full possession of Ten Hills farm in the year 1685. Colonel Lidgett

was the friend and adherent of Sir Edmund Andros, the first royal governor of New England during the Inter-Charter period. The assertion of Governor Andros that the abrogation of the first colonial charter re-invested all land titles in the Crown caused wide-spread consternation. Some proprietors endeavored to strengthen their titles by procuring deeds from the Indians, which acts brought forth from the Governor the criticism "That their hand was no more worth than the scratch of a bear's paw." He confirmed to his friend Colonel Lidgett his title to the Ten Hills farm, and also granted him the stinted pasture. Colonel Lidgett then began to prosecute the rightful owners of this pasture for cutting wood and other alleged trespasses. This grant became void upon the downfall of the Andros administration. Colonel Lidgett was arrested and thrown into prison at the time of the arrest of Governor Andros. He was released on bail and went to England in February, 1689–'90, where he died in 1698.

At the time Colonel Lidgett went to England the northerly part of his farm was leased to Thomas Marabel. This lease contained one hundred acres, a part of which was a portion of the stinted pasture. It is supposed that he resided in the old part of the Royall house, as there was no other dwelling house upon the Ten Hills farm within the present limits of the City of Medford except the farm house occupied by Joseph Whittemore, which stood on the site recently occupied by the Mystic house, and which was removed to the brick-yard on Buzzell's lane, near College hill, where it was destroyed by fire less than a year ago.

In the year 1662 Lieut. Richard Sprague agreed with the selectmen of Charlestown to make up and maintain

"All that fence belonging to said common, between it and Mr. Winthrop's farm, which said fence is to begin at Mistick bridge and so along in the line between the said common and Mr. Winthrop's farm, to a rock which is for a bound mark about some six

or seven poles on the southeast side of Winter's brook, where it is to meet Mr. Winthrop's farm fence. The fence is to be made sufficiently, and so maintained for one and twenty years. In consideration whereot the said Lieutenant Richard Sprague is to have the use of twenty Cow Commons for the full term of twenty-one years. Also liberty to make use of any stones or brush from the Common for making and repairing said fence. It was also agreed that what the said fence shall be adjudged worth at the end of the aforesaid term of one and twenty years more than it is at the present is to be payed unto the said Richard Sprague or his Assigns. The fence at present is adjudged worth thirty pounds by mutual consent."

Tufts College is situated within the limits of this pasture, upon the summit of Walnut Tree hill, now known as College hill. The boundary line between the Cities of Somerville and Medford passes through its grounds. The establishment of the college was the work of the Universalist denomination. It received its name from Mr. Charles Tufts of Somerville, who gave it twenty acres of land upon the condition that it be made the site of a college and should bear his name. He afterwards increased his gift of land to the amount of nearly one hundred acres. The charter of the college was granted by the General Court, April 21, 1852.

Walnut Tree hill is also the site of the reservoir built by the City of Charlestown as a part of its Mystic water supply. Ground was broken for this reservoir in the spring of the year 1861.* After Mystic pond was abandoned as a water supply this reservoir fell into disuse. It is now used as a part of the water supply system of the Metropolitan Water Works.

Across this pasture was located the Middlesex Canal, thirty feet in width and four feet deep. Chartered June 22, 1793, discontinued 1852. The Boston and Lowell Railroad location also runs across this pasture. Chartered June 5, 1830.

This paper is mostly extracts from papers previously prepared and read before the Society, but it was deemed

* Mr. Hooper was present and witnessed the ceremony. The turf that covered the reservoir embankment came from land near the Second beach and reimbursed the owner of the land for his purchase thereof. [*Ed.*]

expedient to embody all extracts relating to the subject in one paper in order to more fully explain the annexed maps. The lines of several lots were difficult to locate. The central lots are fairly accurate; some of those on the westerly side of the pasture near Menotomy river and those on the easterly side can only be approximately located.

A LOCAL GEOGRAPHY LESSON.

On page seven of Brooks' "History of Medford" is this statement: "There was till recently (1855) but one island in the river, and that near the shore in Malden, at Moulton's Point, and is called 'White Island.' Two have since been made, one by cutting through 'Labor in Vain,' and the other by straightening the passage above the bridge."

Mr. Brooks made no mention of the small island just below Wear bridge, though it is shown on contemporary maps and plans and was supposed to be of natural formation. It was usually considered a part of the "Smith estate" in West Medford, and was alluded to (as also its removal) by Mr. Hooper in his "History of Medford" in 1905 (page 10).

At the present writing (September, 1911) there is on its site a temporary dam of earth across the entire width of the river, as also another above the bridge, the outflow of Mystic lake being carried in an iron conduit during the deepening of the channel beneath the bridge. Steam dredging machines are completing the work begun eight years ago, alluded to by Mr. Hooper. This completed, the lower lake will be accessible for boats at its new level, the upper reach of the river having been impassable since the closing of the dam at Cradock bridge. Then will be realized the desirability of a lock in the dam which was erected at the Partings in 1863 by the City of Charlestown, which made the erstwhile Medford pond the Upper and Lower Mystic lakes. Should one be built,

it may be possible to go from Boston to "Lake Innitou" (choose between this name, Horn pond or "Lake of the Woods" of 1819) by motor boat, as well as to Spy pond in Arlington or Fresh pond in Cambridge, as Winchester is planning a water park all its own.

. . . . . .

Under date of May 2, 1856, Caleb Swan interleaved his copy of Brooks' history with the following: —

White Island is within an eighth of a mile above Malden Bridge. In very high tides it is covered with water, same as the surrounding marshes; it contains about 14 acres.

It was bought of the Town of Charlestown about 1787 by Sam[l] Swan Jr. then of Charlestown; he had the grass and sedge cut and taken to Medford in a scow, every year for many years after he lived in Medford. He then some years sold the grass to a man in Reading, for $30 a year — and sometimes for half the grass delivered to him in Medford.

After his death in 1825 the island was owned by his son Dr. Swan of Medford, who sold the crop of grass for $15 to $20 per year. In 184– he sold the island to Atwood & Brothers of Boston, for planting Oysters on the Flats. Soon after this the Flats on the East side were claimed by a person in Malden as being formerly part of the mainland of Malden, and a suit was brought, but it was shown in Court by Dr. Swan to have been an Island on the first settlement of the Country and the suit wholly failed.

Now that fifty-five years have passed, a look at White island may be of interest. When the Eastern railroad located its Boston terminus on Causeway street, removing the same from East Boston, its tracks were laid from Chelsea over the Mystic and across White island. The building of the Charlestown Gas Works had ruined the oyster beds. The island was gradually enlarged until similar filling from the Malden (Everett) shore reached it and the place was an island no longer. At the present time it is thickly covered with factories of various kinds, chemical works, and the accessories of railroad work, all in marked contrast to the days of Dr. Swan.

MEDFORD MEDICINE.

The newspapers of a century ago contain relatively as many advertisements of wonderful medicines as those of today. "Cyrus Holbrook, Druggist, At the Sign of St. Luke's Head, No. 56 Hanover Street," in the *Independent Chronicle*, Boston, Thursday, June 22, 1815, gives the following testimonial, among others, concerning the efficacy of Dr. Rolfe's Botanical drops: "Mr. Seth Bradford, of Medford, Shipwright, was 12 years afflicted with a fever sore leg, after every assistance had failed, was cured by these drops, and at his particular request the same is made known for the benefit of the public."

The *Columbian Centinel*, Boston, Wednesday morning, July 12, 1826, advertising the merits of Dr. Crawford's pills, says they may be obtained of the proprietor, and by his appointment, among others of N. Mead, Medford, Mass.

ELIZA M. GILL.

PEDIGREE OF A MEDFORD TREE.

Mrs. Ellen M. Gill rooted a cutting from a willow tree growing on the Hayes estate at Lexington. She gave it to Mr. C. N. Jones, who in 1891 planted it on the Washington School grounds. It has grown to the sizable tree now to be seen at the east side of the schoolhouse. The Lexington tree from which "Mother Gill" got the cutting was grown from a similar cutting taken from a willow at Washington's Mount Vernon estate.

E. M. G.

COMMUNICATED BY MISS ELIZA M. GILL.

Town meeting, April 4, 1796; "Voted that Benjamin Hall, Esq^{r}, Hon^{b} John Brooks Esq^{r}, James Wyman Rich^{d} Hall & Samuel Swan be a Comm^{te} to view and considder the expediency of having a Road from the Market-place to Oak's road so called & make report thereon." Query, Where was Oak's road?

AN OLD MEDFORD ADVERTISEMENT.

A well-worn paper, made from rags, torn, and with frayed edges, about six and one-quarter by seven and one-quarter inches in size, tells a bit of Medford's business history: —

DRUGS AND MEDICINES

To be Sold at the Sign of St. LUKE'S *Head, in* MEDFORD, *By*

Augustus Hunt

—ALSO—

A general assortment of

WEST-INDIA GOODS

— VIZ. —

BOHEA Tea, Souchong, do. Green, do. West-India Rum, Brandy, Sugars, Cinamon, Cloves, Mace, Nutmegs, Allspice, Pepper, Figs, Tamarinds, Raisins.

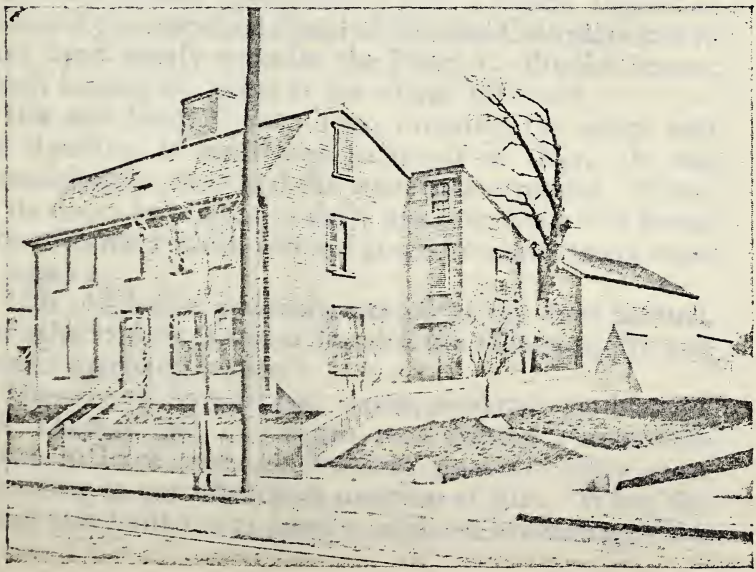
☞ The above articles will be sold as cheap as can be bought in Boston, for Cash or Country Produce.

*** *Every favour gratefully acknowledged.*

Reference to the public records shows that Augustus Hunt (residence given as of Boston) married Nabby Tarbot of Medford, December 31, 1795. Query, When did Mr. Hunt open his store at the Sign of St. Luke's Head?

Recorded as born in Medford is the name Susannah Dexter Blanchard, March 19, 1795. Across the back of the above announcement is written in good black ink, "Medford June 15, 1797, Susannah Blanchard's Hair was cut of — hur Age Two yearis & Two months & 26 Days." Her fond parents evidently wrapped some hair in the paper, making record of the cutting.

OLD SLAVE WALL.
Built by Pomp, negro of Thomas Brooks, about 1765.



JONATHAN WATSON HOUSE.

Courtesy of the Medford Mercury.

The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XV. JULY, 1912. No. 3.

THE OLD SLAVE WALL.

[Mention of this wall, elsewhere in this issue, suggests the present writing.]

A LITTLE way up Grove street in West Medford is a brick wall, capped with thin slabs of stone, with a granite post at the southern end. Lilac bushes grow closely beside it, and till recently hid a part of it from view.

Observant passers ask "why this wall of bricks, when all the rest is of Medford granite?"

To answer this query, and to preserve a record of this Medford antiquity ere it is forgotten (or removed), the REGISTER presents as its frontispiece; "The Old Slave Wall," with this sketch thereof.

Samuel Brooks (grandson of that Thomas Brooks of Concord who purchased land of Edward Collins) is said to have lived nearly opposite the Peter C. Brooks house; which locates his home at the site of this wall.

His son Samuel, born 1700, inherited the estate, and the dwelling is mentioned as intact in 1855. It was demolished in 1860 and the materials removed. Some of its doors have been in daily use ever since in a house soon afterward built, and are good for many years more of service.

This old house, probably erected by the first Samuel, was inherited by Thomas Brooks, the village squire and noted "marrying justice."

The second Samuel had slaves, as shown by his will, and Thomas had one negro man named Pomp, who seems to have been his master's general utility man, according to our historian's mention of him. When the house was built, it was faced southward according to the

custom of the time, and three black walnut trees planted before it. It was doubtless at its erection the finest house in this quarter, and a curved driveway extended from the street, past the end of the house, and joined the street again. Beside the street and between the ends of the drive was this brick wall constructed, and bordered with a row of lilacs. Tradition has it that Pomp made the bricks, as well as built the wall, and it is doubtless true. Some fifty years ago there was a story current that the bricks were brought from England — incorrect however. Mr. Edward Brooks in 1875 told the present writer that the bricks were made from clay dug on the estate, and was much amused at such a story finding credence.

This house of Samuel, Thomas, and lastly of Gorham Brooks, is shown in the history of Medford (Brooks', '55) with the great black walnut trees before it, and also the brick wall, granite post and lilac bushes.

In this picture the house is shown with a massive chimney. A wide and latticed veranda extended around two sides, while along the edge of the lawn was a fence of two rails with a chain suspended from the post tops. In the distance the cars with the big stacked engine are seen on the railroad; these latter were a comparative novelty then.

Today but one of the trees remains — "one, but a lion," a magnificent and rare specimen of its kind. The writer can remember when there were two. It has been feared that this last might succumb, and the ground beneath and around it has been enriched. Five generations have lived and passed away since Pomp made the bricks and built the wall. The next estate is now in new ownership and new residents are coming to the ancestral acres and into the new houses being built thereon.

The faithful, honest work of the humble black man stands; a monument of his industry, a memorial of him.

It is an example of the permanency of the useful, and one of the few remaining vestiges of slavery in Medford.

A few years ago the lilacs that had overgrown the wall were removed from the street, revealing the entire wall which is supposed to have been built about a century and a half ago.

THE JONATHAN WATSON HOUSE.

WHILE the present issue of the REGISTER has been in preparation one of Medford's old houses has been demolished, preparatory to extensive improvements in the immediate vicinity.

Built by Jonathan Watson in 1738, it has, till within the past eleven years, been constantly occupied, and is worthy of more than a cursory notice.

When first erected, the Watson house had but four finished rooms, two on each floor, and two unfinished attics, the latter lighted by one window in each gable, and was of the gambrel roof type, then so much in favor. Its front door opened between the rooms into an entry, which, with the winding staircase, only occupied about a third the width of the house, the rest being filled by the massive chimney and fireplaces. The latter were at last small, having been bricked in on all sides, and underneath the massive wooden beam extending across the top and built into the masonry. According to the ancient custom of joinery, the entire end of each room next the chimney was of panelled wood-work, and the staircases mortised and tenoned so as to be self-supporting, though the lower flight had later a closet built under. The panel work was carefully removed, to be used in the renovation of the slave quarters at the Royall House.

The exterior of the house presented a quaint appearance, with its long and narrow, small-paned windows, the colonial doorway, and the weather boarding extending to the corner angles without the usual and more modern corner board.

Mr. Watson gave the west half of the house to his daughter, Abigail, the widow of Samuel Angier, probably

by will, though we have not ascertained the date of his demise. Mrs. Angier kept a "dame's school" in her only first-floor room at some time after her husband's death.

The eastern portion went to Mr. Watson's son Jonathan, who, with his sister, sold the property and moved to Upper Medford, now known as Symmes' Corner in Winchester. Timothy Fitch was the purchaser, and was then a resident of Boston and Nantucket. He never lived in this house, and it would seem that he purchased for investment. Later he became a resident of Medford, buying the home of Parson Turell not long after the latter's death, which occured in 1778.

Mr. Fitch enlarged the house by building at its rear, extending the new portion by the ends of the original house, and building a large chimney therein. This part was divided into numerous rooms, and sheds extended backward. He did not remove the old gambrel roof, but covered the new portion with a roof of one continuous slope backward, the rafters being fitted against the older ones. The attics of the older part were roughly plastered between the joists and the mode of construction easily seen.

In his turn he gave the eastern half next the meeting-house to his son Charles, then a bachelor, and the westtern to his daughter, also an Abigail. She is said to have lived and died a "*quasi*" widow, for her Scotch husband, Hugh Tarbett, was a Loyalist, and decamped with the Tories in 1776.

Charles Fitch rented his half to General John Brooks (afterwards and for seven years governor), who had taken up the practice of medicine in Medford after the Revolution. It was here that he was living when President Washington visited him while on his New England tour, in October, 1789, coming from Boston early in the morning, and going from Medford to Salem.

The Medford schoolhouse was then close by and the school kept by Mr. Prentiss. He ranged his young charges before the house, each holding a quill that the

illustrious visitor might know that they were school children. Seventy years afterward the testimony of aged residents — these former school children — was gathered up by one interested, and incidents carefully noted. Of these written, but unpublished, notes we mention a few. One who was then a young miss tells how gaily she was attired, and speaks of the polite bow the President accorded her as he passed her home. Another, a boy, and of course interested in horses, tells of the cavalcade of gentlemen that escorted Washington from Boston, and how the horses were cared for at his father's stable, where is now the vacant Magoun mansion. Another girl remembers her elders of the women telling how General Brooks requested Mrs. Brooks to have Indian corn cakes for breakfast, knowing his superior's especial liking therefor.

In after years, when a Medford boy visited Governor Brooks, who took great pride in his garden and was taking the boy about it, the Governor told him with much pleasure of his illustrious visitor, remarking that it was their last interview.

The house had a succession of tenants till in 1810 Samuel Swan became its owner and occupant, dying at sea in 1823. His widow Margaret, commonly called Peggy, Swan, continued to reside there and rented a portion of the house until her passing away.

Of the occupants during the past fifty years we can speak with certainty of but one, the last, Cleopas Johnson, who died there on December 17, 1902. He was a carpenter and builder and a thorough mechanic, as was also his partner and brother, Theophilus. The brothers were familiarly called "Cope" and "Tope" by all the old-timers of Medford. Cleopas outlived his brother. When the Unitarian Church was burned he rang the bell in alarm until the rope burned off and fell, useless.

The old Watson house has been a near neighbor to three houses of worship: the last built by the town; the Unitarian, built in 1839 (on which was the old Paul Revere

bell and the clock given by Peter C. Brooks, both in service on the former house and destroyed by the fire); and the present stone edifice of the First Parish.

Since Cleopas Johnson's death the house has been unoccupied and falling into decay. It is now to give place to dwellings of modern type and containing such accessories and conveniences as were little dreamed of when Mr. Watson built it or Doctor Brooks entertained America's first President within its walls.

The room that was the doctor's office was very unpretentious as compared with those of modern practitioners, but the fireplace where the corn cakes were cooked for Washington's breakfast was a substantial one of generous size, and supported by a massive arch in the cellar. These were in the newer part added by Timothy Fitch. The fireplaces in the original house were much larger, and the one in the west room had the "chimney corner" where the old people sat snugly ensconced beside the fire which roared up the great chimney. In this the mantle-tree was an oaken stick nine by twelve inches in size and over ten feet long. This fireplace was at first nearly three feet deep, and at two subsequent times was reduced in size by building smaller fireplaces within and shutting off the chimney corner.

The various stages of alteration were clearly defined, lime mortar being used in these, while the chimney itself was of a different kind of bricks, laid in clay mortar, with square tile for hearths.

The house was at the time of its erection a pretentious one as to style, and had the peculiarity of long windows reaching the ceiling, with blinds on the outside, made in one leaf instead of two. Some of these still remained. Probably those of two leaves that were in such marked contrast to the former replaced those destroyed in the great tornado of 1851.

The outside finish about the front door was an elaborate piece of workmanship, while the door, of more modern construction, had on its inside the old-fashioned

"barn-door hinges" of wrought iron, probably made by the village blacksmith of long ago.

About 1830 a swarm of bees took possession of a vacant space in the roof near the attic floor, remaining there several years. In the demolition of the house the workmen found evidences of the same on the boards and timbers.*

As we noticed the detail of construction and the demolition of this old landmark that has housed so many and notable people, we wondered if the workmen of today will erect their modern buildings so they may last as long as has the Jonathan Watson house that overlooked the old training green in Medford.

MEDFORD AND BUNKER HILL.

A framed certificate of membership in the Bunker Hill Monument Association issued to Joseph Wyman, Jr., hangs in the library of the Medford Historical Society. It was signed by the president, John Brooks, also by Daniel Webster, Edward Everett, John C. Warren and others.

When funds were needed for the completion of Bunker Hill Monument the women gave their help and held a fair in Quincy Hall, Boston, September 8, 1840, that lasted seven days. Twenty cities and towns supplied tables, Boston having quite a number, and on a list of forty tables *Medford* ranked number seven in the net sum handed in, making a creditable showing of $606. The *Medford* table was presided over by *Mrs. Angier* and *Mrs. Hall.*

—E. M. G.

On page 23, vol. XIV., the REGISTER gives the names of thirty-seven Medford men who contributed to the monument fund, doubtless in the earlier days of its erection.

*See REGISTER, Vol. XI, page 46, for an account of same.

The table of the Medford women in the fair in Quincy Hall was numbered 11, three Boston tables being 9, 10, 12, and Malden 13; all on the side next North Market street. The contract for the completion of the work was awarded (signed) November 4, 1840, to James Sullivan Savage for $43,800. Of this sum $30,000 was the result of the women's patriotic effort. Work was suspended in February, 1829, at a height of 37 feet; resumed June 17, 1834; again suspended November, 1835; height, 85 feet.

Steam power was first used for hoisting the granite blocks by the last builders, and on Saturday, July 23, 1842, the pyramidal capstone was hoisted in sixteen minutes, Col. Charles Carnes standing upon it, holding an American flag during the ascent. It is stated in the Monument Association's history that in all the work no one using intoxicating liquor was employed.

The above facts are taken from said book as of interest to Medford people.

Doubtless many have noticed (since the elevated cars have given the opportunity) the different color of the granite in the upper portion. Query? Was it from the same quarry at Quincy as the former?

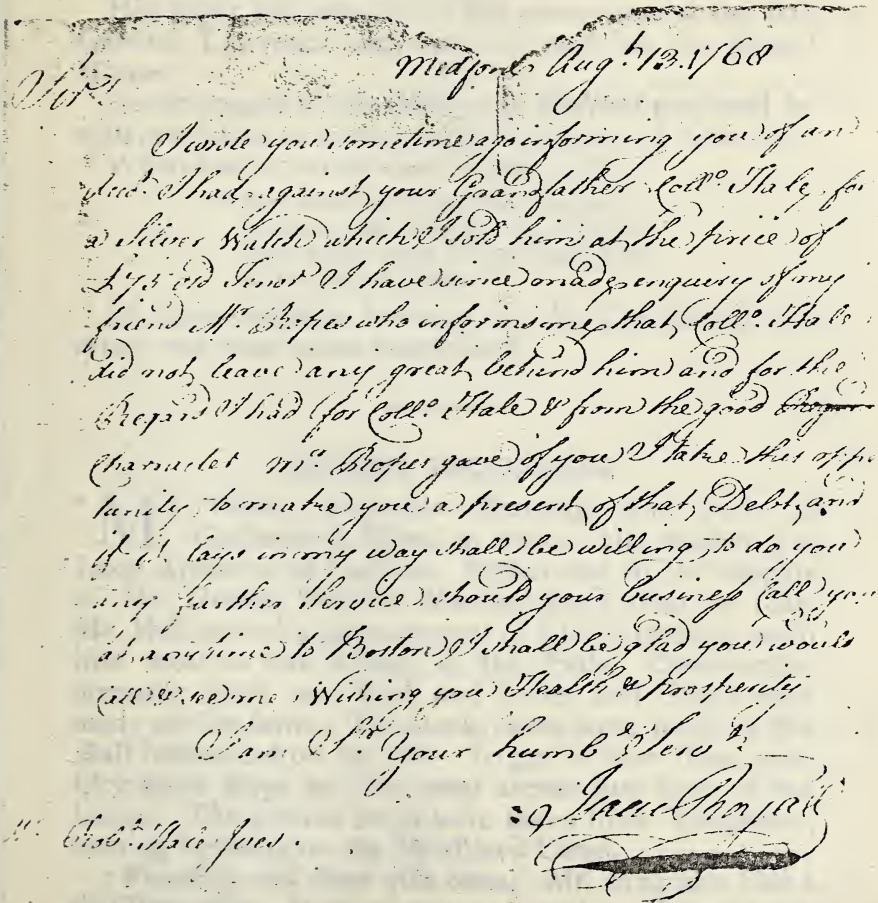
LETTER OF ISAAC ROYALL.

"A pretty good price for a silver watch," was the observation made by a banker who read the following letter of the Medford loyalist Isaac Royall, adding "seventy-five pounds, why! that's about four hundred dollars."

But the amount was in "old tenor" and about seven and one half times that of "lawful money" in 1761.

So fifty dollars (on the latter basis) would seem not an undue figure for the day of Colonel Royall, but the old fashioned time-piece would suffer in comparison with the modern Waltham watch.

Collector Robert Hale is supposed to have been His Majesty's customs officer at the port of Newbury, Mass.



Medford Aug.t 13.th 1768

I wrote you sometime ago informing you of an
Acc.t I had against your Grandfather Coll.o Hale for
a Negro Wench which I sold him at the price of
£75 old Tenor & I have since made enquiry of my
friend Mr. Bridges who informs me that Coll.o Hale
did not leave any great Estate behind him and for the
Reason I had for Coll.o Hale & from the good Character
Character Mr. Bridges gave of you I take this op-
portunity to remind you of that Debt, and
if I can in any way shall be willing to do you
any further Service. Should your Business call you
down this way to Boston & I shall be glad you would
call & see me. Wishing you Health & Prosperity

I am Sir Your humb.l Serv.t

Jam.s Royall

Mr. Eben.r Hale Jun.r

FAC-SIMILE OF LETTER OF COLONEL ROYALL.
Photographed by C. H. Tinkham.

Courtesy of Royall House Association.

The kindly offer of assistance to his grandson and namesake speaks well for the one who a few years later, misunderstood by his townsmen, became an exile.

His letter, till recently in the possession of the late General Lawrence, may now be seen at the Royall House.

Several pages of the *History of Medford* may well be read in relation to the depreciated currency of those days.

When lawful money came in one wrote:

> "And now Old Tenor fare you well,
> No more such tattered rags we'll tell,
> Now dollars pass, and are made free,
> It is a year of jubilee."

Of short duration however, for the Continental currency was even worse depreciated.

LOOKING BACKWARDS.

"MY father, Solomon Manning, was born in Chelmsford, Mass., in 1799. His mother was Lucy Andrews of Carlisle. Father was in the employ of Mr. Dudley Hall of Medford from 1820 to 1825. Mr. Hall owned a large amount of land extending north into what is now known as the Fells. Considerable domestic stock was kept, and butter and cheese were made on the farm. The stock barns were north of the Hall homestead on the hill. To get to them there were fifty stone steps up the steep ascent just back of the house. The granite steps were taken from Tyngsboro, coming by boats on the Middlesex Canal.

"Farming was done with oxen. Mr. Hall also had a distillery where Medford rum was made. Molasses was brought from the wharves in Boston to Medford by ox teams and boats called Gundelows. My father did the teaming, and has told me he had many times arrived in Boston, five miles away, with a load of rum by sunrise when the thermometer was below zero. There was no

complaint of hard work or long days then. One day Mr. Hall said to father, who was his foreman or outside manager, 'Solomon, I hope you will not drink this rum we make here, it is damaging to drink it. It is ruining many young men who came down from the country, as you did.' The rum jug was carried along with hired men (then all Americans) and was considered very necessary when haying on the marsh.

"I can remember well as far back as 1830 when but few farmers thought it proper to get through the haying season without from ten to forty gallons of rum and the stores in my part of New Hampshire sold from fifty to one hundred hogsheads of new rum a year. It was sent usually by ox and horse teams, twenty to one hundred and fifty miles back into the country. I remember the six and eight horse teams toiling over the dirt and sandy roads and mud and snow in their season; also the nine stage coaches that ran through Bedford, past our house from Concord to Nashua up to the time the cars reached Concord in June, 1842. After that we saw no more stage coaches. Few farmers required rum after the Washingtonian Revolution in 1840. The pledge then so freely taken was something like this:

"'So here we pledge perpetual hate,
To all that can intoxicate.'"

The foregoing account was written for me by Jacob W. Manning of Reading, the well-known nurseryman, a few years before his death, as being possibly of some interest to Medford people.

Mr. Manning was born in Bedford, N. H., February 20, 1826, and died in Reading, Mass., September 16, 1904.

The account is just as it came from the veteran's hand.

The Dudley Hall house referred to is on High street (present No. 57) now occupied by Dr. Charles A. Draper. Changes materially altering the grounds on the north

and west have been made, especially since the laying out of Governors avenue.

Thirty-two steps still remain in good position.

The ell is of much later construction than the main house, and probably was not there in Solomon Manning's time. In early days the southeast room was the living room, the northeast one was the kitchen; the lower west rooms were only used on state occasions, and the present south entrance only occasionally.

Within a few years changes in the grade of the sidewalk made it necessary to take away some of the steps and carry back the front entrance into the hall as it now is. Formerly there was a plot of land in front, enclosed by a fence.

Dudley Hall was born in Medford October 14, 1780, and died here November 3, 1868.

Solomon Manning named one of his sons for his employer.

—ELIZA M. GILL.

MEDFORD, April 2, 1902.

COLONIAL HOUSES—OLD AND NEW.

THE following article was written a few years since, at the request of Principal Hobbs, for use in the Brooks School, by Mrs. Alfred Brooks, who resides in the house described. It now appears in the REGISTER with her consent.

"The quaint house at the corner of High and Woburn streets, commonly known as the Jonathan Brooks homestead, is one of the old landmarks of Medford. The writer does not know the date when it was built, but that it belongs to the very early colonial period is shown both by the external and internal architecture. The rooms are very low, and the great beams of the framework project around the sides and across the middle of the ceilings.

"There are two brick ovens, showing the builders intended to be well fed, and all the rooms, except one in the attic, had fireplaces. The largest of these has been bricked up, but the opening of one large one still remains, with hooks and the hinged place for the crane back of a modern stove. These two large fireplaces were evidently used for cooking as well as warming, but the other five are small and shallow, and were intended only for warming, and by some science which seems lost to the modern architect they never smoke, and warm the rooms with just a handful of wood. One of them is surrounded with old Dutch tiles. The alternate ones represent Dutch village scenes in blue and white, while the others have a geometric pattern in blue and brown on a white ground. They are rudely set in soapstone. In one room the fireplace was reset at an early date by a quaint, wrought-iron grate very different from the iron of the present day. The wood-work and timbers are fastened by clumsy hand-made nails and heavy spikes.

"This house has been in the possession of the Brooks family since 1768. This date has been given from hearsay and has not been verified, but is approximately correct. The house had already had several other owners, and so must have been built many years before.

"Jonathan Brooks was the oldest son of Thomas Brooks, who lived on Grove street in a house built by his father Samuel, back of the old brick wall now standing, which was made by Pomp, Thomas' slave. Jonathan, on his marriage with Elizabeth Albree, also a descendant of one of Medford's early settlers, went to live in this house, which has since borne his name. There all his children were born, among them the Rev. Charles Brooks, who was so active in Medford school matters. Here and in the adjoining house his accomplished daughter Elizabeth dispensed the gracious, old-fashioned hospitality, the fame of which still lingers.

"About her own childhood, in this old house, the last of that family, Miss Lucy Ann Brooks, told many charming

stories as she sat smiling in the invalid chair, from which she watched with kindly interest the children of the Brooks School a few years ago as she was pushed along High street for her daily ride.

"The brick part and eastern L of the adjoining house are also very old. That house Jonathan's brother Isaac owned and lived in for a few years but his widow sold it. Years afterwards Jonathan bought it back and his family lived there, renting the house on Woburn street. Both houses are now occupied by descendants of Isaac Brooks, the great-great-grandchildren of Thomas Brooks, the fifth in line from the other Thomas who first purchased land in Medford in 1660."

For eighty years the highway has been appropriately called High street, and at this point is the "height-o'-land" it traverses. The other was once the direct road to Woburn, hence its name.

At the northern end of the house is a long, one-story ell, including a woodshed. The wide doors of the shed, whose tops are the old familiar style of elliptic arch, have long, hand-forged hinges, but have been long disused, as an elm tree has grown directly against them. The wing at the rear of the house, that closely adjoins High street, has also a gambrel roof and is the oldest portion of the house, being the "frame covered with boards" named in the deed of Jonathan Bradshaw.

Features of its construction indicate this, and also that the lean-to that fills the western corner is of much later date than the main house.

Each chimney has a broad band of black painted just below the taper of its top, and each is carried higher with modern bricks and tile because of the swaying tree tops.

Three great sycamores within the fence enclosing the front door-yard stand so closely that they had little room to branch, other than forward. This they did vigorously, one branch being nearly forty feet long, reaching out over the street in pleasant shade and kindly benediction on all that pass beneath.

Mr. Hooper furnishes the following from Middlesex Registry of Deeds:—

Mar. 18, 1768.

"Jonathan Bradshaw Jr. to Jonathan Patten, a small piece of land with a frame covered with boards, bounded west on Deacon Jonathan Bradshaw and measures thirty feet westerly from said building: east on Woburn road: south on the road to Menotomy: north on the heirs of Benjamin Scolly." (Book 67, page 509.)

By the same description Patten conveyed to Thomas Brooks, Jr. (book 84, page 159), and on May 5, 1791, (book 108, page 195):—

"Thomas Brooks Jr. to Jonathan Brooks a lot of land with house and barn, bounded west on Deacon Jonathan Bradshaw, deceased and measuring thirty feet from where Jonathan Bradshaw's frame stood."

By the above we may picture something of the locality in the latest colonial days, and backward for some years. The home of the pious deacon at the height-o'-land (where later was built the more modern house occupied by Rev. Charles Brooks) was probably of the older style with the lean-to. Possibly opposite was his father's (the Ensign John's house), where the church was gathered. Jonathan, Jr., born February 13, 1723, attained his majority in 1744. Doubtless he soon after erected below *his* father's the "little house by the side of the road": the "frame covered with boards" and filled in with bricks for warmth.

Then Jonathan Patten, who married Jonathan Bradshaw, Jr.'s, sister Susannah in 1762, purchased the little gambrel roof "frame covered with boards," and built against it the larger structure, in or near 1768.

Historian Brooks used a wood cut of it as the "tail-piece" on the final page of his history of Medford, together with a fac-simile of his father's signature, piously adding (he was addicted to Latin quotations) —

SICUT PATRIBUS, SIT DEUS NOBIS.

If his artist of 1855 dealt as truly with the trees as

with the house, their recent growth has been small and entirely eastward.

The house is typical of colonial architecture, a favorite with modern architects, and portrayed in publication by one from several points of view.

With its green blinds and uniform straw color, it forms a pleasing picture at the parting of the ways, an old landmark of our ancient town.

Just across the street at the corner of Hastings lane is another old colonial house, probably much older than the Brooks house. Persistent search has failed to reveal the date of its erection, but it is very probable that it was the home of Ensign John Bradshaw, and if so, is the place where the first church of Medford was "gathered" (in 1713), for so they styled the organization of a church two centuries ago.

It originally stood closely parallel with High street and was smaller than at present. Its frame is of oak, and at some time, no one knows when, six feet were added to the western end, with a frame of pine and of a different mode of carpentry. Probably a second chimney was then built, and in that (in the attic) is a closet fitted with iron hooks, on which hams were hung for smoking. In 1871 an extension was built against the first story of this addition, making a large room with a pillar in the center to support the second story wall.

A few years ago the entire house was moved eastward a little, turned to face the street corner, and general repairs made. This resulted in entire new sills and floors, while a new cellar was secured by blasting out the ledge below, and a wide veranda added to the side entrance.

During this work the old house was carefully examined by builders, who came to see its curious construction, and by other interested ones. The attic is plastered throughout, and the old house guards its secrets well, revealing nothing but venerable age when the roof was stripped for re-shingling two years ago.

It is now occupied by Mr. Herman Goedecke, who came to it soon after its refitting, by which it has taken on a new lease of life, though one of the oldest houses in the city, and once known as the Richardson house.

Leading away from this house southward is Hastings lane, and rising from it is Rock-hill, reputed to have been the seat of the last Indian king, Nanepashemit. Crowning this hill is a modern built colonial house, designed by a young Boston architect. In its commanding position it is noticeable from all points. While the red man chose this location that here he might watch for the canoes of his enemies in either direction, the present residents see only the motor boats of their friends.

Neither Nanepashemit nor the Squa-Sachem would recognize in the tranquil Mystic basin of today the tidal river and wooded slopes of their time. Even the river has been moved out of its old course to make room for the parkway at the base of Rock-hill. Here Captain Kidd was said to have buried a part of his ill-gotten treasure; and here that some sanguine ones dug in fruitless search. And here also some one found what was more profitable, some rock, that burnt and ground, was used in painting some Medford houses — a not unavailing quest.

In the construction of this house the great porch columns, built around an oaken timber and turned by the hand process, with many doors and other fittings from an old colonial mansion in Providence, were used in reproducing in this its design.

Other sections of the city have been rapidly built up, but this locality, beautiful for situation, and central when two centuries ago the first meeting house was built close by, is now finding favor with home seekers. There are pleasant and comfortable dwellings being built on new made streets as well as along the old historic road that echoed to Revere's shout and his horse's hoof beats on the morning of the first Patriots' Day.

A WAR ECHO OF 1812.

The following is a literal copy of a manuscript in possession of the Medford Historical Society, written by a native and former resident of Medford: —

New York, June 25, 1812.

The ship *Enterprise* came in on Sunday from Canton. Mr. William Hall of Medford was passenger in her. Just off the mouth of the harbor, she was boarded by a British Frigate, who did not know that War was declared, and let her come in. Soon after, they met the U. S. Frigate *President*, going out after the Englishman, and William Hall (son of Col. Fitch Hall) immediately left the *Enterprise*, went on board the *President*, and offered his services to Commodore Rodgers, and he is now on board this Frigate who is in pursuit of the *Belvidere*, and we are hourly expecting her to be brought in. After so long a voyage as Mr. Hall has just been, the readiness with which he again entered the service, does credit to his patriotism, and reflects great honor upon himself.

C. S.

According to the genealogies in History of Medford, William Hall, born March 21, 1790, died about 1820, unmarried, was a cousin of Dudley Hall, referred to by Mr. Manning and also by Miss Gill in a preceding article of this issue.

MEDFORD REMINISCENCES.

My mother (who was formerly Harriett Todd of Medford, and who was born and brought up there) lived on High street opposite the old Meeting House (Unitarian) until she married Jeremiah Jordan. She had many a time told us of Lafayette's visit to Medford; that he was entertained at the Governor Brooks House (later occupied by Samuel Blanchard in my day); that the Medford Company, of which my grandfather, Henry Todd, was Captain, assisted in receiving the visitors, and that the school children, including herself, were lined up in front of the house and each shook hands with Lafayette. It was a memorable occasion to them.

Mother and father attended school in the old brick schoolhouse back of the Unitarian Church. Mother's teacher was Jane Symmes and father's was Luther Anger. Although father was lame and walked with a crutch, it was said he could run and jump better than the other boys. He was a natural born musician and could play on any instrument. He led many of the choirs at the different churches. Mother and Mrs. Peak of bell ringing fame sang in the choir. In later years I sang wherever father conducted. Dr. Gregg, who used to live in the old brick building at junction of Salem and Ship streets, was committee on music and selected the hymns for church service at Rev. Mr. Marvin's (Orthodox) church.

Jeremiah Jordan organized the first Medford Band and was instrumental in bringing Burdett of the Boston Brigade Band out to Medford to teach band music. My brother, Henry Lincoln Jordan, was the leader. Jordan & Potter's Quadrille Band furnished music for many of Medford's dancing parties. I had always been steeped in music (as you might say), and it was one of my greatest delights when father would allow me to go with him. I hope I may be a dancer in the next world. His next band was called Baldwin & Jordan's Cornet Band and afterward (father having given up playing) it merged under Mr. Thomas Baldwin's leadership into the now famous Germania Band of Boston.

Father was instrumental in having a singing school in Town Hall. He and Theophilus Johnson sailed up and down the river many a calm evening serenading with their cornets.

I remember the old ship-building days and the old chain bridge which frightened me so when it was hoisted to let a vessel pass; the old canal along the banks of which I have many a time "tagged" the horse which drew the boat; the construction of the road from South street to High, and the row of tulips along the path at the Tidd

[Royall] place. Children used to call it the "old marm Tidd place" and were much in fear of the occupants, or they would have been minus a few tulips at least.

The old meeting-house bell was of much pleasure to me as its sweet tones fell on my ear, especially on a Sabbath morn when it called the worshipers together and Dr. Towne came over the new road to meet grandma Todd and conduct her to church, and I have always been sorry the church was not built on the old lines after it was burned.

Benjamin Floyd, who is buried in the old burying ground on Salem street, was my great grandfather, and was among the first to respond to the call to arms at the Battle of Lexington and Concord and the first to respond to the second call.

My grandfather, Jeremiah Jordan, married Benjamin Floyd's daughter, Patty Floyd. Grandfather Jordan sailed from Portsmouth on a privateering expedition and was thrice captured by the British and incarcerated in Dartmoor Prison. Finally the vessel was captured by pirates and the captain and first mate (grandfather) were spiked to the deck and the vessel set on fire. The second mate hid in a molasses barrel and was the only one saved. At that time the family of J. J. lived in Portsmouth and soon after went to Medford, when my father (Jeremiah Jordan 3d) was about ten years of age.

My two brothers, George Webster and Henry Lincoln, enlisted for the civil war. G. W. in the navy, ship *Ino*, and H. L. at Charlestown as the Medford Company refused him on account of his age, so he ran away and enlisted in Charlestown. G. W. lives in Hermosillo, Mexico, and H. L. at Santa Barbara, California. Brother Charlie was drummer for the Medford Company, but did not enlist as he was too young.

In the Medford history it says that Thomas Sabels, or Savels, married Miriam Royall — that was my great grandmother's brother's name.

As the first Benjamin Floyd recorded is as far back as I have any knowledge of, the residence of the Floyd family in Medford must have covered a long period.

Inside the covers (torn from an old ledger probably), and in his own handwriting, is the memoranda below. Thinking it may be of a little interest to your Society (he being a minute man as I have explained), I send it to you. Benjamin Floyd, 2d, was the writer and is the one buried in the old Salem street burying ground at the left front corner.

"My father Benj. Floyd (1st), husband of Ruth Floyd, died at sea Jan., 1762.

"My mother Ruth Floyd died Feb., 1813. Medford April 1729, Ruth Floyd was born.

"Benj. Floyd Jr. or 2nd was born Jan. 5, 1755.

"Martha Savels wife of Benj. Floyd was born Sept. 1756.

CHILDREN:

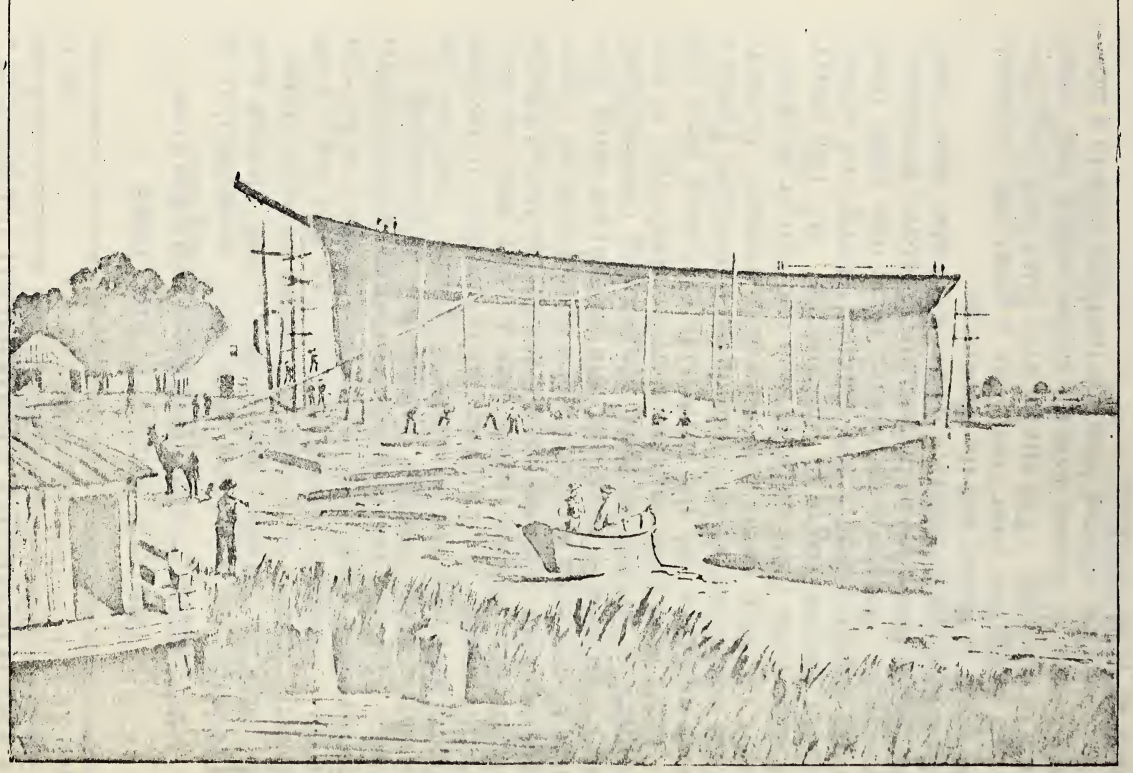
"Benj. Floyd 3rd	Born 1780, lost at sea.
"Patty ,, or Martha F.	,, 1782, died 1861.
"Sally ,, F.	,, 1785, ,,
"Sukey ,, F.	,, 1787, ,, 1795.
"Rebecca Thompson F.	,, 1790.
"George Hinchman F.	,, 1792, died 1794.
"Abel Butterfield F.	,, 1793, ,, 1797.
"Thomas Floyd	,, 1795.
"Abel Butterfield 2nd	,, 1798."

[No race suicide here.]

On the back cover is written

"Benjamin Floyd
His Book & Property
1819
1756."

—HARRIETT A. JORDAN ROWE.



From a water color by F. H. C. Woolley.

BUILDING OF SHIP "PILGRIM" AT FOSTER'S YARD

Last Ship Built in Medford, Mass., 1873

The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XV. OCTOBER, 1912. No. 4.

THE OLD SHIP-BUILDING DAYS.

[Excerpts from a talk given before the Medford Historical Society by Elisha B. Curtis, December 18, 1911, on "Scenes Along the Mystic in the Early Fifties."]

IN 1850 the population of Medford exceeded that of Malden. Malden then included both Melrose and Everett, known as North and South Malden, respectively. Medford's population was then also larger than Somerville's, which now outnumbers us three or four to one. At that time Medford was in her palmiest days, having a great prestige through her ship-building industry following the discovery of gold, in 1849, on the Pacific coast. A few years later, however, it became evident that wooden vessels were passing, and this fact, together with other circumstances (such as the withholding of lands from the market, and our location on a spur track instead of a main line) will account for being outstripped in growth by these neighboring communities.

There were three ship-yards on the south side of the river and three on the north side, extending from the since established Winthrop bridge at intervals to Foster's court, off Ship street, now Riverside avenue. In each of these yards there could be seen one, two, or three vessels in various stages of construction. All this heavy work required nearly five hundred strong and robust workmen. Besides some natives, these men came from the South Shore towns of Scituate, Hanover, Pembroke, Marshfield and Duxbury. There were also some from the coast of Maine and the Provinces.

All along the river there was a great and constant hum of business. The streets were filled with long tandem teams of horses, hauling timber which had come down over the railroad from the northern hills to a side-track at West Medford.

The *noises* of the ship-yards were many. The swinging of broadaxes, the resounding mauls that were sending home spikes, bolts and trunnels, the ring of the anvils and caulking irons, the various calls for help from one locality to another, such as "hot plank here," all had a certain charm, even if they were not harmonious.

Then the *smells* of a ship-yard were also of interest to acute nostrils. The white oak that had been absorbing from nature for many decades, in being worked into shape for use, gave forth its own peculiar aroma, as did also the yellow pine from Georgia, the hackmatack and other woods. Then the bales of oakum, the great melting kettles of pitch, tar and tallow, and the atmosphere around the saw-pits, the steam box and sizzling forges, all made up a variety of strong and positive odors.

In the yard at foot of Cross street Mr. Samuel Lapham (who lived in the large house by the Cross street railroad bridge) built several first-class merchantmen for Mr. John E. Lodge, father of Senator Cabot Lodge. The *Argonaut* was a '49er, and such was the demand for freight and passenger accommodation that she was paid for before ever casting off her lines for her maiden voyage around "The Horn" to San Francisco. Curiosity as to the name of this ship is satisfied by history, which says that the Argonauts were famous Greek heroes, who according to tradition lived before the Trojan War and made adventurous voyages in the ship *Argo* into unknown seas to recover "The Golden Fleece."

The launching days were the culmination of interest. School sessions were frequently varied to meet the general desire to be present. Being known all through the town, a large company assembled in delightful anticipation. It was, however, a time of anxiety for the builders and owners, as well as for such of the workmen as were splitting away blocks of wood from under the keel, to allow the ship to settle slightly and take a bearing on the tallowed track. No escape for these; they were imprisoned and simply had to wait while the immense body

slid over them and down the ways into water. Strong nerves were necessary there.

In the Thatcher Magoun yard (at foot of Park street) a vessel had been built by Hayden & Cudworth, and was given an unusual pitch toward the river. This was to insure that once started she should keep moving. This method was open to the objection of moving so swiftly as to wedge into the opposite bank hard and fast. To prevent this a heavy anchor was embedded in the solid ground alongside. To it, from on shipboard, there was run a very large new Manila hawser with a good deal of slack, the idea being to check her great momentum when once afloat. Thereby hangs a sad tale.

In the old burying-ground on Cross street, over on the northerly line, there is a slate headstone with this inscription: "Walter S. Hathaway, son of Noah and Hannah Hathaway. Sept. 30, 1850. 14 yrs. 6 mos." The family home was on the corner of Salem and Cross streets, and there these parents reared a family of eighteen children. The head of the family was a pillar in the Methodist Church. The oldest son was a powerful man and much liked in a ship-yard gang on this account. Later in life he became attached to Boston police force and was known as "Big George."

Walter, a younger brother, was like him in muscle. In those days, if you bought goods at a grocery you had to get them home yourself, they were not sent. Henry H. Jaquith kept a store (now a dwelling-house) adjoining the Cross street cemetery. Some one had bought a barrel of flour and a two-bushel bag of corn, and engaged Walter to wheel them home. Boys gathered around, curious to know how much for the job, and eager to try a hand at it. After proving their inability, a proud moment came to Walter, when he took two boys on top the load and went right along with it. There came a day, however, when all his superior strength counted for nothing. It was at the launching above referred to. Amid the cheering of the great company as the ship

entered the water a tragedy was being enacted. Just as the hawser tautened by the tremendous strain, Walter was jumping over it. It parted, and caught him in its recoil. He was drawn into the river out of sight. When after an hour or two his body was recovered it was found that one of his legs had been broken.

There was built in this same yard, in 1854, a beautiful barque. She pursued for a number of years a peaceful commerce around the world until overtaken by Captain Semmes in the *Alabama*, becoming one of his sixty-five victims.

THE MYSTIC MANSION.

SOMEONE once made the remark that Medford was noted for its rum, ships and old houses,—and with good reasons. The ship-building industry of the old days is gone, though there has recently come the building of the modern motor boats; the other famous product (no longer made) is becoming rare, the real article commanding a high price; but the old houses are well holding their own.

The subject of this sketch is not one of the oldest, but attains the century mark this present year, and is now generally known as the Mansion House. Now in private ownership, it was at the time of its erection a public building, the Medford almshouse. The Puritan settlers of Massachusetts had little need for almshouses, for idleness was whipped out of the men by the magistrates and out of the boys by their parents; at least so says the historian. It was not till a hundred and sixty years after the town's settlement that an almshouse was provided, and then by the purchase of a house and three acres and a half of land, barely enough for a vegetable garden, as was said; and this house served for twenty years, till it became unsuitable. At the "March meeting," in 1811, steps were taken to build a new one. The committee chosen to attend to this duty was a notable one. The chairman,

Timothy Bigelow, was for many years Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives. The others were Dr. John Brooks (afterward and for seven years governor); Abner Bartlett, Medford's noted lawyer; Jonathan Brooks and Isaac Brooks, the latter an efficient Overseer of the Poor. This committee reported their plan, which was to build a three-story brick building "on the lane leading from the great road from Malden, to Turner's ship-yard." This lane is now known as Cross street, and the acre and a half of land is the cemetery. The house was to be 36 x 44 feet in size, and with the land was to cost $4,000.00. The committee also reported that the old house, with its three and a half acres of land, could be sold for one eighth of that amount.

Opposition to this plan soon found expression in the remonstrance of twenty-one prominent citizens, and a committee was chosen to wait upon the former named committee and request them to desist from their work.

The result of this action was that on March 9, 1812, the committee reported that such house of brick could be built in either place for $3,354.00; that one of the same area, of *two* stories of brick, but without shed, for $2,600.00; or if of wood, for $2,300.00. It was thereupon voted to build on the old location a two-story house of brick, and the committee proceeded with its work. After the lapse of a hundred years the substantial brick walls stand today in testimony to the committee's good judgment, as well as to the skill of the workmen who built them.

Whether the committee employed an architect to draw plans does not appear, and the exterior appearance of the house when completed is a matter of some doubt. From conversation with the oldest residents in its vicinity, the writer has been led to think that the roof and end walls were like those of the Seccomb house and the Historical Society's building, and with that idea in mind it was so represented in the background of the picture, prepared in 1905, of the first West End schoolhouse. (See REGISTER, Vol. VIII, p. 77.)

The house was then practically three stories in height (as the basement floor was but slightly below grade), and had a pitched or possibly a gambrel roof, making a roomy attic therein. Built into the end walls were four chimneys and numerous fireplaces for warmth, as this was before the advent of hot-air furnaces or steam-heating apparatus. The windows were wide and well up from the floors, and the glass was in numerous small panes. A stone set in the eastern wall, above the entrance door, bears the date 1812.

Medford's streets (roads they were then called) were few, and had not the specific names they now bear until 1829. Then the selectmen took action and named the various public ways that radiated "from the town pump" or "from the hotel." That *high* "way to Menotomy" they called High street, and the almshouse was "somewhat back from the village street" that was appropriately named High as its course lay over "Marm Simond's hill." This road was the one taken by Paul Revere after he awakened Capt. Isaac Hall of the Medford Minute Men on April 19, 1775.

From the earliest times there had been near the river a dwelling, with a brick yard between it and the bend opposite the mouth of Menotomy river. A lane had led thereto, and on the opening of the Middlesex canal, nine years before the building of the almshouse, the canal-lock, tavern, and "landing number four" made this lane something of a thoroughfare. Its proximity, and the more remote course of High street, probably caused the fronting of the house toward the lane, which became very aptly called Canal street, and it still bears the name.

Soon after the completion of the house, eight acres of land adjoining were purchased for as many hundred dollars. The historian remarks, "This was planted and it had the magical effect of thinning out the male occupants."

During the construction of this new house the town's poor were returned from Woburn, where they had been quartered, and doubtless fared better by the change.

Benjamin Young was the first keeper of the new almshouse, probably beginning his duties late in the autumn of 1812, and was allowed for his services (and wife's, also) $250.00 per year. It was stipulated that he "was to maintain himself and family, and to have house rent and the use of the kitchen fire."

In 1813 thirty-three persons were supported wholly by the town, and thirteen assisted. The Overseers of the Poor were chosen from the most worthy and prominent citizens, and doubtless administered affairs as well as means and customs of the time permitted; still, the almshouse "was a nightmare in those days to many a poor soul battling with poverty."

The town had the usual barn and out-buildings near by, including the "crazy pen," where a few unfortunates bereft of reason were kept. Happily such are cared for in these days in a different manner, and not exposed to the view of idle passers, or the teasing of ill-mannered youths who need the parental discipline of birch or shingle; but such were the conditions of those days. Of this latter, mention is made advisedly, for in 1831 the schoolhouse, built elsewhere two years before, was moved into the corner of the almshouse lot, as a more convenient site, and fronted on the canal lane. In 1835 the Lowell railroad was opened for travel, having been constructed through the town's land and within two rods of the house.

In 1851 the great tornado which wrought such havoc in West Cambridge (now Arlington) and Medford totally wrecked this schoolhouse, but did little damage to the almshouse. Fortunately there were no children hurt in the schoolhouse wreck, as it was vacation time, but the school was to have opened two days later. It is said, however, that the great September gale of 1815 blew down the chimneys and broke the almshouse windows badly.

In 1853, Medford having built a new (the present) almshouse, this house, with its land, was sold for $3,690.10.

Thomas P. Smith was the purchaser, and he had also acquired all the territory in Medford lying westward therefrom between High street and Mystic river. Traversing this had been the Middlesex canal, but this had been discontinued in the preceding year.

Mr. Smith was a man of much public spirit and enterprise, and had planned here a suburban village to be called "Brooklands," with numerous streets and two parks, Gorham and Lakeview, therein. His residence and great barn was on High street, just westward from the parochial residence of the present St. Raphael's Church. He had erected several first-class houses, and in 1852 the substantial building of classic design (that has ever since had a prominent place in the public thought—educational, religious, social, fraternal, political—as well as of business use), the Mystic Hall building. All this has been in accordance with his design, as time has proved, though he lived to see but little of it, as he died on April 27, 1854.

A radical change in the old almshouse and its reconstruction went on in that year, till, as Medford's historian records, its "strong walls only are yet standing to support a new, expensive and commodious country seat." Its old shingled roof, with its battlement walls, was replaced with one of pyramidal form covered with red slate of the most expensive kind, and crowned by an octagonal cupola. Since the first preparation of this article the writer has made a careful examination of the building, and especially of the framing of the roof, so far as it can be seen, and is now of the opinion that the roof timbers and boards may be the original ones. It is more than likely that in 1854 a wider cornice was placed upon the eaves, with ornamental brackets and copper gutters, and the entire roof then slated.

The new staircases were furnished with a continuous rail of mahogany from basement to attic, while the interior was most substantially finished and supplied with all the conveniences of that time.

As an almshouse there had been nothing of ornament within or without, but for its new use no expense was spared. The window openings were lengthened downward, as may be seen by an examination of its walls. Great four-paned windows replaced the old sashes, and were probably among the first of their kind in Medford. A wide corridor extended through the house, and over its western door was a canopy supported by iron brackets of elaborate make and design. That it was an almshouse no longer was evident to all observers from the railway cars, as "Mystic Mansion" appeared in the glass in great gilt letters. A vestibule at the front door, with a basement entrance beneath, gave character to the eastern front, while the broad and bracketed eave-cornice showed marked contrast to the old appearance. To serve the new use, a wing some forty feet long was built southward, with baths and sleeping apartments on the second floor, and the first in one large room.

Mention has been made of Mr. Smith's residence and of Mystic Hall. When the reconstruction of the almshouse was complete, Mrs. Smith, on February 5, 1855, opened in these three buildings her boarding school for young ladies, the somewhat famous "Mystic Hall Seminary." An examination of its prospectus and year books reveals the names of men well known in the literary and professional world as its board of visitors, together with clergymen, jurists and merchants, as references. No inconsiderable number of the young misses were daughters or wards of Southern people, and several Southern papers printed flattering notices of the school that read strangely today.

Mrs. Smith's plan of study embraced four departments: "Physical, Moral, Mental and Graceful." To become expert in the physical, the pupils availed themselves of the salt tides of the Mystic, three bath-houses built on its banks being a part of the seminary equipment. The disused canal provided a safe skating park, and there was a gymnasium and bowling alley in the great barn

near the Smith residence. There also were kept the horses for their equestrian feats, as also the seminary "omnibus." In the graceful department the noted Louis Papanti of Boston taught dancing. All the modern languages were taught, some of the instructors coming from Harvard, and the "French language only, used at table." Mrs. Smith herself taught in general literature and science, working out her elaborate plan. After four years of apparently successful operation she deemed it advisable to remove the school to the national capital, expecting a greater Southern patronage. This she did, reopening there in the autumn of 1859. Her expectations were not realized; the John Brown raid at Harper's Ferry proved disastrous to her hopes and plans.

During the following year the seminary was in operation and was visited by the Prince of Wales and suite, this being the year of their American tour. *Leslie's Weekly* of that date gives an account thereof, and has an illustration showing the prince (later King Edward) exercising in the gymnasium of the seminary. The outbreak of the Civil War blasted all hope, and the school closed.

For a time thereafter, with her father, Ebenezer Smith, Mrs. Smith resided in the Mystic Mansion. The town of Medford still held a mortgage on the property and had taken possession thereof. The elder Mr. Smith died in August, 1864, and in 1866 the claim of the town was satisfied by the payment of nearly $3,500.00, and the property came into the hands of trustees under the Smith will.

Early in 1870 the entire estate came into new ownership, and after lying dormant for seventeen years the enterprise of building a village, begun by the younger Mr. Smith, was commenced anew.

During later years the Mansion House had been neglected. It was in 1871 repaired and three quarters of the dormitory extension removed, the latter made into a comfortable dwelling. The owners, however, found

the proximity of the railroad detrimental to its occupancy as a high-class residence by any one able to maintain its style, but planned to make it a "genteel boarding-house," as they termed it.

After a few years it fell by foreclosure of mortgage into the possession of a Boston bank, and later into ownership of Olin O. Foster, who for several years resided there. During his occupancy there was a plan formulated by a Mr. Dana Bickford (himself an inventor) of obtaining it for a home for aged and indigent inventors, and he secured an option on the same in 1902. He was unable, however, to interest great capitalists, as he hoped, and the project failed. A few years since, Mr. Foster sold the property and removed from the city. It was then repaired to some extent and has since been used as a boarding-house.

The old mansion, erstwhile the almshouse, has been a silent witness to the march of a century's progress. When its substantial walls were erected our country was engaged in war with England, over which the third George was then reigning sovereign. Communication was so slow in those days that the battle of New Orleans was fought *after* the treaty of peace had been made. Only five years had passed since Fulton's steamboat, but no such one had dared the stormy Atlantic. The stage-coach was then the only public conveyance overland. Since 1803 it had been possible to journey from Boston to Chelmsford by water through the Middlesex canal, but the travellers were few. Lowell was yet to be. The dwellers in the almshouse doubtless looked with wonder on the novel sight of Captain Sullivan's steamboat *Merrimack* as it passed through the canal, but a few rods away, in 1818 and '19, its noisy engine and the smoke of its wood and tar fire very noticeable. Then again, seventeen years later, there came the snort and neigh of the iron horse at their very door, that must have created great excitement, and been looked upon with amazement by the older people.

Two trees stood by the entrance gates in those old days, an elm and a willow. The latter succumbed to the ravages of the gypsy moth; the elm is now fourteen feet in circumference. A half dozen others have grown in later years (one over two feet in diameter) where the schoolhouse stood, and since its destruction by the tornado. The site occupied by the various "appendages," as the building committee called the out-buildings, is covered with dwellings, stable, and granite works, but the old mansion stands, shaded by the trees, substantial and useful after a century's busy use. Probably its palmiest days were in the four years when the Mystic Hall Seminary was in its prime, and which but for its untimely removal might have longer continued to educate young misses of Medford and from other places, in matters physical, moral, mental and graceful. As it is, there are yet some living who recall with pleasure their youthful days spent in its classic halls, and occasionally come to look again on the old Mystic Hall and Mystic Mansion.

—M. W. M.

A FISHY STORY.

Rev. Hosea Ballou, 2d, who resigned his pastorate of the Medford Universalist Church to become the first president of Tufts College, was accustomed to write to his ministerial brethren and members of the Faculty in a somewhat humorous vein. Sometimes these missives would be in several different languages, though it is said none such ever got in print.

Sometimes the learned doctor would drop into poetry, and one of his productions comes down to us from one who says, "I am indebted to Professor Tweed for one he received on a winter morning, when the snow had blocked the roads round Walnut hill,* and the New England staple, salt fish, was in request — a dinner of which, by the way, John Hancock used to invite his friends to

* The hill was known as Walnut Tree Hill prior to the location of the college thereon.

eat on Saturdays." Under stress of weather the good doctor penned the lines his wife styled "silly." There seemed to have been the "irony of fate" that President Ballou should have, after such criticism, sent them to the door of the professor of English literature, adding (to his wife), "That's the reason I send them."

Medford people of today who purchase cured fish, cut, boneless, and in dainty package, may not appreciate like their elders, the grim humor of the verses. The grocery store then sold the whole "salt fish," which was usually hung up by the tail in shed or cellar, to be cut from as occasion required, or surreptitiously stripped from by hungry boys, and never tasting quite as good as when thus eaten.

Staple food on Walnut Hill!
Victual-fund for drafts at will!
Ready in all exigents,
Minute-man of esculents!
Substitute for every dish, —
Hail, all hail to thee, Salt Fish!

When the rain comes pouring down,
And no market-carts from town;
Nought abroad but roaring gale,
Streaming hills, and flooded vale, —
"What for dinner do you wish?"
Asks the wife. The same, — Salt Fish.

When the winter's smothering blow
Drifts the roads fence-high with snow,
Shrouding Nature all in white,
As for her funereal rite, —
If a dinner-thought intrude
On our awful solitude,
Can we feel blue devilish?
Blest resource! there's some Salt Fish.

Rain nor snow nor cold nor heat
May disturb our high retreat:
All within is cheery still
In our homes on Walnut Hill.
Does a friend or guest drop in
Just about the hour to dine?

Though the larder's void, what matters?
Out with cups and knives and platters;
Help him, till no more he wish,
From thy bounty, O Salt Fish!

Thou of eatables the chief, —
Whether called Atlantic beef,
Mutton caught at Newfoundland,
Poultry from the ocean-strand,
Venison from the *shoaly banks*, —
Still for thee we render thanks,
O thou *universal* dish!
Hail, all hail, to thee, Salt Fish!

Blessings on thy face antique,
Mummy ichthyologic,
Drawn from caves beneath the tides
Older than the Pyramids!
What a wondrous power thou hast,
That can make us feast and fast,
Blending lean and hungry Lent
With Carnival incontinent,
Making all days Fridayish,
Thaumaturgical Salt Fish.

One appellation Dr. Ballou failed to name — the time-honored "Cape Cod Turkey."

Of the verses, a critic said (per contra to Mrs. B.), "Had they been written by Leigh Hunt, for humor, versification and fancy, they would have been considered as one of his best effusions." A contributor says: "Fifty years ago it was no uncommon sight to see a young man going through Medford square with a salt fish in one hand and a can of oil in the other. We did not necessarily put him down as one who tilled the soil, or thought him a laboring man, for we knew he dug in Greek roots and was taking his way toward College hill."

O tempora! O mores! Fancy such a sight today! Boneless cod and electric light are the present order, but salt fish was a New England staple then.

OLD MEDFORD SCHOOLBOYS' LETTERS.

AMONG the residents of Medford who lived to a good old age was Elijah B. Smith. In his boyhood he had a "chum," who in 1894 resided in Dorchester, and replied under date of February 9 to a letter from his old friend "Lige." In it he said: "It is recorded in the good book that J. K. F. was born April 30, 1817. I suppose it is true, but I cannot realize it as I feel as young as I did fifty years ago. . . .

"There were two old characters that come into my mind. One was old Bucknam, who kept a small grocery just beyond the Train estate. He refused to sell ten pounds of sugar at a time as he was not a *wholesaler*. The other was Aunt Polly, who sold pins, needles, tapes and molasses candy; also cigars, the real *long nines*, one of which I smoked on an election day. The result was, a sicker boy never existed; this was my *first* and *last* attempt to become a smoker. . . .

"Allusion to the Mystic recalls the narrow escape I had of being overwhelmed in its waters. I was rescued from drowning by Mr. Darius Wait just as I was sinking for the last time; the sensation remains vivid in my mind."

Mr. Fuller expressed a hope to be at the dedication of the "new meeting-house" (the present Unitarian Church), and to meet his old friend there. If the old friends met on that occasion it was probably their last meeting, and what an exchange of old-time reminiscences they must have had!

We reproduce Mr. Smith's letter in the REGISTER, with the remark that a *portion* of it may also be found in an "*Historical Souvenir*" of Medford, issued in 1903 by the Sarah Bradlee Fulton Chapter, D. A. R.

DEAR OLD BOY: Why not? We were young boys together, and fairly good boys in my way of thinking — at any rate you were one, and one that I always considered a favorite. Boys, you know, have their particular chums and John Kuhn was one of mine when a little chap of four feet in altitude. But enough of this. My

friends the W——s have told me of the pleasant visit they had from you. They also told me of your inquiries for your old schoolmate Lige. Thank you.

It carried me back to the merry old times
When we like all school boys were cutting up shines.
Of course they were mingled with mischief and folly,
But gave the amusement that boys reckoned jolly.

The schoolhouse of brick and the neighboring pump,
The playground, shut in by the old church in front,
Where base balls and foot balls and snow balls would fly,
And *bawls* from the chap that was hit in the eye.

There too were the horse sheds so constantly used,
Where clothing was damaged and bodies were bruised,
No modern gymnasium with every facility
Could startle the world with such feats of agility.

And then, when the hours of instruction were closed,
How grimly the East and the West * stood opposed.
Fag-enders and *Maggots*, ah! how they waged fight
And muzzled each other with such cool delight.

Their whole ammunition consisted of snow,
And that flew as fast as a tempest could blow;
And woe to the *lummox* who blundered and fell,
Stuffed full of a snowdrift, unable to yell.

Fag-enders were those that most frequently run;
The Maggots, confound them, were three to our one;
We had but two heroes on whom to rely,
Bill Roach and Seth Vining would never say die.

Against any trick the Maggots would use
Those two stood as firm as a rock, in their shoes.
When those two Napoleons were ranged on our side,
A million of Maggots we would have defied.

Sometimes they stood plastered from head to toe,
Appearing like statues fresh cut from the snow.
The chief of Clan Maggot I may have forgot,
Indeed I don't know if they had one or not.

The clan had a fashion, a cowardly one,
To shelter themselves with a fence, tree or stone.
Bill B—— is one that comes into my mind
Who never was hit anywhere but behind.

* The "West End," as that portion of the town lying west of the meeting-house used to be called, was styled by the other portion as the "Fag End."

Once only, a teacher would try arbitration,
But found (the old fool) he had missed his vocation.
He rushed through the crowd with herculean whip,
Supposing the ox-goad would make the boys skip,

But as soon as his clerical figure appeared,
A truce 'twixt the East and the West was declared.
They turned all their batteries, shrapnel and grape,
And knocked the old dominie all out of shape.

His hat was smashed in and his hair was all powdered,
His face and his eyes looked like clams nearly chowdered.
The best part of valor he found was discretion,
And streaked like a dog in a battered condition.

Then coasting! Who does not remember Clay's hill,
With a length and a speed just sufficient to kill?
And then from the summit down hill just beyond,
There lay the small puddle, then called "Betty's Pond,"

Where those who owned skates (I was not then so rich),
Could skim o'er the ice and break into the ditch.
But schoolhouse and teachers have all passed away
And few of the school-boys are living today.

They have climbed their last climb they have had their last run,
Old lessons are finished and new ones begun;
Have done all their skating have had their last coast,
Of victories with snow balls no longer they boast.

A few yet remain in the place of their birth,
A few more are scattered about on the earth;
To the north and the south the east and the west,
Wherever Dame Fortune would treat them the best.

She seems to have taken a fancy to you
And given a prominent seat in her pew.
And while she has honors and dimes to confer,
Hang on to her apron strings, stick like a bur.

Old Medford of course you will never forget,
She reared and she schooled and she cares for you yet.
Wherever we wander, wherever we roam
We cherish and love her, "There's no place like home."

Where'er we may be there is always a joy
In turning us back where we lived as a boy.
She has her attractions, and those from afar
Soon find them, and praise them, and know where they are.

The beautiful drives through her forests and lanes,
The walks in the by-ways and over the plains,
The hills that we climbed in the seasons of yore
Still lift up their summits as high as before.

"Pine hill" was the monarch from earliest time,
But now it is rare to walk under a pine.
The view from its summit is lovely and grand,
On cities and villages, ocean and land.

And then the hill "Walnut," now crowned with a college
That sends through the world Universalist knowledge.
And also the reservoir filled from the pond
To water the people in cities beyond.

Rock hill with the river still laving its side,
Where often I plunged in the deepening tide
To swim like a duck or sink like a stone,
And wish in my terror that I was at home.

The hills and the valleys are always the same,
The highlands and lowlands unchanged still remain;
The marshes spread out like a lawn to the sea
As level and smooth as a prairie can be.

The river still wriggles along through the mud
In tortuous windings, till reaching the Hub.
The tides still flow up as they did to the pond,
But dams have prevented them passing beyond.

She once was renowned for her crackers and bricks,
Was famed through the world for her beautiful ships;
Where man ever lived in the light of the sun
She is known, she is loved for her *Old Medford Rum.*

Where man ever sojourned, in pleasure or trouble,
The rum of Old Medford would cheer him or — fuddle.
Dear comrade and schoolmate and friend please to pardon
For punishing you with this long string of jargon.

It's one of my failings — a serious one —
And yet I enjoy the detestable fun.
And when you shall visit our old town again
I surely will meet you, if not dead or lame.

With a multitude of good wishes from your old schoolmate and friend,

E. B. Smith.

Mr. Fuller began his reply with the words "Dear *young* friend," and named several of his schoolmates who struggled to master the three Rs, "Reading, 'Riting and 'Rithmetic." Certainly both succeeded in the second, for their penmanship is clear, legible and a credit to both their teachers and themselves. Well would it be if the same could be said of all the scholars of the present Medford.

One more quotation from Mr. F.: "The mere mention of "Old Medford" makes me smack my lips, for I think a little (only a very little) mixed with a glass of milk and loaf sugar has given zest many a time 'when wearied nature sought repose.'"

Dr. Everett, the poet of Medford's two hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary said,

> "And e're the poet close
> Shall not one drop of fun be granted him
> E'en tho the cynic nose turn up in censure grim?
> What means 'Old Medford' to her exiled sons?"

In both *these* letters it appears that

> "Her spirit still is there."

COMMUNICATED.

Miss Lucy Osgood was a dignified looking woman of striking appearance, but with features cast in a somewhat masculine mould. She knew her lack of beauty, as this story she told attests, "I was walking through the rooms of one of the large department stores then recently opened when I saw coming towards me the homeliest woman I ever saw. When she got nearer to me I saw it was Miss Lucy Osgood." She was in front of one of the large mirrors that had been added as an extra embellishment to the room.

IN THE OLD DAYS.

Since athletics claim so large a share of attention in the education of the school-boy and of the college man of today, the following may have some interest for our readers. It is from a notice on the death of Dr. Weld of Portland, Me., which occurred November 24, 1857, published in the *Portland Advertiser*. Samuel Weld taught our Medford school February, 1806, to August, 1807.

"It was one of the College customs of that day for the Freshmen, on the entry of every class, to be initiated into their new life by a wrestling match. The Sophomores challenged the new-comers to a trial of strength in this ancient and classical exercise.

"The Senior class was the umpire, and the victors were treated to a supper on their invitation. In the contest of 1796, after a hard and manly struggle, the Freshmen came off victorious, leaving three of their champions ready to continue the contest; of these, Weld was one. The Monday after, the Juniors, not easy under this defeat, challenged the Freshmen to a new contest with them. This was accepted, and Weld was the first to enter the list; he threw successively *six* of the Juniors, the first of whom was the late Judge Fay of Cambridge. Reeking with perspiration, and nearly exhausted, he was required to renew the struggle with a fresh competitor; in this he was unfortunately overcome" . . . Dr. Weld studied medicine with Dr. (Gov.) John Brooks. (See REGISTER, Vol. XIV, p. 97, for account of another Medford school-master.)

ANOTHER ABSENTEE.

In addition to the Loyalists of Medford, already noticed in earlier issues of the REGISTER, another had his residence here, but after the Revolution was over and peace declared.

Francis Green, a graduate of Harvard, 1760, a merchant of Boston, married a lady whose father was mayor

of New York previous to the Revolution. He came back to Boston from Halifax, and to Medford about 1798, and two years later occupied the house later belonging to Mr. Samuel Swan (Watson House). He died 21 April, 1809, aged 67. His widow moved to Charlestown, N. H., in 1822, when the Gilchrist family moved there.

[Adapted from C. S.]—E. M. G.

COMMUNICATED.

"Where in America is to be found that spirit of sport and bluff hearty enjoyment that is seen in English country gentlemen and others? Business here absorbs every thing, and renders people incapable of every other *pleasure.* Officers of the army and navy are sometimes an exception. There is an old retired navy surgeon at Medford, who lives with his dogs and his gun, like an English squire, enjoying himself in the same hearty manner." Query — Who was he?

The above was written in 1845 by Francis Parkman, referring to the effects of environment.

A FIRST CITIZEN NAMED FIRST-RATE TOWN.

WE are in receipt of a clipping from a Cleveland paper with the query, "Was he a Medford Brooks?" The town referred to therein celebrated its centennial on July 25, 26, 27, 1912. Replying to the query affirmatively, and curious to know how such occasion was there observed, a letter was addressed to the mayor of Chardon, who replied and also sent the local paper's account of the celebration. This will find place in the Historical Society's archives.

Chardon is the county seat of Geauga County, Ohio, twenty-eight miles east from Cleveland, and six hundred feet above Lake Erie — quite an elevation for that section. A portion of the clipping reads thus: —

"The hill was owned by Peter Chardon Brooks, a first citizen of Massachusetts.

"It was quite the fashion those days for a gent to found a town and thus put his name on the map. But Brooks, while he craved the perpetual publicity thus to be attained, really was too much of a gent to drive an ox cart to Geauga-co. to do the founding act himself. So he agreed to donate a village plat if the county seat would be called after him.

"'What's in a name?' argued the prominent pioneers, accepting.

"They were a little bit dismayed, though, when Brooks announced that it was by his second name he wanted the town called. But they vowed that even if the county seat had to be called by a second name, it wouldn't be a second-rater.

"And their progeny are determined to prove that it isn't, by the centennial celebration."

It appears that in Ohio's early days Mr. Brooks, as did others, made purchase of Western lands, and it chanced that upon his the county seat was located, as some one is said to have remarked "that the government might be conducted on a high plane."

Mr. Brooks was son of Rev. Edward Brooks, who gave him the name of his college classmate at Harvard, Peter Chardon. The classmate's father was Pierre Chardon (pronounced *Sherdon*), a French Huguenot. A refugee from France, he became a prosperous Boston merchant and resided on the site of present Bowdoin Square Baptist Church, and the street adjoining still bears his name.

It was characteristic of Mr. Brooks that in naming the new town he should have modestly deferred the family name and given to succeeding time that of his father's friend, whose parents suffered for conscience sake, and sought liberty on these shores. Unlike the Ohio writer, we do not think he "craved perpetual publicity," and deem it fitting to quote from Dr. Everett's anniversary poem: —

"And in the house of prayer
Before him seated, mark that presence mild —
The merchant's brow, that care
With greed or fraud not for one hour defiled;
Borne by wealth's fullest breeze,
He stopped in manhood's prime; and year to year

His books, his friends, his trees,
Made to his ever widening heart more dear,
List, brothers, list, my grandsire's words, and prize
Their homely truth today —
'No use of money truer satisfies
Than giving it away.'"

Doubtless our Medford citizen a century ago found in his gift to the town and county of the new State of Ohio something of that same satisfaction.

Two incidents have been told us by men now living and of nearly fourscore years.

One, when a boy of four, was told "you can get some peaches at Mr. Brooks' house," so taking his basket he started from the old Canal tavern (his father was lock-tender), up the tow-path, a quarter mile. The door of the mansion stood invitingly open. As the boy says, "Mr. B. was standing before a glass, shaving. Turning to me he said, 'Well, my little man, what do you want?' and on being told, 'Well, sit down; I guess you can have them.' Soon calling his serving man he said, 'John, fill this boy's basket and see him safely home.'" All of which made impression on the boy's mind, and he delights to tell it today.

Another: A school-boy from West Cambridge, in his daily walk to Mr. Angier's school in Medford, often got a ride in the "leather topped chaise" as Mr. B. made his daily drive to Boston, and he, too, recalls the kindly words and counsel.

. . . . . .

The Chardon celebration covered three days. Their paper says: "A program of unusual length was carried out without a hitch, the people came from miles around and were entertained as Chardon never did before. And they were pleased, too. It took no end of hard work, and considerable money to finance the Centennial, but Chardon business men and citizens were equal to th occasion."

Chardon is a town of eight thousand people, but like others in Ohio, has a city government.

Just here it is well to remember something of the development of the West. Medford was one hundred and eighty-one years old, and had less than five thousand people when Mr. Brooks gave that site and named that town.

THE SOCIETY'S WORK—PAPERS AND ADDRESSES—SIXTEENTH YEAR, 1911-1912.

October 16.—"A Summer in Germany and Austria." Rosewell B. Lawrence.

November 20.—"The Attempted Rescue of Anthony Burns." George C. Tate.

December 20.—"Along the Banks of the Mystic in the Fifties." Elisha B. Curtis.

January 15.—"Annual Meeting." Short Addresses by Officers of the Bay State Historical League.

February 19.—"The Walnut Tree Hill Division of the Stinted Pasture." John H. Hooper.

March 18. "The Postmasters of Medford." Irving B. Farnum.

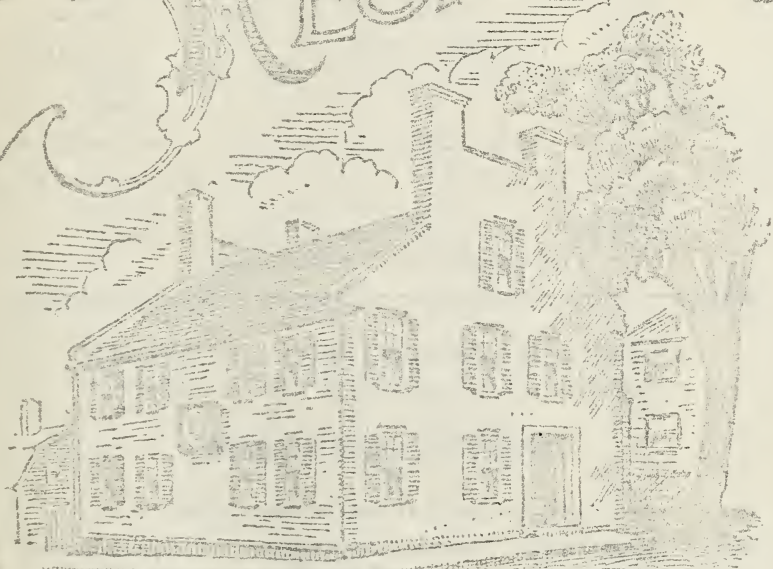
April 15.—"Laws and Courts of the Massachusetts Bay Colony." Frank E. Bradbury of Dedham.

May 20.—"Libby Prison." Charles W. Libby.
"Manual Training in the Medford Schools." Joseph T. Whitney.

With this issue the REGISTER closes its fifteenth volume. We have tried to make it a distinctively Medford work of interest and value, and trust that our effort has not been altogether in vain.

Vol. XV.] [No. 1.

HISTORICAL REGISTER



JANUARY, 1912

PUBLISHED BY THE

MEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY

MEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

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Entered as second-class matter, under the act of July 16, 1894, Medford Station, Boston, Massachusetts.

MEDFORD HISTORICAL REGISTER.

Published quarterly (January, April, July, and October)

BY THE

Medford Historical Society,

AT

No. 2 Ashland Street, Medford, Mass.

Subscription price, one dollar a year, postpaid. Single copies, 25 cents.

For sale at the Society Rooms and by the Treasurer.

Publication Committee.

GEORGE S. T. FULLER, Chairman. MISS HELEN T. WILD.

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Editor, MOSES W. MANN.

Exchange list in charge of GEO. S. T. FULLER, 7 Alfred Street.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to the Medford Historical Society, in the city of Medford, Mass., the sum of _____ Dollars for the general use and purposes of said Society.

(Signed) _____

J. C. MILLER, JR., PRINTER, MEDFORD.

MEDFORD · HISTORICAL · SOCIETY
1896

THE

MEDFORD HISTORICAL REGISTER

VOL. XVI., 1913

PUBLISHED BY THE
MEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY
MEDFORD, MASS.

MEDFORD

J. C. MILLER, JR., PRINTER

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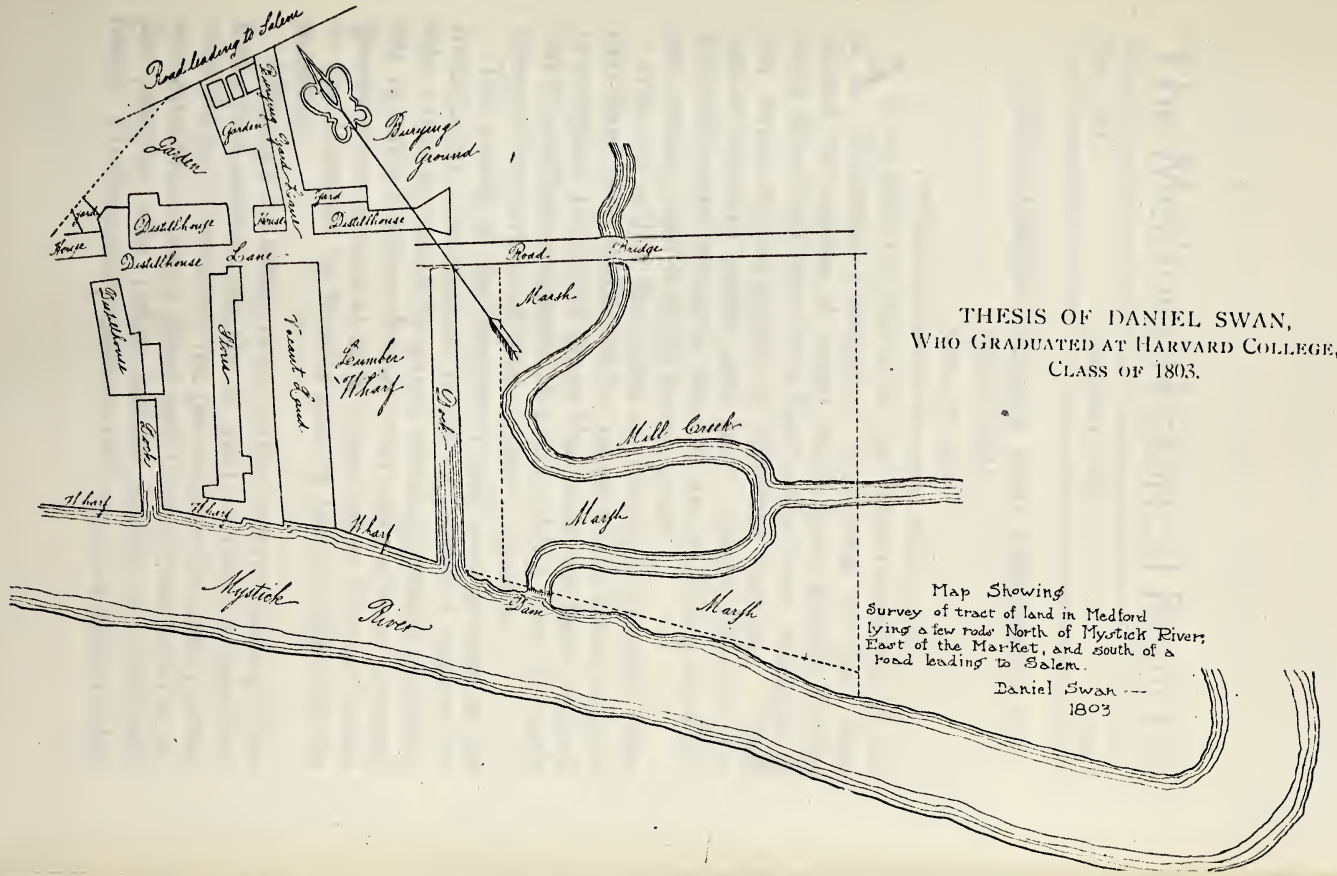


THESIS OF DANIEL SWAN,
WHO GRADUATED AT HARVARD COLLEGE,
CLASS OF 1803.

Map Showing
Survey of tract of land in Medford
lying a few rods North of Mystick River;
East of the Market, and South of a
road leading to Salem.

Daniel Swan ---
1803

The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XVI. JANUARY, 1913. No. 1.

DISTINGUISHED GUESTS AND RESIDENTS OF MEDFORD.

ELIZA M. GILL.

[Read before the Medford Historical Society, October 21, 1912.]

AS we turn the leaves of the fifteen volumes of the MEDFORD HISTORICAL REGISTER we find mentioned the names of many well-known people, having more than local fame, who have either been residents in our town, or the guests of Medford families. These names occur in earlier and later colonial times, at the Revolutionary period, in the first and middle part of the last century, and in more recent years.

It is not within the limits of this paper to recall those that have been noticed in the pages of the REGISTER, nor to complete the list of those that have not been printed, but it is sufficient to mention a few, taking them in nearly consecutive periods of time, or else in groups.

The names of the clergymen who were present at the installation, dismissal or burial of Medford pastors, or who came to preach by way of exchange, make a notable list of early Puritan divines who were always honored guests of our people at such times, but as they are found in the histories by Brooks and by Usher, they need no mention.

Although the family of the writer was not among Medford's first settlers, yet she is glad to claim connection with the early history of the place where the family home was established many years ago, through her relative on the paternal side, Judge Samuel Sewall of witchcraft fame. He frequently came to call upon his niece (1713,

etc.), the wife of Rev. Aaron Porter, the first settled pastor of the town.

One Sunday in October, 1738, among the worshipers in Rev. Mr. Turell's congregation was Gov. Jonathan Belcher. As he was one of the royal governors we may imagine he came with some show of pomp, but not enough, we hope, to distract attention from the minister and his discourse.

A touch of the romantic was given our staid little town when Sir Henry Frankland and Agnes Surriage (between 1745 and 1775) came on horseback to call on the Royalls at their fine mansion, then in the height of its splendor. How little did the fair maid from Marblehead then dream that a hundred and fifty years later she would be a beautiful heroine, a figure of interest in prose and poetry, and that a tangible evidence of herself would be exhibited in that house, in the same room, perchance, where she was being received. A fan, with finely carved sticks, and picturing in brilliant colors the coronation of George the Second, that once belonged to Agnes Surriage, was shown at the Sarah Bradlee-Fulton Chapter, D. A. R., Loan Exhibit at the Royall House, April, 1899, and is an heirloom in a well-known family of this city. Nor did the gallant with her that pleasant afternoon think that a Medford minister (Rev. Elias Nason) would one day write a most interesting and accurate account of the life of Sir Charles Henry Frankland, Baronet.

We have a still further connection with Agnes Surriage, since her sister, Mrs. Mary Swain, who inherited the Hopkinton estate and the great mansion in Boston that belonged to Lady Frankland, lived the latter part of her life in Medford; and it is not improbable that Mrs. Mary Swain, who died here in 1800 and whose gravestone may be seen in the Salem Street Burying Ground, and the first mentioned are one and the same. A will of Daniel McClester, son of Mrs. Swain by a former marriage, dated August 1, 1807, bequeathing to his uncle, Isaac Surriage, of Hopkinton, the property above-mentioned which he

had received from his mother, and the death of a Mr. McClester (the name is variously spelled) in Medford, August 13, 1807, give credence to the supposition.

Jeremiah Page of Danvers responded to the Lexington alarm and served as an officer in the Revolution. He was an ardent patriot, and forbade any tea to be drunk under his roof. The story of the clever ruse of his wife, who managed to enjoy her tea drinking without breaking the letter of the law of her liege lord, forgotten by reason of her death, that occurred soon after, was not recalled until nearly seventy years had passed, and was revived again at the time of the centennial celebrations of the stirring events of the Revolution, and made the subject of a pleasing poem by Lucy Larcom.

Stories told in rhyme deviate from facts and are not always plain, unvarnished tales, but the poetic license accorded to and used by poets only adds to the charm of the story, and knowing this we can take without harm our dose of poetry and fiction. I imagine Miss Larcom's poem, "A Gambrel Roof," differs but little from the true facts of the case, and though perhaps a digression from our subject, the following concerning Dill, whom Miss Larcom introduced in her story, may not be amiss. One authority says the child was bought April 19, 1766, and died about the middle of the nineteenth century, a nonagenarian. The item to which I especially refer was made public by the *Boston Herald*, November 8, 1908, and was a receipt, given in connection with a sale of slaves, found in a garret of a house in North Adams, and reads as follows: —

DANVERS, MASS., April 19, 1774.

Received of Mr. Jeremiah Page fifty eight pounds thirteen Shillings And fore pence lawful money And a negro woman called dinah, which in full for A negro girl Call Cato And A negro Child Called deliverance or dill which I now sell and deliver to ye said Jeremiah Page.

FRANK TAPLEY.
JOHN BANCROFT.
GENERAL JOHN STARK.

BOSTON, MASS., April 18, 1774.

The Page homestead, in good condition, is today one of the historic places pointed out to the visitor to Danvers. Our interest in the young man who built this colonial house for himself at the time of his marriage in 1750, and who became a man of force, ability and distinction, lies in the fact that he was Medford born and lived here till early manhood. We find his name on our tax-rate lists for 1744, '45, '46. At the invitation of a Mr. Andrews, whose daughter he married afterwards, he went to Danvers to engage in the business of brick making. Without doubt he had learned much concerning it in the various brick-yards in his birthplace.

Four young men, all but the last being graduates of Harvard, began their public life as teachers in our town school, and though their residence was only for a brief period, as they became eminent in professional circles, it is pleasant to mark their connection with the history of Medford: —

First. Nathaniel Thayer graduated from college at the age of nineteen, and at twenty began the study of divinity with Dr. Osgood, at the same time taking charge of our grammar school. He was teacher in the second schoolhouse from October, 1789, to December, 1790. He was ordained when twenty-four years of age and became pastor of the Unitarian Church in Lancaster, where he was a loved and respected pastor for fifty years. His father had served the church in Hampton, N. H., forty years. Dr. Osgood preached the sermon, taking his text from Acts 20: 27, "For I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God." The good doctor must have had a tender and loving feeling for the youth who had been under his instruction and guidance, and we believe he bespoke for the young man the respect and loyal following of the people who were to become his charge.

The firm of John E. Thayer and Brothers was established by his sons, the members of which amassed great wealth. The younger generations of these families are

widely known today in financial and social circles. A son, who bore his father's name, was the munificent patron of Harvard College and of the town of Lancaster, still the residence of the Thayers.

Dudley Hall (1780–1868) used to tell of his being a pupil, when ten years old, of Nathaniel Thayer.

A side light is thrown upon the importance of Dr. Osgood in the community by the fact that of the one hundred copies of the "Sermon and Charge and Right Hand of Fellowship" printed by the town, twelve were given to our Medford minister. Twenty were for Mr. Thayer, six for the president of Harvard, sixteen to as many clergymen, and the rest were given to heads of families in the congregation.

Second. In the third schoolhouse a young man taught for six months (December, 1796, to July, 1797), who afterwards taught theology for nearly forty years in Andover Theological Seminary. He was the celebrated Leonard Woods, D.D. He joined the church under Dr. Osgood and was the life-long friend of his pastor, though their views on theological points varied greatly.

On leaving our town his connection with it did not cease, for Dr. Woods' youngest daughter married Rev. A. R. Baker, who was settled over the Second Congregational Society from 1838–1848.

I find no mention of Mrs. Baker in Mrs. Sargent's paper, "Literary Medford," published in the REGISTER, January, 1912. She was an able woman and a voluminous author, was born in Andover, Mass., August 19, 1815, and educated at the famous Abbot Female Seminary. She was married three years previous to coming to Medford. Her books were not published till after her removal from here. The list comprises nearly two hundred volumes, most of them juvenile stories, "Tim the Scissors-Grinder" being the most popular. Several were translated into French and German. Fifty years ago she was known to many readers by her pseudonyms of *Madeline Leslie* and *Aunt Hattie*.

Her husband assisted her in editing some of her writings, and she assisted him in editing "Theology in Romance," a work of two volumes. She wrote "Reminiscences of Leonard Woods," edited and wrote in part her father's "History of the Andover Seminary." Mr. Baker wrote a number of works on theological subjects, and while in Medford published "A School History of the United States, containing Maps, a Chronological Chart, and an Outline of Topics for a More Extensive Course of Study" (1843). Mrs. Baker died in Brooklyn, N. Y., April 27, 1893. A son, born in 1845, is one of the prominent physicians today in Boston — Dr. William H. Baker, named for a member of his father's parish.

Third. Samuel Weed taught from February, 1806, to August, 1807. He studied medicine with Dr. Brooks, and after settling in Portland, Me., came to Medford for his bride, marrying Maria Condy. He was a physician of the old-school type in dignity, graciousness and worth, like Doctors Brooks and Swan, and was greatly beloved and highly respected in Portland, where he died in 1857 at the age of eighty-three.

Fourth. A later teacher in the West Grammar School became the eloquent preacher and gifted writer, Thomas Starr King. He received his appointment November 25, 1842, through the influence of his father's friend, Rev. Hosea Ballou, 2d, pastor of the Universalist Church, though the only drawback to the applicant was his youth. The family removed here and Starr wrote, "I am very much pleased with the change, and delighted with the Medford people."

While on a visit he wrote to a relative, "We have a fine Unitarian preacher there [Medford], Rev. C. Stetson, with whom I am intimately acquainted. He is a man of solid acquirements, weighing some three hundred pounds. I have attended his church pretty often since my removal, which has occasioned mother some worriment, which you may suppose is no way lessened when I tell her, at least twice a week, that I intend taking a

class in his Sabbath School, and studying for the Unitarian ministry."

It seems that the ministers of the First Parish made deep impressions on many young men.

Theodore Parker, on a visit here, wrote in his diary April 13, 1843, "Saw schoolmaster Thomas Starr King,—capital fellow, only nineteen. Taught school three years. Supports his mother. He went into Walker's three courses of lectures, and took good notes. Reads French, Spanish, Latin, Italian, a little Greek and begins German. He is a good listener."

He resigned his position August 1, 1843. In 1845, at the invitation of the citizens of Medford, he delivered the Fourth of July oration in the Unitarian Church.

Service in our schools seems to have been a good preparation for a wider life of usefulness and prominence. Many pupils must have been stimulated and greatly influenced for good by such earnest, fine young spirits as Starr King and his predecessors in office.

The most distinguished guests within our borders have been two of world-wide fame, Washington (1789) and Lafayette (1824). The magnet that drew them was John Brooks, their comrade-in-arms.

President James Monroe, during his term of office, on a visit to Boston in 1817, was in Medford twice. A Boston newspaper says that Thursday, July 3, he came with his suite in carriages to return a call made him by Governor Brooks, "partook of an elegant collation, visited the delightful neighborhood," and on the Saturday following "dined with Governor Brooks returning to Boston at 6 o'clock."

The elegant collation and delightful neighborhood evidently refer to the reception given to the president by Peter C. Brooks at his fine country estate in West Medford, to which he graciously invited his neighbors. Mrs. Elijah Smith, the site of whose home was where Boston avenue meets High street on the south side, attended the reception, taking a little daughter of five months.

The grown-up people present, telling the story of that pleasant afternoon in later years, remembered that strawberries were served, and undoubtedly they were fine if grown on the host's ground, as they probably were; while the baby girl when she grew up had the pretty story to tell that President Monroe took her in his arms and kissed her.

Mrs. Smith was the grandmother of Mr. Wait and the Misses Wait, members of our historical society.

If the after life of some who had a brief residence with us has been a recital of interest we may pardonably have a stronger feeling, one of pride even, in Medford born sons and daughters who have made themselves useful or famous in the world, after going forth from our midst. In this class we shall notice five.

The most picturesque period of our colonial history was the governorship of William Shirley and the most picturesque event of his administration was the planning of the capture of Louisburg.

The act of the Massachusetts boy, the Medford lad, will appeal even to younger readers. He was in the band of thirteen, a reconnoitering party under Vaughan, who, noticing that no smoke was issuing from the barrack chimneys and no flag floating from the staff, entered the battery, after an Indian had crawled in at an embrasure and opened the gate.

They found the place empty, for the French frightened by the smoke of the burning warehouses containing their naval stores which Vaughan had set on fire the night before, had fled in terror, after spiking the guns and cutting the halliards. As there was no flag and Vaughan was ready to report the capture of the fort in the name of England, while waiting for one, William Tufts, a boy of eighteen, climbed the staff with his red coat in his teeth and nailed it to the top.

This bold act, which evinced a sturdy and courageous nature even in a time when men were made of stern stuff for rough work, has been noticed by many writers, but

frequently without mention of the lad's name. The following is from the *Boston Gazette* of 3 June, 1771.

"Medford, May 25, 1771. This Day died here, Mr. William Tufts, jun., aged about 44 Years, and left a widow and a Number of small Children to lament his Loss. As an Husband, he was kind and benevolent; as a Parent, tender and affectionate; a good Neighbor, and very industrious in his Calling. He lived beloved, and died lamented, and made a hopeful Change. When he was about 18 years of age he enlisted a volunteer into the service of his King and Country in the Expedition against Cape-Britain under the command of Lt. General Pepperrell, in the year 1745 — where he signalized his Courage in a remarkable Manner at the Island Battery, when the unsuccessful Attempt was made by a Detachment from the Army to take by Storm. He got into the Battery, notwithstanding the heavy Fire of the French Artillery and small Arms, climbed up the Flag-Staff, struck the French Colors, pulled off his read Great Coat, and hoisted it on the Staff as English Colors, all which Time there was a continued Fire at him from the Small Arms of the French, and got down untouched, tho' many Bullets went thro' his Trousers and Cloathes."

"Query. If a Roman Soldier had done such a bold, daring and Loyal action, would he not have had a Monument of Fame erected for him? or at least some gratuity made him by his king and country?

"And now his Family is needy."

Perhaps this obituary was written by some partisan friend or loving relative in whose eyes the act seemed greater than in those of the writers who have omitted to mention Tufts' name. Parkman, who will be spoken of later, covers the period of this war in his "Half Century of Conflict," and truly no historical writing can be more simple, more charming, or more complete in detail of facts, and for pleasant and interesting reading I commend the book to the attention of our school children.

In 1871 this newspaper account was reprinted in full in an article where the story was told again for the public, and since that time it has been given by successive writers with the youth's name, though Parkman suggests that the act was over exploited. It has been written for young readers by another author and I hope the boys and girls will know all the history concerning William Tufts and also of the events in which he took part.

When the news of the capture of Louisburg reached Boston at one o'clock in the morning of July 3, two months afterwards, bells and cannon woke the slumbering people and they celebrated the glad event with fireworks and bonfires, and shouting crowds filled the streets.

Shall we not imagine that some wave of this enthusiasm rolled over Medford when they heard of the exploit of the soldier boy in King George the Second's army who belonged in their midst and had come home a hero?

In 1907 the *Boston Globe* issued a set of one hundred pictures, printing one each day, illustrating events in American history, asking school children to send answers naming the event the picture was drawn to illustrate. To those entering the contest, sums of money were awarded for correct answers, and I think it greatly to the credit of our city that six girls of Medford and three boys won prizes. The description of No. 72 was "William Tufts of Medford nailing his red coat to staff as a substitute for British flag, at the attack on Louisburg, May 3, 1745."

The life story of the child of Scotch-Irish descent whose birth was May 1, 1732, is one full of interest. With the immigration of the sturdy and worthy Scotch-Irish to New England, several families came to Medford. William McClintock, when others of his companions went on to found the town of Londonderry, N. H., named for their old world home, settled on the Mystic river. He married four times, had nineteen children and died at the age of ninety. I do not know how long he remained here, but for some years the McClintock name was on the town records. The William McClintock and his wife Jane, who settled here for a few years after their marriage and moved to Boothbay, Me., was probably a son of the former. William the elder was an industrious farmer, laboring quietly, not entering into public life. His third wife was the mother of Samuel, coming with her husband to New England. The boy's education began in our grammar school and was continued under Master Minot

at Concord, Mass., and Rev. Mr. Abercrombie in an academy near Northampton, Mass.

He graduated from the college of New Jersey in 1751, which was then at Newark. A few years later it was removed to Princeton and has since been known by that name. He was under the tutelage and influence of President Burr, father of Aaron Burr. His service to his country and his sacrifices were in direct contrast to that of the president's notorious and despised son.

Samuel McClintock became the pastor of the Congregational Church in Greenland, N. H., and died in active service in the forty-eighth year of his ministry, having had but one pastorate. His death occurred April 27, 1804, at the age of seventy-two years. He was married twice and had fifteen children.

He was a pronounced patriot, served as chaplain in the French war and repeatedly as chaplain to various bands of New Hampshire soldiers in the Revolution. He had four sons in the Continental Army, three of whom gave their lives to the colonists' cause. He was present at the Battle of Bunker Hill and knelt and prayed with head uncovered and with uplifted hands, for the success of his country during the raging of the battle and the flying of the bullets. (See MEDFORD HISTORICAL REGISTER, Vol. VIII, No. 1, p. 23.) This incident has been commemorated by Mrs. Sigourney in the following poem: —

It was an hour of fear and dread —
  High rose the battle-cry,
And round, in heavy volume, spread
  The war cloud to the sky.
'Twas not, as when in rival strength
  Contending nations meet,
Or love of conquest madly hurls
  A monarch from his seat:

Yet one was there, unused to tread
  The path of mortal strife,
Who but the Saviour's flock had fed
  Beside the fount of life.

He knelt him where the black smoke wreathed —
His head was bowed and bare, —
While for an infant land he breathed
The agony of prayer.

The column, red with early morn,
May tower o'er Bunker's height,
And proudly tell a race unborn
Their patriot father's might: —
But thou, O patriarch, old and gray,
Thou prophet of the free,
Who knelt among the dead that day,
What fame shall rise to thee!

It is not meet that brass or stone
Which feel the touch of time,
Shall keep the record of a faith
That woke the deed sublime:
We trace it to the tablet fair,
Which glows when stars wax pale,
A promise that the good man's prayer
Shall with his God prevail.

Samuel McClintock was considered one of the best classical scholars in New England, received degrees from his own college, Harvard and Yale. His printed sermons and papers form quite a list, but with such ponderous titles as to deter modern readers from looking farther than the titles.

In 1784 Dr. McClintock had the honor of preaching the first election sermon at the inaugural ceremonies of the governor of New Hampshire, a custom that was continued until 1861. He took for his text Jer. 18:7-10.

Although Bunker Hill Day is not generally observed outside of Massachusetts, yet the grave of Rev. Samuel McClintock, chaplain at the Battle of Bunker Hill, is always decorated at that time.

You who are lovers of history and searchers among records would not have us fail to mention another William Tufts out of gratitude, for "no one was so able to aid seekers after historical documents, and no one could have been more ready." May, 1857, he bought a home in Salem and made his residence there, where

he died, June 3, 1861. The "Salem Register" says, "An old and faithful servant of the commonwealth, William Tufts, Esq., died at his residence in this city on Monday. Mr. Tufts was in his seventy-fifth year, having been born in Medford, March 1, 1787. From 1815 to 1850 he was well known to all who had business transactions at the state house, having been for a long period the chief clerk in the office of the secretary of the commonwealth. For several years past he has resided in Salem, quietly enjoying the fruits of his well-spent active life."

Capt. James Gilchrist, born in Danvers, 1770, married Susan Wyman of Medford, June 10, 1805. He was engaged in the East India trade, sailing from Salem and Boston. They made their home in the house on High street generally called the Train house, moved to the one called the Ebenezer Turell or Jonathan Porter house, then again to the former. Six or seven of their nine children were born in this town, and after a residence of seventeen years the family moved to Charlestown, N. H., where Captain Gilchrist died, 1827. When we see what was the caliber of the members of this family, we realize that what was our loss was New Hampshire's gain.

John James Gilchrist, born February 16, 1809, and Edward Gilchrist, born February 15, 1811, must have received their early education here. The former was a pupil at the school of John Angier. He graduated from Harvard, 1828, and upon being admitted to the bar established himself in Charlestown, N. H. He married a daughter of a former governor of that state, and became successful in the practice of his profession. He was early called to the head of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire, and was appointed one of the judges of the Court of Claims by President Pierce. He discharged his duties with marked ability and was greatly esteemed. He died at Washington, April 20, 1858. His intimate friend and classmate, Hon. George S. Hillard, elsewhere mentioned in this paper, wrote a long and highly complimentary obituary notice of Chief Justice Gilchrist

which even one who did not know him could but enjoy reading. In it he says of his friend no one had a better claim than he to the "grand old name of gentleman."

Edward became a surgeon in the navy in 1832 and joined Commodore Wilkes' United States exploring expedition. He left it at Valparaiso about 1840, returned home and became resident physician and surgeon in Chelsea Naval Hospital, where he died suddenly November 4, 1869. His obituary was also written by Mr. Hillard.

A sister, Martha, became the second wife of Chief Justice Cushing, who succeeded her brother John James as Chief Justice of New Hampshire.

When the family moved to Charlestown, in 1822, "Mrs. Gilchrist opened a select school for young ladies which was continued for a considerable time. She was a highly educated lady, and previous to her marriage to Captain Gilchrist had been a teacher in Medford, in the celebrated school of Mrs. Rowson. Her school soon acquired a wide reputation, and pupils were attracted to it from a great distance. It was commenced at South Charlestown, but after the death of Captain Gilchrist, in 1827, the family removed to the village and it was continued there. The school was discontinued about 1833, in consequence of the marriage of her three eldest daughters, from whom she had been accustomed to receive great assistance." Mrs. Gilchrist, who was born in Woburn, Mass., died in Charlestown, N. H., March 20, 1858, at the age of seventy-four.

Two won their laurels in the dramatic profession.

T. Allston Brown in his "History of the American Stage 1733-1870," says Mrs. Bannister was born in Chester, N. H., and that her maiden name was Green. "Records of the New York Stage 1750-1860," by Joseph N. Ireland, states that she "was born of a respectable family in the State of New Hampshire," and a third authority says that her maiden name was Green.

Over against these statements, stand those of the

members of this society before mentioned in this paper, and to them we give credence as again it is a matter of family history, for the lady whom we are now discussing was a relative, a cousin of their father.

It is not strange that in the matter of names a mistake should occur, for she had a middle name, not so common in her time as it is today, and the name of her last husband singularly was the same as her maiden name.

Amelia was baptized, according to the First Parish records, October 6, 1799. She was the daughter of John and Lydia (Fulton) Bannister of Boston, who were married there by the Rev. James Freeman, December 31, 1789. Her mother was the daughter of John and Sarah (Bradlee) Fulton, our local heroine of the Revolution.

There is one saying we do not have to take with a grain of salt, and that is, that no one can escape death and taxes, and the tax lists and assessors' books of New England towns are a great help in proving residence.

Mr. and Mrs. Bannister became residents of Medford a few years after their marriage. His name is first found on the tax list 1797 and last in 1800. He owned one-half of a house.

Amelia was baptized October 6, 1799 (according to the First Parish records), by the name of *Pamelia*, but was always *called* by the former name. Two brothers were baptized at the same time and given respectively the names of John Fulton and Samuel Bradlee. Another child born March 18 was on March 30 christened Mary Adams, and died September 20, 1800. An infant child of the Bannisters died April 23, 1798. Other children in this family were Josiah, David, Charles, Rinaldo.

She married first a Christopher Legge, had a son named Christopher Lucius Legge, who, when his mother married John Augustus Stone, took the name of Stone. By her second husband she had a son named Henry F. Stone. Her third husband was Nathaniel H. Bannister, who was born in Baltimore and died in New York, 1847. He was not related to her father's family. Each of these

was an actor, the latter being also an author. He wrote the equestrian drama, Putnam.

Amelia, the third in point of age, spent her early days in this town. Then the family moved to Boston, where she was educated. She soon acquired a taste for the stage.

She played for many years in New York and Philadelphia, but never in Boston, on account of her relatives' dislike for her having adopted the stage as a profession. She experienced, in the place of her birth, the Puritan aversion to the stage and the people connected with it, so much stronger in her day than now, and in the homes of some cousins she was never welcomed.

She made her debut in Pittsburg, Penn., in 1817 as Mrs. Blanford in "Speed the Plough." Her first appearance in New York was in 1822-3 as Adelgitha in the play of that name. She was long known at the Bowery and other New York theatres. She took such parts as Letitia Hardy in the "Belle's Stratagem," Leonora in the "Lovers' Quarrels" and Mrs. Malfort in the "Soldier's Daughter." She made her first appearance as the latter, when she was engaged for the so-called heavy business.

On July 2, 1822, a company of amateurs opened an establishment under the name of the City Theater. Only three had any stage experience, Mrs. Legge being one.

"The latter was young, talented and interesting in appearance, a careful and understanding reader, and in a good school of acting would have probably attained distinction, but it has been her misfortune to be generally attached to theaters where her abilities have been wasted on the worst of melodramas, and her true beauties undiscovered or unappreciated.

"During the long run of Uncle Tom's Cabin at the National Theater, in 1853, Mrs. Bannister was the representative of the revengeful yet sympathizing Cassy."

She died in New Jersey about 1879. The dates of her marriage can be approximately determined by facts. In 1817 she was known as Mrs. Legge, as Mrs. Stone in 1855.

After a few years' absence from New York she reappeared as Mrs. Bannister. She seems always to have appeared under her own name; for her stage career we have relied upon the printed authorities mentioned above.

Mrs. Bannister was connected with the writer's family (a great aunt having married Amelia's brother David), and the actress' name has often been mentioned in our home. Our aunt, feeling her nieces' education was being sadly neglected and their pleasure much curtailed, begged the privilege of taking sister and myself to the theatre, and in her company one Saturday afternoon we made our first acquaintance with the play-house. The memory of that rapturous afternoon, and the new kid gloves worn on the great occasion, still lingers with us. Our ardor was somewhat dampened when we were told at home we could not go again if we were going to talk so much about the play on Sunday.

The mistake made long since, for the books mentioned were published forty years ago, we may not be able to right, but we dare to offer you, our hearers this evening, the correction, and say that Amelia Green Bannister was born in Medford.

Edwin Adams was the eighth in descent from Henry Adams, the immigrant who settled at Braintree. His branch of the family appears to have gone to Medfield. His parents were Elisha Adams, Jr., and Caroline (Boyden) of Walpole, and their residence is given as Dorchester or Medford. All the children, save Edwin, were born in Dorchester.

Though his birth is not on our town records (like others previously mentioned in this paper), an Adams genealogy, numerous encyclopædias and biographies state that Edwin Adams was born in Medford, Mass., February 3, 1834. As he was an actor of considerable note we will not challenge this statement, but let Medford have the glory given her of having produced another genius within her borders.

His first appearance on the stage was as Stephen in

"The Hunchback" at the National Theater, Boston, August 29, 1853. His career is too well known, and accounts of his life and work are so easily accessible that we give but a few facts concerning him. He played in many cities in this country, and went to Australia. Enoch Arden and Shakespeare's characters were his favorite roles. He was associated with Edwin Booth in the latter's theater in New York, and played with him in the Boston Theater in 1870. He was considered one of the best light comedians on the stage. "His voice was of wonderful richness, strength and melody." His wife was also an actress and dancer, but on the death of her husband retired from the stage. He died in Philadelphia, October 25, 1877. A friend has described to me his house at Long Branch. On the exterior it had the appearance of being three stories in height but the interior had but two stories. This arrangement gave a large and lofty room for the practicing of his parts and for giving entertainments.

This Society has hanging on the wall of its library a framed play bill of that fateful night in Washington, April 14, 1865. At the bottom is the announcement, "Easter Monday, April 17, Engagement of the Young American Tragedian, Edwin Adams."

A little boy at the age of eight came to live on his grandfather's farm (1831), a part of the estate of the late Gen. S. C. Lawrence, the house where the lad lived for four years being the one called the Peter C. Hall house on Winthrop street, now numbered 343. He attended John Angier's private school on Forest street, roamed the Middlesex Fells, gaining a love of nature and a knowledge of woods and fields that became valuable to him in his life's work, for he became the great and scholarly historian, Francis Parkman, the cultivator of fine roses and president of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. The writer remembers his dignified manner as she sat opposite him at a banquet of the society.

Harriet Martineau, the English writer, came to this

country in 1835, remaining two years. She was a guest in the home of Rev. Caleb Stetson, pastor of the First Parish, Medford, and corresponded with him. The parsonage then was the home on High street, later the residence of the late John Ayres, now the site of the parish house of St. Joseph's Church. As the guest and family sat together looking out on the Mystic river below, or low lying Pasture Hill above, there must have been much pleasant conversation on subjects of common interest, for Miss Martineau's brother was a celebrated Unitarian divine.

A relative of the Stetsons says, "There floats in my mind a dim tradition of Miss Lucy Osgood having made a tea party for Miss Martineau at that time, borrowing my aunt's guest knives and forks, as extras were needed, but not inviting her. I doubt if any ladies were present but the two sisters and Miss Martineau; they found manly-scholarly conversation much more to their liking than the usual feminine-domestic. Yet no one relished a spicy bit of gossip, not unfriendly, more than they, but it must be the spice, not the substance, of life."

John Quincy Adams visited his favorite niece, Abby S. Adams, wife of John Angier, in the house built by Mr. Angier, which became the property of our esteemed townsman, the late Eleazar Boynton. We can determine the time of his being here by the dates of the marriage and death of his niece, 1831 and 1845. On this estate, on the west side of the lawn, is a Scotch laburnum and an English oak planted by Mr. Adams. He brought them as small cuttings from abroad, before importations of such goods were common by nurserymen and florists.

A manuscript piece of music, the work of Mr. Adams, is in the possession of the family who own the Surriage fan.

Daniel Webster came one summer day (before 1852) to call on a friend who was boarding here, and together they went to pay their respects to Rev. William Adams. Doctor Adams was spending his vacation at the home

of his father-in-law, Thatcher Magoun, the senior ship builder. He married Susan P. Magoun in 1831, and her sister, Martha B. Magoun, in 1835. He was an admirer of Webster and a distinguished man himself and was called one of the noted clergymen of New York City.

He was pastor of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, and at his Sunday evening services the aisles were filled with benches, and people stood up, so great were the crowds that gathered to hear him preach. He published several volumes of sermons and other works, and on giving up preaching became President of Union Theological Seminary. He was born in Colchester, Conn., January 25, 1807, and died in New York, August 31, 1880.

Dr. Adams and his family spent the summers in Medford, and he was very well known by many families of this town. They were attendants at the First Trinitarian Church, where the courtesy of the pulpit was always extended to the distinguished clergyman, and when the rumor went round that Dr. Adams was to preach, there was a large audience who had the privilege of hearing a fine sermon.

Ex-Governor Boutwell, Secretary of the State Board of Education, presided at the dedication of the new schoolhouse on Park street (December 24, 1855), built to replace the one burned.*

Edward Everett married a daughter of Peter C. Brooks and lived for a while in the house on High street west of the Public Library, now occupied by the Misses Ayres. Another daughter of Mr. Brooks married Charles Francis Adams, son of John Quincy Adams, in 1829. At that time Mr. Brooks had the reputation of being the wealthiest man in New England.

A letter written by Edward Everett while here is in possession of our Public Library, and one dated 15 June, 1857, was headed Medford. A ship built in the yard of Paul Curtis in 1843 was named the *Edward Everett*, and

*The school was then named in honor of Dr. Daniel Swan, who was specially invited to be present. He attended, but was unaware of the fact until it was publicly announced.

our town honored the distinguished statesman by naming one of her school buildings for him.

It adds to the interest of local and general history to recall the fact that John Brown (before 1859) was a guest at the home of George L. Stearns, and received sympathy and encouragement from the host and his wife. If he could only have looked down the years to see Doctor Booker T. Washington* that fine specimen of the despised race he really died for, entertained by our high-minded citizens and listened to by the largest audience ever gathered in Medford, how his soul would have been cheered; but John Brown only saw the promised land from the top of Mount Pisgah.

No choicer spirits, singly or in companies, ever gathered in any home in this town than were found in the home of George L. Stearns. Men and women of the noblest type, ready to sacrifice themselves and their property for the good of mankind, distinguished lawyers and writers, were those who were welcomed within those hospitable walls, and I doubt if our towns-people were ever really cognizant of what transpired there, or were in touch with the inmates of the red house on the hill who formed a little world apart by themselves. George S. Hillard, Moncure D. Conway, and greater lights like Rufus Choate, Wendell Phillips, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Bronson Alcott and Julia Ward Howe were guests of the Stearns family. Later came Julian, son of Nathaniel Hawthorne, a school friend of one of the sons.

Lest we forget what the country and our state owes to this man, of whom we ought to be proud as being a citizen of Medford, let us recall with gratitude these verses from Whittier's tribute to George L. Stearns: —

> He has done the work of a true man, —
> Crown him, honor him, love him.
> Weep over him, tears of woman,
> Stoop manliest brows above him!
>
> . . . . . .

* December 17, 1905, Opera House and Mystic Church.

For the warmest of hearts is frozen,
The freest of hands is still;
And the gap in our picked and chosen
The long years may not fill.

No duty could overtask him,
No need his will outrun;
Or ever our lips could ask him,
His hands the work had done.

He forgot his own soul for others,
Himself to his neighbors lending;
He found the Lord in his suffering brothers,
And not in the clouds descending.

. . . . . .

Never rods to the wrongs redressing
A worthier paladin.
Shall he not hear the blessing,
"Good and faithful, enter in."

Phillips Brooks was frequently at the house (1861–1863) of Mrs. A. K. Hathaway, Ashland street, to see a friend who boarded there.

Some of our citizens remember that George L. Brown, the well-known artist, made his home (1863) in the old Bishop house on Salem street opposite the burying ground, for a year or so. Mr. Brown had a married sister, Mrs. Myrick, who lived on South street court. This may account for the artist's presence among us.

He had a daughter, Angelica, born in Rome, I believe, who attended the Everett School. In appearance and speech she differed just enough from her Yankee playmates to be interesting. Her father could have been seen many a day (for our town then was a quiet place with but few people on the street) sitting on a stool on the sidewalk in front of his house, palette and brush in hand, with an umbrella over his head, busily engaged in painting. Possibly he was taking the colors and tints from the sky that have given the glow to so many of his pictures, to be used at a later time, for though he lived abroad many years he returned to America in 1860, and from the following item in the *Art Journal*, May, 1875,

we may infer that Medford was placed under contribution for art's sake: "Brown's 'Sunrise, Genoa' [1875], is one of those gorgeous, idealized, hazy Italian scenes, for which this artist is so much noted, in the vein of Turner."

Is it not something to have had with us an artist whose pictures are to be seen in the Boston Art Club and Boston Athenæum, and were found in the homes of Governor Claflin, Governor Fairbanks of Vermont, Henry Ward Beecher and Edward VII of England, who as Prince of Wales purchased during his visit to this country Brown's "Crown of New England?"

Rev. John Pierpont, who had been minister to the First Parish, died in 1866 while visiting in the place of his labors.

So eminent an artist as Richard M. Staigg, who had been a pupil of Washington Allston, and excelled in miniature painting, had pupils here to whom he gave instruction in drawing (about 1863).

John G. Whittier was a guest in the home of his brother, Matthew Francis Whittier, who at that time (1865–8) owned the cottage house on Pleasant street (present number 50), now occupied by Mrs. Sarah K. Tebbetts, from whom she bought the property in 1871. The house has been much enlarged and altered, and at that time a neat iron fence was in front of the estate. This was the brother to whom the poet referred in "Snow Bound," in these lines: —

> "Ah, brother! only I and thou
> Are left of all that circle now,—
> The dear home faces whereupon
> That fitful firelight paled and shone."

Matthew Whittier wrote under the name of *Ethan Spike*, and in physical and general characteristics was unlike the gentle poet. He was tall, of rather heavy features and florid complexion. On the street he was a noticeable figure, for he wore a long cape, tall hat and though very erect carried a stout cane. When I first

saw him I thought some old Puritan had come back to life.

Charles R. Adams, who won fame on the operatic stage abroad, is remembered by many, as he had a residence here for several years (1879–1882). At that time he was filling an engagement with opera companies at the Boston Theatre. In his early years he was a tenor singer of high qualifications, with a voice of great expression of feeling. He was born in Somerville and later moved to Boston. He displayed a taste for singing when very young. He spent many years in Germany and Austria, where he became a celebrated opera singer. The Emperor of Austria frequently requested Mr. Adams to sing before him and his friends at Vienna, and Mr. Adams brought home to America a laurel wreath presented him while abroad.

Antonio F. de Navarro received reflected glory by his marriage (1889) with Mary Anderson, the beautiful actress. We mention him because he was a pupil at the A. K. Hathaway private school on Chestnut street, where there were many students of Spanish extraction. (The school lasted from 1846–1860.)

Who can say that Medford has not an interesting history back of her with plenty of variety? Is there not enough charm in it to attract the attention of the boys and girls for whom our city today is spending money so generously to provide them with elegant school buildings, finely equipped, and giving them well trained, conscientious teachers of high ability? Are not some of these boys and girls going to give a little time to the study of the history of the city that is either their birthplace or home, and then become the successors of the members of the Medford Historical Society of today?

Medford has had many eminent sons and daughters, and they have allied themselves with families equally distinguished, and the history of the future of our city may be even more brilliant than that of the past, but let the young people of today remember that the making of the future has a strong relation to the past.

"THE GOOD OLD DAYS."

[From the Independent Chronicle, Boston, May 5, 1803.]

PROPOSALS

FOR CARRYING THE MAILS OF THE V STATES, ON THE FOLLOWING POST ROADS,

Will be received at the General Post Office in Washington City until the first day of July next, (1803) inclusive.

In Massachusetts, 15. From Portsmouth, N. H., by Exeter, Kingston, Haverhill, Andover, Wilmington, Woburn and Medford to Boston, three times a week. Leave Portsmouth every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 3 A.M., and arrive at Boston by 7 P.M. Leave Boston every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 3 A.M., and arrive in Portsmouth by 7 P.M.

A column and a half of the four on the page is devoted to the enumeration of other stage routes, then follows a half column of Notes signed by the Postmaster-General. No. 7 reads thus:

"No other than a free white person shall be employed to convey the mail."

A former resident of Medford says, "Stage driving added much to the life of old Medford in those days. The Boston and Lowell line for many years was one of the hourly attractions of the day as well as the commercial benefits of the town."

A BILL OF MR. WYMAN'S.

SALEM May 25th 1819

Mr. Joseph Wyman Jr. Dr. to Messrs. Frothingham & Loring

to a new Stage Coach Complete at	$430:97
deduct for pole straps	4
	426:97

Rec'd payment Frothingham & Loring

There is a great difference between the price of a stage coach of a century ago and the automobile of today.

A hundred years ago Medford seems to have been in the lime light, to use a modern expression. Today she has lost her identity in Greater Boston; and where now can be found an advertisement of her manufactures or of her merchants' wares? Not in any one of Boston's numerous newspapers.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

West Medford, December 2, 1912.

Editor of the Register: —

Some six years ago, while searching among the ancient files in Harvard College Library for other information, I came across a map or plan of land near Medford Square that interested me. Procuring a sheet of tracing paper I made a copy of the same. I learned that it was the graduation thesis of a Medford boy, who afterward studied medicine with Dr. Brooks, and who succeeded to the latter's practice when he was elected governor. A little later a friend, Frank V. Smith, artist and book illustrator, reproduced the same for me on Bristol board, and his work is practically a fac-similie of the original. I am turning it over to the Historical Society, as being of interest and a record of the locality of over a century ago.

The quaint letters of the long S script made by the young collegian are as accurate as I could trace them. The modern lettering of the title is the hand of the artist, who followed its text.

The razing of the house next the First Parish Church last season, in which Dr. Swan's brother resided, brings this to mind.

I trust it may be possible to reproduce the plan in the Register as a memoir of the good physician whom Medford people dearly loved, and whose memory still lingers with the older residents of the Mystic city. Very truly yours,

Frank Woods Lovering.

A MEDFORD BUSINESS INCIDENT.

ONE hundred and fifteen years ago Medford had one thousand one hundred inhabitants, and its principal business man was Benjamin Hall. Beside being a general trader and one of the corporators of the Middlesex canal (then being built), he was the leading distiller of the famous product that came to be known as "Old Medford." He was then sixty-seven years old, and his third son, Fitch Hall, was in England on a business tour.

Among their papers, still preserved, are letters which reflect not a little of old-time history and business customs. Two of these the Register reproduces with a few comments: —

London 9th August 1797

My Dear Sir —

My last letter to you was by the *Factor* via New York, since she sail'd I have rec'd your favor of the 2d June, & am very happy

that you are continuing your experiments & that you are pleas'd with the result — I hope 'eer this you have prov'd its efficacy in Grain & that you will immediately inform me of your success, it would be best when you write to forward the letters by some passenger as they will be more secure if the French should take the vessel, which it seems they continue to do when ever they can find them we are very anxious to hear the arrival of our Commissioners in France & expect they will be able to make an amicable settlement with that Nation —

I have nothing new to write you — The Negociation at Lisle it is said is postpon'd for Ten days for to give the parties an oppertunity of consulting further with their particular Governments, & to give time for a Spanish & Dutch Commissioner to be added to them It is as much impossible to form an opinion respecting the prospect of peace here as in America —

My business remains much in the situation as when I last wrote you, the patent is nearly compleated & I am now ready to prove my assertion, but I find the distilleries are all stop'd until October as their Cisterns are above ground they do not pretend to ferment in hot weather — you cannot conceive the difficulty there is in getting a sight of their works, they are jealous of every body,

I am to be introduc'd to a Man of good Character this week whom I intend shall be interested with me, if I can make an agreement with him for I am convinc'd it will be more advantageous to me to give a person who I can depend on a concern then to manage it myself, every thing depends on the first start. I am therefore very cautious, if I can possibly get it agoing I shall do very well I am confident, my patience is almost exhausted, I am very much afraid that I shall not be able to sail for America until next Spring, until I can get my business so arrang'd as to leave it with some friend here, which is my present plan, however it is impossible for me to determine at present — I inclos'd you a plan of a new invented worm, by Mr. Atlee who is the Gen^{n} that I expect to make some experiments with — he had a patent for the improvement. I have not had an oppertunity of conversing with any distiller on its utility — I have been told that the Stills us'd here are very large, that there is one about four Miles up the River that holds Twenty Thousand Gallons, I have not seen it therefore cannot answer for the truth of the [story]

Johnny Bull is fond of telling great Stories of his Country & a proper allowance must be made for his way

M^{r} Gore & M^{r} Hall desire their best respects

Yours affectionately F HALL

In this we note the slowness of the trans-Atlantic communication in those days, and the care taken for the

carrying of letters. The French spoliation claims are foreshadowed, also something of international diplomacy, but the Medford business is the chief subject. It will be news to present Medfordites that "her spirit" was patented in England. Evidently the English distillers looked with little favor on the Yankee craftsman, who took some of their assertions with a grain of salt.

The lettered plan of John Falconer Atlee's *patent worm*, which the younger Hall sent home, is not among the papers, but its printed description covers two small pages. The letter itself was written on three pages of 7¼ x 9 inch white paper, the fourth page of the sheet being left for the addressing. This was first folded across the top and bottom of the page, then on each edge, and the closed edge inserted within the open, and secured with red sealing wax impressed with some design. It then formed a packet 3¼ x 5 inches and bore the bold, legible address,

BENJAMIN HALL ESQUIRE
MEDFORD
By The Minerva } near
Captain Turner } BOSTON

The writer has been thus minute, because in these days of postal facilities and modern stationery the old style of letter sealing (he can recall) is a lost art. After the younger Hall's return a consignment was made to the London "Man of good Character," and copy made of the letter sent in relation thereto. This was not by copying ink and press, but by writing a duplicate.

BOSTON 22d Decr 1798

DEAR SIR—

Inclosed you have bill of Lading & Invoice for Ten Hogsheads of patent spirits which is shipped on board the Ship *Galen*, Captain John Mackay to your address — This small consignment is intended as an experiment — the article will suit your market, should

it succeed, the business may be extended so as to render it an object worthy your attention —

The Rum is distilled after an improv'd manner, for which I have obtained a patent in the United States, & for which I took measures when I had the pleasure of seeing you last year in London, to obtain His Majesty' patent also — Your reputation, and the high opinion I entertain of your disposition to consult the interest of your friends has led me altho' a stranger to you in dealings to advise my Father to give you a preference to any person I know, or who has been recommended to me in London, to place this adventure under your care — being persuaded that more than ordinary pains are requisite to introduce a new article to a favorite market, & I have no doubt but that you will exert yourself to oblige me, by attracting the notice of the purchasers of Rum to this specimen which promises very fair to answer valuable purposes to the commercial world — This article bears a very high reputation in this Country & I hope will succeed so with you as to lead to future consignments.

I am with respect

Sir your Humble Servant

FITCH HALL

MEDFORD NEAR BOSTON 22d Decr 1798

Pursuant to the recommendation of my son I have consign'd to you the patent spirits specified in the inclos'd bill of Lading, & hope they will meet a good market — The neat proceeds you will plan to ship in Nails for Boston to my account, Two thirds of them to be ten penny & the other third four penny Nails

Your Humble Servant

BENJAMIN HALL

If you can conveniently ship an Iron Kettle of about One Hundred or One Hundred & Twenty Gallons suitable for melting Tallow, & the residue in nails it would be very agreeable —

Yours B HALL

We are led to query whether the ten hogsheads of "patent spirits," which according to the letter was "Rum," that "bears a high reputation in this Country," was the first exported to England.

As "every thing depends on the first start," Mr. Hall doubtless did his best to make a favorable impression on "Johnny Bull" and extend the trade.

The elder Hall's letter was short and to the point. The "neat proceeds" are today *net*, though some old-timers still use the long e in speaking.

Resolved into English nails (hand made), that consignment from and of Old Medford came back and may still linger here in the construction of some of our old houses. We may query as to which they are, and what became of the big kettle, if it came over sea. Mr. Hall bought many cattle from the New Hampshire traders. In his slaughtering business just such a kettle was needed. Perhaps it was later used in a Medford ship-yard and alluded to by Mr. Curtis in his recent paper.

IT BEAT THE DUTCH.

A letter to the editor, including one much older ending in surprise: —

MEDFORD, December 1, 1912.

DEAR MR. MANN: — Perhaps you would like the enclosed to go with the other Rum items. I copied it from a letter written by Simon Tufts at Cape Town, 20th March, 1801, to his brother-in-law, Benjamin Hall, Jr., whose wife, Lucy, was Simon Tufts' sister. Benjamin Hall was son of Benjamin Hall (whose letter I copied for you), and brother of Fitch Hall.

Very truly yours,

ELIZA M. GILL.

"It appears to me if I judge right you are not in any commercial line — and 'tho not I hope going on steady — For your Satisfaction I must report to you that some Rum from your distillery has been lik'd at the Cape by the Dutch people. It was purchas'd among the Articles of a Cargo from Boston by the House here — But very little sells as so much brandy is manufactured in this country 'tho of an inferior quality!"

Having devoted space to the municipal water-works and to the milk business, the REGISTER presents the foregoing articles in relation to another liquid business of Medford. They are of interest, and especially shows the progressive business ideas of the Medford people of a century agone.

A MEDFORD GUIDE-POST.

The reading of a paper on milestones by Mr. Read at our Historical Society suggested to one of his hearers the writing of a letter, from which we quote: —

At the corner of Main and High streets there was once a granite guide-post. On its top was a large square block of stone with the faces lettered

BOSTON 5 MILES.	LOWELL 20 MILES.

When Lowell was started, a great many tip-carts and truck of all sorts passed through the square. Because the natives were so often asked the way to *Lole* by *emigrants* on foot, John Howe, a selectman whose business was near by, insisted on lettering this post thus for their information. As very few of them could read, the guide-post was called "Howe's Folly."

The first mill employees at Lowell were from the country towns of New England; but later came the deluge.

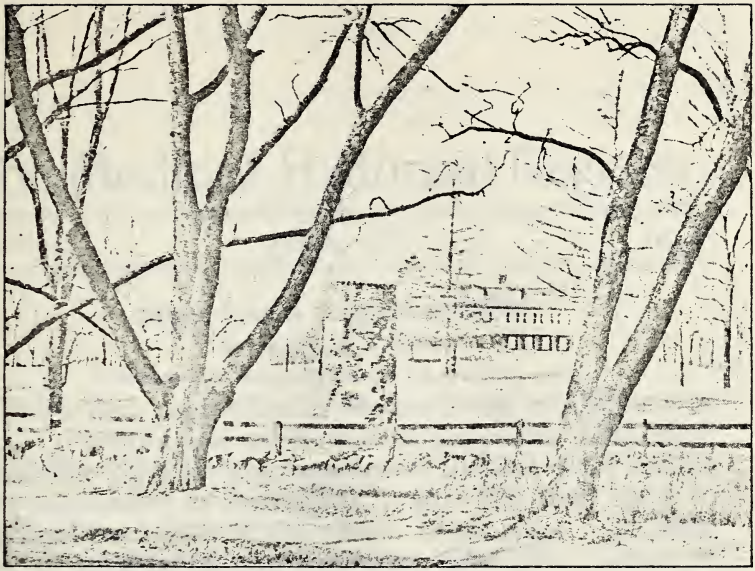
James Ewell, who was employed on the highways many years, said that after its removal the stone post was built into a bridge over Gravelly brook, and that the heavy cap-stone lay for a time in the department yard on Swan street.

We well remember the old way-mark at the street corner, a portion painted white to receive the black letters. As we recall it, there was a lantern projected cornerwise from it over the sidewalk and lighted with gas.

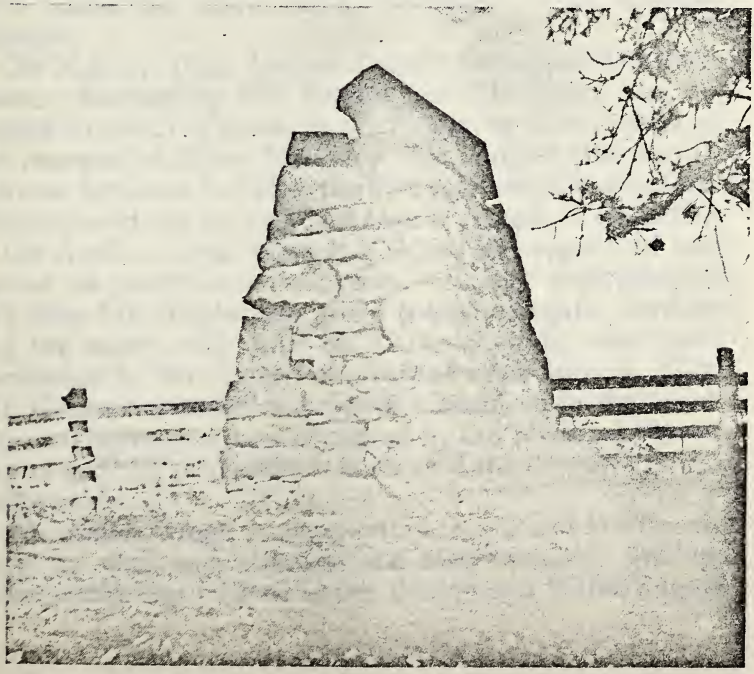
Mr. Wait's letter suggests a study of the view of Medford Square shown in Brooks' history. In that steel engraving (from a daguerreotype by Wilkinson) the tall stone post is clearly shown, surmounted by another (probably of iron) bearing a lantern at its top. The lantern was nearly level with the window-sills in the town hall. This picture is of itself an interesting study, a record of conditions of sixty years ago. The classic town house, that has been styled the "Parthenon of Medford," is the central figure and stands at a higher elevation than now, evidenced by the steps on either side. It lacks, however, the stone bases of the columns, and of course the flag-staff, balcony and door in the High

street end, as also the plate-glass window that now lights the city clerk's office. Instead, in the gable there is a fan-shaped window, which was in harmony with its architecture. Six buildings (one, two and three stories) were adjoining on High street — now all gone. Next was the meeting-house of the Second Church (burned in 1860), with its columned front and storied steeple. A high fence enclosed the site of the Grand Army Hall, on which was a large spreading tree. A low barn-like structure and trees end the view on the left, while opposite, the Hall residences are shown. Two immense trees stood opposite the town house and cut off the view up the right of High street as far as the Hall houses. One tree casts its shadow clearly against the front of the old house of Dr. Tufts, then already leaning and decrepit with age. Against the dark, massive bole of the second tree stands a barber's pole, almost as high as the guide-post lantern opposite. The present three-story brick building fills the adjacent space hiding the Seccomb house (in 1870 the Simpson tavern") and the horse-chestnut tree that still remains. A stage-coach, with driver atop and trunks behind, stands before the tavern, a lady beside it evidently talking with the driver. The old town pump, which the fire engineers annually reported in working order, leans somewhat away from a horse and rider. Two canvas-covered wagons in the square, with another in the distance, pedestrians on the sidewalks, several groups of people, as well as children at play, are to be noticed. Half way from town to meeting-house was another barber's pole, and nearer, in the square, an animal that looks like *porcus*, with a dog disputing his right of way. It was no uncommon sight in the 'fifties to see a stray pig in the street, and "cattle day" (Tuesday afternoon) was each week dreaded by the women folk. Only the "end-seat hog" now goes through the present more elevated Medford Square, such in the trolley car, or perhaps in automobile, to the terror of the timid passer.

Why was the old guide-post removed?



THE STEARNS' WINDMILL TOWER.



THE MERIDIAN MONUMENT.
Built by Harvard College about 1850.

The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XVI. APRIL, 1913. No. 2.

MEDFORD'S POSTMASTERS.

BY IRVING B. FARNUM.

[Read before the Medford Historical Society, March 18, 1912.]

THE first post-office in Medford was established in 1797 and was on the site of the present City Hall. President John Adams appointed Samuel Buel as the first postmaster in September, 1797. Mr. Buel came to Medford from Somesbury, Conn., about 1796. In addition to serving as postmaster, he filled the position of town treasurer until 1798. William Rogers succeeded Mr. Buel on July 21, 1813, serving as postmaster for fifteen years, the office being continued in its original location.

On May 17, 1828, Luther Angier was appointed postmaster, succeeding Mr. Rogers, and the office was removed to his drug store, in a building on Main street, at the rear end of Town Hall site. Mr. Angier later was in the coal business, building the first coal wharf in Medford. He later sold out the coal business to Joseph C. Chandler.

On April 6, 1839, Samuel S. Green was appointed and served as postmaster two years. At the expiration of this time Mr. Angier was given the office again, continuing the same until July 18, 1845, when he was again succeeded by Mr. Green, who served until July 30, 1847. Mr. Green conducted a dry-goods business in the building on High street now occupied by the Medford Flower Store, and the post-office was located there while he was postmaster.

Alexander Gregg was appointed to succeed Mr. Green, July 30, 1847, and removed the office into his grocery store, which was located in the Boston and Maine engine

house, on Riverside avenue. The store was in the side nearest the square, the lower half being used to house the engines.

James T. Floyd, Jr., succeeded Mr. Gregg, May 30, 1849, and the office was located in the railroad station on Main street. At that time the entrance to the station and the platform inside was on the side nearest the bridge. The post-office was in the corner nearest the square.

James C. Winneck was the next postmaster, his appointment dating from August 23, 1853. He was in the grain business, occupying a building situated on High street on the present site of the building occupied by George Nichols Company. Mr. Winneck continued postmaster until October 21, 1859, when he was succeeded by Alvah N. Cotton.

Mr. Cotton was born in Rumney, N. H., but came to Medford when a young man to work on the Adams' farm, a large tract of land on Main street including the section later known as the Mystic Trotting Park. He later learned the ship carpentry trade and worked in Medford and at the Navy Yard, Charlestown. It is interesting to note that during the winter of 1859 there was a very severe snow storm and all traffic was at a standstill. No mail could be received or despatched by train for at least forty-eight hours. Mr. Cotton, on his snowshoes, took the mail to Boston, and returning brought out the Medford mail, carrying the pouches on his back. Mr. Cotton was very active in town affairs, serving several terms as selectman and assessor, and was a member of the Social Library Committee and Town Library Committee. He continued postmaster until April 22, 1861, the post-office being located in a small building on High street, near the Savings Bank.

George Hervey followed Mr. Cotton, serving until his death, March 7, 1868. He was succeeded by his son, George C. Hervey. Mr. Hervey conducted a tailor business in the railroad building and the post-office was located in the station during Mr. Hervey's term.

John H. Eames was appointed postmaster March 17, 1870, by President Grant. Mr. Eames was a member of the Lawrence Light Guard and responded to President Lincoln's call for volunteers, April 20, 1861, serving three months. On the second call he went as sergeant of Co. C, 39th Mass. Vol., and was in many battles. Through Mr. Eames' efforts, a building for the post-office was erected on Riverside avenue by Henry W. Bigelow. During his administration Mr. Eames saw many changes in the postal service, including the introduction of the money order system and the issuing of the postal card. Letter postage was reduced from three to two cents, and the collection of paper postage from individuals was eliminated and the pound rate established. Valued as a curiosity is the clumsy hand-stamp now in a cabinet in the rooms of Post 66, G. A. R. It did service in Medford's ancient post-offices many years. Mr. Eames resigned March 8, 1886, owing to poor health, and moved to Marshfield Hills, Mass., where he continues to reside.

Frank T. Spinney succeeded Mr. Eames and served until June 16, 1897, when, owing to poor health and it becoming necessary to seek a change of climate, he resigned and removed to North Carolina. Mr. Spinney's first appointment was made by President Cleveland. Notwithstanding that he was a strong supporter of the Democratic party, Mr. Spinney was reappointed by President Harrison without any opposition. He was a very efficient postmaster and was considered one of the best informed officials on postal matters in the service. His knowledge of postal affairs was well recognized by the Department at Washington. In May, 1895, Postmaster General Wanamaker called to Washington, for conference with him, seven postmasters from various parts of the United States. Mr. Spinney was one of the seven and served as secretary of the conference. During his administration free delivery was established and the office considerably enlarged. He is now engaged in the real estate business at Pine Bluffs, North Carolina.

J. Henry Norcross was appointed postmaster June 17, 1897, and has served continuously since. Mr. Norcross came to Medford from Lexington in June, 1859, and was employed in the dry-goods store of T. W. Savage. In 1860 a fire destroyed this store and he went to Portsmouth, N. H., where he was employed for two years. He then became connected with the firm of Lewis, Coleman and Company, wholesale dry-goods merchants in Boston, and returned to Medford to live. He continued with this house for fifteen years. Later he entered the retail dry-goods business, having stores in Boston, Springfield and Manchester, N. H. He served as Representative in 1889 and 1890, being nominated by the Republicans and Democrats and received a unanimous vote each time. He has always been very active in town and city affairs, serving as town auditor and selectman, also as a member of the School Committee, Park Commission and Sinking Fund Commission. He is a director and trustee of the Medford Savings Bank, and was one of the original organizers of the Medford Co-operative Bank, serving as vice-president and president. Owing to poor health he has recently resigned the latter office and withdrawn from the active life he led for many years. Mr. Norcross is well known and highly esteemed throughout the State.

Glenwood.

The post-office at Glenwood, or East Medford, was established through the efforts of Post-office Inspector Bushard H. Camp, whose father resided on Myrtle street.

Artimus D. Bickford was the first postmaster, his appointment dating from June 5, 1872. The post-office was located in Mr. Bickford's grocery store.

On August 29, 1872, John P. Gilman, a well-known druggist in the North End, Boston, purchased the grocery store from Mr. Bickford and also succeeded him as postmaster. Mr. Gilman conducted the business and the post-office until October 6, 1873, when, owing to the death of his son, he sold out to Andrew P. Perry, and

the post-office was likewise turned over to Mr. Perry. Mr. Perry was a well-known vocal music teacher in and around Boston. Mr. Perry continued postmaster until the office was discontinued, with the exception of one year. John A. Yeaton was appointed postmaster and the office was moved across the railroad tracks to Mr. Yeaton's grocery store, but within a year's time Mr. Yeaton sold his business and the office was returned to Mr. Perry. On August 31, 1890, upon the establishment of free delivery in Medford the Glenwood post-office was discontinued and the free delivery extended to that section.

Wellington.

Mr. Charles A. Ellsworth was appointed postmaster at Wellington, July 11, 1883, when the office was first established, and continued as postmaster until 1905, when upon his resignation the office was discontinued and became part of the Medford office. The post-office was located in the Wellington railroad station, Mr. Ellsworth filling both positions of station agent and postmaster.

College Hill, or Tufts College.

The post-office was established at College Hill, March 6, 1863, and was for many years located in the railroad station. The office was practically under the jurisdiction of Tufts College, and the appointments of postmasters were made upon the recommendation of its president, and for the most part were given to students who were working their way through college.

John A. Whitney was the first postmaster and served until June 1, 1871, when he was succeeded by Benjamin T. White. Mr. White was succeeded by Fred Stark Pearson, September 23, 1881.* Mr. Pearson is well known as one of the best electrical engineers of the country. He electrified the West End Street Railway in Boston, also the Metropolitan Street Railway in New

*His mother, Mrs. Hannah A. Pearson, held the commission from the Department, as Mr. Pearson had not attained his majority at that time.

York, and had charge of installing the electric lighting system in the City of Mexico.

Mr. Pearson was followed by Julian C. Edgerly, a well-known newspaper man of Boston. Mr. Edgerly was in Jamaica during the earthquake. He now resides in Medford.

H. O. Moxon was postmaster following Mr. Edgerly, and he was followed by David T. Montague, the well-known lawyer of Boston. Mr. Montague was succeeded by John Eills, who served until January 1, 1900, when the office became a third-class office.

William H. Coffey, station agent at Tufts College railroad station was appointed postmaster by President McKinley, January 1, 1900, and continued until June 30, 1907, when the office was consolidated with Boston, and he was appointed superintendent of the Tufts College Branch. The post-office was continued at the railroad station up to Mr. Eills' term, when it was removed to a college building near its present location. When Mr. Coffey assumed charge, the office was moved to its present quarters. The name of the post-office was changed from College Hill to Tufts College about 1895.

West Medford.

This post-office was first established November 1, 1852. The first postmaster was James M. Sanford, who was station agent at the old Boston and Lowell station, and the office was located in the station.

August 9, 1853, Mr. Sanford was succeeded by Thaddeus A. Baldwin, who conducted a grocery store in the building now occupied by J. E. Ober and Son. Mr. Baldwin continued postmaster until May 3, 1859.

Franklin Patch was appointed to succeed Mr. Baldwin and held office until September 25, 1866. Mr. Patch was a carpenter, engaged in business in Boston. The office was located in a small building at the junction of Allston and Prescott street.

William C. Frederick was the next postmaster, serving

from September 26, 1866, to May 31, 1869. Mr. Frederick moved the office back to Mystic Hall Seminary Building, he having purchased the grocery business from Mr. Baldwin.

E. J. Pitcher succeeded Mr. Frederick, and the office was continued in the former location.

On May 10, 1870, Reuben Willey was appointed to succeed Mr. Pitcher and the office was removed to the Boston and Lowell Railroad station, as Mr. Willey was also station agent.

James P. Richardson was the next postmaster. His appointment dated from October 21, 1881, and the office was moved to the Usher Building, just below the railroad crossing. Mr. Richardson was in the grocery business several years at Medford, in the building now occupied by Yerxa & Yerxa, selling out to Charles Currier.

Mark M. Grimes was appointed to succeed Mr. Richardson by President Cleveland on February 14, 1894. During his term free delivery was established and arrangements were made for the removal of the office to more suitable quarters. During the incumbency of both Mr. Richardson and Mr. Grimes the office had been in the central portion of the wooden building of Mr. Usher, which building had frequently taken fire. Wishing to retain Uncle Sam as his tenant, Mr. Usher had erected the brick building in which the office is now located, and all arrangements had been made for removal by Postmaster Grimes before his successor, Grenville G. Redding, was appointed by President McKinley. Mr. Redding was in the real estate business in Boston for several years. He served as selectman and town auditor. He was also in the war in many active engagements. He began his duties as postmaster on October 23, 1899, and resigned in 1905, when the office became consolidated with the Medford office.

AS OLD RESIDENTS SAY.

Evidently Mr. Usher, from whose history of Medford Mr. Farnum secured data, omitted the name of Mr. —— Bixby, who must have succeeded Mr. Patch in the West Medford postal service.

Mr. Bixby kept a small store, groceries mainly, in a one-story building on High street, nearly opposite the Whitmore elm, as early as 1857 and while the Mystic Hall Seminary was in operation near by.

Several old residents are explicit in their testimony in relation to the office being kept in that building, and of being served by Mr. Bixby on going there for their mail, the boxes or pigeon holes being on the right of the entrance door. The sign, painted on both sides, was fastened to that corner of the building and projected toward the street.

This was in plain sight of the railway cars and the remembrance of seeing it many times in the winter of 1865-6 and the absence of mention of this location by Mr. Farnum has led to our extended inquiry relative thereto. The most definite statements point to about 1861 as Mr. Bixby's incumbency. His appointment was probably caused by the change of administration and made by President Lincoln.

MEDFORD CAPITAL IN WAR TIME.

(Found among papers of Benjamin Hall.)

SALEM July 29th 1782

This may certify that I John Savage commander of the gally called the *Willing Maid* now in Salem Bound on a Cruze against the Enemies of the for six weeks, have sold to Benjamin Hall of Medford three quarters of one full share of all Prizes goods or merchantize taken By sd gally Durring Cruze for the Sume of twelve pounds . Now in me pay By the Sd Benj Hall the Receipt we hereby acknowledge as witness my hand and seal

in presents of JOHN SAVAGE

JONA WEBB

EPHM HALL

THE RIVER'S DEATH ROLL.

MEDFORD has paid her toll to Neptune as often as he has relentlessly demanded, and it has meant the sacrifice of the young and the old, the townsman and the stranger, the great and the humble. It happens whenever and wherever the spirit of human curiosity, ambition, or adventure sets itself against the strength of the god of the waters.

In the following list, compiled by Francis A. Wait, the deaths were in the Mystic river, unless otherwise noted: —

NAME	TIME	AGE
Asyeil, David	Sept. 13, 1846	18
Beard, Lewis	Found Apr. 9, 1849	38
Blanchard, Samuel	Mar. 27, 1819	8
Boffee—s, Thomas	June 4, 1785	14
Bradbury, Henry Wymond	Nov. 8, 1810	6
Brill, William S. G.	Mar. 3, 1806	10
Brooks, Samuel ("suposs'd to have been lost at Sea")	1800	
Butterfield, Isaac W.	Apr. 4, 1842	

On the second floor of a building setting back from Main street, near Cradock bridge, on the northerly corner was a Total Abstinence Club room. On the end of the building, quite near the water, were outside stairs. Butterfield, coming down these stairs, walked into the river. He was a farm hand at Peter C. Hall's, on Winthrop street.— F. A. W.

Butters, William H. ("by a fall from Mast head on board the ship *James L. Shepard*")	Dec. 3, [1844]	
Caldwell, Robert	May 16, 1810	4
Fish, Josiah (canal)	July 19, 1817	36
Floyd, Edward H.	June 27, 1827	13
Goodwin, Winthrop T.	Mar. 27, 1849	6–11–17
Hall, John	Apr. 9, 1813	
Hall, John	Nov. 8, 1818	55
Hall, Richard (shipwrecked)	Oct. 19, 1798	
Hall, Timothy	June 29, 1837	
Hardy, John	Feb. 9, 1846	39
Hatch, Reuben	Apr. 9, 1770	
Hathaway, Edward K.	July 7, 1844	5–10

Son of A. K. Hathaway, the school teacher, who lived on Ashland street.— F. A. W.

Heyward, Henry Ware	Nov. 30, 1838	6
Jacobs, Walter	July, 1822	

NAME	TIME	AGE
Jewell, Henry W.	June 1, 1847	24-6
Johnson, John	July 25, 1831	8
Keefe, Patrick (canal)	July 5, 1848	14
King, John Fobes	Oct. 10, 1835	20
Lost at sea, son of Capt. John King, who lived at the head of Stearns avenue. Capt. George King, another son, was lost at sea.—F. A. W.		
Lameul, Francis	Sept. 13, 1846	21
Learned, Thomas	Dec. 15, 1820	60
Loring, William	Sept. 5, 1840	8
Monson, Nathan	June 13, 1817	
Pratt, —— Capt.	Aug. 31, 1802	67
Ramsdill, ——	July 7, 1803	
Reed, Captain Henry	Oct. 12, 1826	43
Richards, Stephen A. (in canal)	June 13, 1842	3-6
Richardson, James	July 16, 1848	24
Richardson, John (canal)	Feb. 13, 1824	8
Robbins, James	Apr. 29, 1771	
Smith, Francis A.	July 6, 1828	27
Stearns, Daniel	July 2, 1820	18
Stetson, Frederick	Mar. 10, 1846	17-8
Lost at sea, son of Rev. Caleb Stetson —F. A. W.		
Swan, Jr., Capt. Samuel		43
"Supposed to have been lost at sea the earlier part of the year 1823. Vessel and company have never been heard of." (Was in the slave trade also supposed to have been murdered on the coast of Africa.)—F. A. W.		
Symmes, Hitty (insane, drowned herself)	July 4, 1801	23
Tufts, Hutchinson	May 22, 1817	20
Tufts, Jonathan, Jr.	Buried May 21, 1818	33
Tufts, John	June 4, 1804	8
Walker, John	June 29, 1806	35
Walker, William	Aug. 16, 1803	10
Wilbur, Roland G.	Dec. 9, 1844	1-5
Plato ("a Negro Servant of Hon. Isaac Royal, Esq.")	June 8, 1768	—
——, "A young man from Boston." "He was washing a horse"	July 31, 1799	—
Stranger	July 2, 1820	—
——, "A black woman drowned in the Canal. not of this town"	Buried Sept. 1, 1835	65
——, Male infant (canal)	May 19, 1842	

It is pathetic to read of little children dying away from home. There were three who were (probably) not children of our towns-people, as the school the child attended is stated each time. William S. G. Brill, mentioned above,

was a pupil at Dr. John Hosmer's private school, as was one whose name was not recorded who died March 3, 1806. Lousianna Galluzza, "a Native of Havanna Cuba," who died September 24, 1838, was a pupil at Mr. John Angier's school. These schools were kept in a house on Forest street, on the site of the one now standing, lately occupied by Joseph K. Manning (No. 37). The last two deaths were not by drowning.

A tragic accident which excited much sympathy in Medford was the death by drowning at Sheffield, Mass., of Gertrude and Mary Lemist, August, 1859. They were children of Mr. and Mrs. George Lemist, whose first years of married life were spent in this town,* where they were very well known, Mrs. Lemist being a daughter of Deacon Samuel Train. The family was, at that time, living in New York, and the young girls had been spending the summer months with their uncle, Dr. H. D. Train. With a companion of their own age, who was also drowned, they were bathing in the Housatonic river. It was supposed that Mary, the elder, was on the bank when she heard the cry of the others struggling in the water, and was drawn in when she tried to save her sister.

The bodies were brought to Medford and funeral services were held at their grandfather's house (161 High street). Rev. Dr. William Adams of New York mentioned the sad accident in a sermon and gave a beautiful eulogy, which was printed by permission in the *New York Observer*. In it he said, "Two of these, sisters, ten and twelve years of age, were little less to me than my own children. I had known them from their birth. Special relations had brought them into my intimacy. But recently removed to this city, they had been frequent inmates of my family, as they had been for a season members of our Sabbath School."

Dr. Adams for many years spent the summer in Medford. He was son-in-law of the elder Thatcher Magoun.

ELIZA M. GILL.

* Her father built for her the house later the home of General Lawrence.

AN OLD MEDFORD WINDMILL.

On page 52 of Vol. XIV of the REGISTER may be found the story of the brick tower standing beside College avenue, shown in our frontispiece.

The Stearns' windmill was formerly visible from distant points; but the sprouts from willow sticks set like posts along the roadside in '64 by one still living, have grown to large trees. At present only a near view may be had and the passers along the shady avenue come suddenly upon the picturesque ruin.

Nothing of military history or romantic interest like that of the old windmill Powder House, attaches to it, certainly not that recently attributed to it by an "Observant Citizen."

Our readers who noted the story in a Boston daily (Feb. 24) must have been somewhat amused at what was stated in an otherwise excellent article as sober fact.

Writing of a visit to the Stearns' residence to view the John Brown mementos, it was said: —

> "Near by can be seen the ruins of an old tower, supposed to be the entrance to an underground tunnel for fugitive slaves who were trying to escape across the Canadian border."

We are led to wonder if the "Observant Citizen" was educated in the public schools; and if so, if the present generation knows what the "underground railroad" of ante-bellum days was.

One of our townsmen has aptly said, "In this way a whole lot of fable has been taught as history."

Perhaps Medford's visitor had in some way heard of that ancient railroad, and knew not that it was the secret assistance rendered the fugitives that was so called, instead of a material subway or tunnel such as we moderns are used to, and so "supposed" he had discovered the monumental entrance thereto. But the prosy *fact* remains, that it was the old windmill tower Mr. Hooper described (as above) he saw; a silent reminder of days long gone.

THE MERIDIAN MONUMENT.

AMONG the interesting objects to be seen in the woods and fields and on the hills of Medford is the old cairn that bore the meridian mark of the observatory at Harvard College.

It was erected many years ago, but is comparatively little known, and because of its location in a sparsely settled section, and of the contour of the hill on which it stands, is rarely seen by the numerous passers. The REGISTER presents the view and preserves this account of it; all the more timely and important, as its demolition in the near future seems possible.

With one exception (the article by the present writer in the *Boston Globe* and copied by the *Medford Mercury*, to which latter, thanks are due for our illustration) no view of it is ever known to have been in public print.

This monument measures seven by thirteen feet at its base, tapering to about three and nine at its top, and about nine feet high; in form, a truncated pyramid. It is composed of quarried stone and boulders, with a single block of dressed granite at the top of the southern face. This cap-stone is smoothly dressed on its face and top side, with three circular projections of three-fourths of an inch on the former, the central one being slightly smaller than the other two. All are smoothly dressed, being formed in the cutting of the stone. Whether this stone was thus shaped for this particular use, or was one removed from some demolished building, cannot now be ascertained, but the latter seems probable, as no remains of paint can now be traced on the projecting portions. As the rough masonry is not carried up behind this granite, there may have been a similar cap-stone on the northern face, at some time removed.

Among the smaller field stones that compose its interior, is solidly embedded a stick of native red cedar, broken at the top. This may have been a flag-staff or signal pole, and its fracture must have required an enormous outlay of force — which may have caused the loos-

ening and fall of the apparently missing cap-stone. From the known durability and strength, and the present state of preservation of the enclosed stick of cedar, the breakage scarcely seems possible to have been caused by natural causes.

No inscription of any kind is upon it and nothing to indicate its purpose save the cedar stick, or possibly the projecting portions of the granite cap-stone.

To the interested observer, the loosened mortar of its joints and the weather-beaten stones plainly indicate that its builders have long since passed on, leaving its story untold or forgotten.

When after over thirty years residence in Medford the writer by accident first saw it and made inquiry, he found information not easily obtainable, as its few immediate neighbors were recent comers. Men who had been town officers and perambulators of town lines were ignorant of its existence. At last one old resident was found that thought "it was the college's north point."

Acting on this clue to the apparent mystery, the writer made inquiry of Professors Shaler and Pickering of Harvard College. Their replies were to the effect that about 1850 a stone cairn was erected as a meridian mark for the adjustment of the transit circle in the east wing of the observatory. Also that "it supported a simple board spiked to the masonry, on which was a mark that could be seen from the observatory."

The Middlesex (Southern) Registry of Deeds shows a record of conveyance of land by Benjamin F. Parker to the President and Fellows of Harvard College in August, 1847, for the named consideration of fifty dollars. The premises adjoined no street, but a right of way was conveyed, and the boundary line began at a pine sapling, extended west, north, east and south in unequal lines, enclosed a tract of some ten thousand square feet and ended at the point of beginning — at the pine sapling.

The monument served its purpose for twenty years or

more, when the instrument in the observatory was, in 1870, superseded by another and the use of the cairn as a meridian mark was discontinued.

Mr. Parker died in 1862 and was survived by his widow as late as 1896, when to her the college corporation conveyed the ground for the named consideration of ninety dollars.

No mention of the *monument* was made in the deed, unless "the rights, easements and appurtenances" of its wording covered it, and the original description of boundary was followed — the "stake and stones" at each of three corners and the "sapling pine" at point begun at.

Several pitch pine trees are now near the old cairn, probably seedlings from the one mentioned, as it is hardly probable that in 1847 that one ceased growing or was endowed with perpetual youth.

The location is (by air line) about three and three-quarters miles from the observatory. (The land was later sold by Mrs. Parker to E. S. Randall *et al.*, and still later to another.)

More recent inquiry reveals the fact that a similar monument was built southward at Jamaica Plain; also, that in 1870 a building was erected at Tufts College (probably West Hall) that obstructed the view of this northern one. In Vol. 8, *Observatory Annals*, we find that the erection of a temporary mark near this one was the cause of some anxiety to the adjoining landholder and a small sum was paid "in compensation for the anxiety occasioned by the supposed encroachment."

This may account for the larger sum named in the second deed, rather than any rise in valuation.

Evidently the three "stakes and stones" and the pine sapling were not discernible in 1870, and the observatory claimed one hundred and twenty feet (the first-named boundary) from the pine sapling, which must have been at the eastern corner near the monument which was "opposite to the Transit Circle." One hundred and twenty feet is the length of the observatory and the meridian circle is in the west wing.

The split stones that form the angles of the cairn are from the old quarries in the Fells; and some of them are of interest to geologists, "the brown diabase having streaks of white quartz running across" them.

One of these in his scientific wanderings came upon this cairn and spoke of it as "a stone tower once used as a survey signal," his judgment thus approximating to its actual use and purpose of erection. As one has remarked, "It doesn't cost much to keep a pile of rocks in repair. Why can't they let it remain?" For its use in scientific work and old-time association it is a valuable asset to any locality, especially a residential one, and its removal would be a source of regret.

WHAT MEDFORD TEACHING COST (1826).

Mrs. A. S. Brooks

To Susan Hall, Dr.

To instructing her son six weeks at 1*s* per week,	
From June 19, to July 29, 1826,	1.00
To working piece of trimming 17 cents,	.17
	1.17

Medford, July 29, 1826. by A. Bartlett
Rec'd payt, ∧ SUSAN HALL.

MEDFORD TREASURE TROVE.

BY ELIZA M. GILL.

On the morning of November 16, 1900, Medford awoke to the pleasurable excitement that she had again become famous; not through the renewal of any of her old time manufactures or industries, but because a fairy tale had materialized. Buried treasure had been discovered on the banks of the Mystic and the news heralded far and near.

On the preceding afternoon some boys playing in a field at the head of Spring street, were digging for the foundation of a hut. They struck a hard substance,

which in attempting to dislodge, broke under their blows. It was a pottery receptacle, (covered with a piece of canvas) and contained a hoard of silver coins. Surprised and excited the boys ran home with what they could carry, telling the story as they went.

Curious throngs soon gathered to see the place where the money had been unearthed and various were the opinions expressed as to who had placed it there, and for what purpose. The mystery has never been really solved, and each has a right to his own opinion. Several came forward with claims for it, that they thought were good and reasonable, but as possession is nine points of the law, the boys were allowed to keep what they had found, a sum amounting at the lowest estimate, to three hundred dollars.

Naturally to the mind of every one, first came the pleasing tale of Capt. Kidd and his hidden treasure. A story so alluring that today even, it sends Harvard students off on expeditions to search for his yet undiscovered wealth.

William C. Sprague (1823–1911), whose life was spent in Medford, who lived for many years in that vicinity, thought the money was placed there by Francis Shed, to hide it from his family. Mr. Shed was born in Medford, 1772, and died here 1851. He lived for a while in the so-called Cradock house.

One of our oldest citizens, now living not far from there, thinks the money belonged to Nathan Sawyer, who died in 1873. This is in line with statements by the latter's daughter, now living in the old home on Riverside avenue. Mr. Sawyer was a ship blacksmith, doing the iron work in Sprague and Foster's yard. Having lost his savings by the failure of a bank, he thereafter kept his money in jars and pitchers in a closet. The daughter remembers seeing these receptacles, and of being sent to Boston to exchange a lot of foreign coins for United States currency. Later, an illness weakened Mr. Sawyer's mind, and his distrust and uneasiness concerning money

increased. One day the family found jars and contents missing. He was never able to tell where he had hidden them, though desiring to, and called in a brother to assist in a search that was futile. The fact that he spoke of certain trees, and that the money was found near such a locality, leads many to think this the solution of the puzzle.

MEDFORD PARSONAGE AND LATER OCCUPANTS.

The gambrel roof was a feature of Colonial architecture, in favor in the first half of the eighteenth century—and now again largely used. One of its early examples in Medford was the Turell-Porter house, (See Vol. V. No. 1 REGISTER for view). Built not long after Parson Turell's settlement, (1725) it was duplicated by the Watson house (1738–1912) in its original construction. It occupied a conspicuous position at the turn of highway ere descending the hill to cross Meeting-house brook. There it faced both the road, and the sun at noon, and before it were planted the usual New England elms. It differed from the Watson house, in that there were three dormer windows in its steep roof, which also projected more over the front wall. It had the same elaborate finish around the entrance door, and substantial window frames with heavy blinds on all.

One great chimney with cavernous fireplaces was in the middle of the house, which sat low on the ground and was doubtless in early times banked in winter for warmth of cellar.

Like the Watson house, it was enlarged rearward at a later date, but with the same style of gambrel roof, with skylights and larger chimney.

Mr. Caleb Swan filed the following away at about 1856 relative thereto.

. After Mr. Turell's death (1778) his house was occupied by Mr. Timothy Fitch from Nantucket, who married Mrs Plaisted a Quaker widow — he had previously owned the house of Mrs Sam[l] Swan, [Watson house] which he bought of Mrs Samuel

Angier about 1780. Mr Fitch died 28th Sept. 1790. The house was then bought of Nath[l] Gorham, (son of Judge Gorham) and sold by him to John Coffin Jones, Merchant of Boston, in Dec. 1794. Mr Jones & family pafsed his summers there till April 1805, when he sold it to Josiah Bradlee, merchant of Boston, for $5,000. — Mr Bradlee sold it to Mr John Prince, Merchant of Boston, for his Father D[r] John Prince formerly of Salem, widower — who lived there with his two daughters, Mrs Apthorp and Mifs Patty, who married Judge Hinckley of Northampton about 1811. Dr Prince married a daughter of the Hon. Richard Derby of Salem — she died before he came to Medford — The D[r] was a Royalist during the Revolution, and went to Halifax with the English army on the evacuation of Boston in 1776, He was a tall slender man, and very deaf He moved to Jamaica Plain about 1811, and his son sold the house to James Prentifs, Merchant of Boston (Bond & Prentifs, who failed in 1813, for a large amount and paid 4 cents in the dollar)

Mr Prentifs lived there one Summer and sold it to Capt. Gilchrist in 1812, who moved in, but after a month or two, Mrs Gilchrist not liking the house, went back to his former house opposite to Mr. Bigelow's, and rented the house to Capt Ebenezer Stocker of Boston (formerly of Newburyport) who lived there one or two years, until his sudden death in Havana, of fever, when his family moved into Boston

In 1813 or 1814 Capt Gilchrist sold the house to Mr William Furness, Cashier of the Union Bank, Boston. He died in April, 1836, aged 69, and the house was soon after sold to Mr Jonathan Porter, of rising reputation as a lawyer, until ill health compelled him to relinquish his profefsion

Later Mr. Swan added: —

He died 11th June 1859, aged 67. —— almost wholly confined to his house by spinal infirmity, the last 10 or 15 years. ——

Over date of Aug. 8, 1888, is added with pencil: —

House of Jonathan Porter Esq built by Rev. Mr. Turell now destroyed, the land is still owned by Miss Mary Porter daughter of Jonathan Porter.

J. G. Swan.

Since the old house was built, have come Purchase and Winthrop streets, then Porter's lane, (now Rural avenue), and now Traincroft. It is a far cry from its earliest days to the Winthrop square and the electric cars of today.

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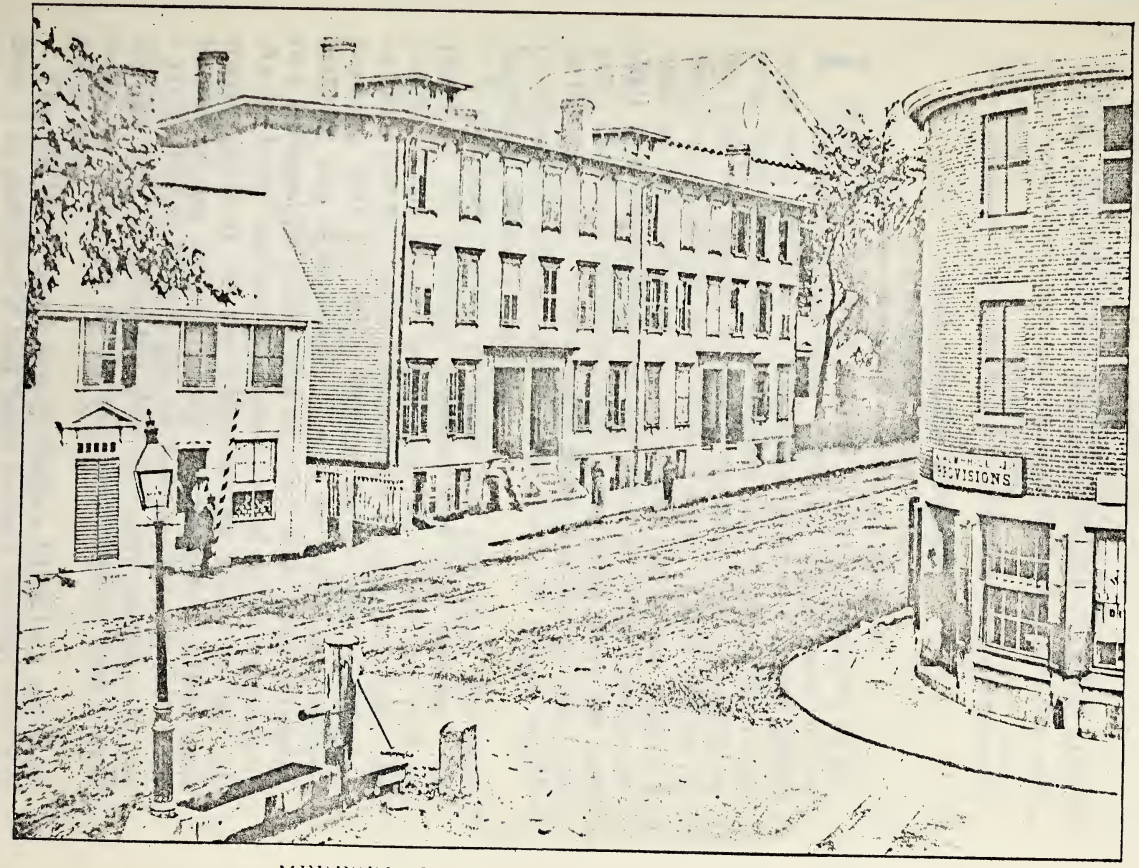


MEDFORD SQUARE AND SALEM STREET, 1870.

The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XVI. JULY, 1913. No. 3.

OLD SALEM STREET.

BY HELEN TILDEN WILD.

[Read before the Medford Historical Society, January 20, 1913.]

I WAS born on Salem street, under the shadow of the Fountain House elm. Although other parts of the town were partially or altogether unknown to my childhood, from the square to Malden line was familiar country, and my special stamping ground was bounded by the Everett School and Fulton street. There will be no dates to remember in my narrative, for at the period I shall talk about (between war time and the Centennial year) the dates which interested me most were for sale at the grocers'. I may jump from the '60s to '70s with no apparent reason, and I *may* speak of things which happened before I was born.

What better place to begin our tour than the town pump at the junction of Salem and Ship streets? Of course, it has always been there (Mr. Wait has told us so), but the first time I remember it distinctly was the summer that the High School house (now the Centre School) was remodelled. I was on horseback, arrayed in a riding-skirt which was my own cherished property. As my horse was being watered, one of my primary-school mates, perched on the water-trough ready to turn an honest penny by unhitching a check-rein, called out, "Huh! Helen Wild 's got on her mother's dress." My dignity was so offended that the sally remains in my mind as the only fly in the ointment to mar a red-letter day.

The old brick block was perhaps a little less old then than it is now, but it had been known by that title for

many a day. Hemphill's meat market was where Bartlett's store is now, and later the southerly half was occupied by William P. Treet, the "button man." On the corner of Forest street was the "Cotting Bakery," which retained its name, although Mr. Timothy Cotting had removed to Forest street (next to the Universalist Church) and had given up business. The house was two story, with gambrel roof. Mr. Gibbs, the jeweller, lived there at one time. The house was taken away to make room for the Bigelow building; a portion of it was removed to Thomas court. Mr. Alexander Symmes, of Symmes' Corner stock, whose wife was Mr. Cotting's niece, lived in the first house in Cotting block. Dr. Sanborn, the dentist, lived next door. He was an up-to-date dentist for his day, but methods have changed. He administered ether to extract teeth. One experience was enough for me, and with one exception the rest of the teeth I have parted with have been taken with my full "knowledge and consent." In the corner house, next to the church, lived Dr. Woodbury, and he was succeeded by Dr. Hedenberg, who moved from the old brick block across the street.

Next was the Mystic Church, a much plainer and smaller building than now, with no steeple, but with a driveway and *porte-cochere* on the east side and horse sheds in the rear. My advent there was made on the Sunday following my father's return from the war. Mr. Hooker was the minister, and I timed the close of the service by the number of leaves in his manuscript that remained to be turned. The organ and choir were at the back of the church. Mrs. Nathaniel Ripley sang soprano; Judge Edwin Wright, tenor; Mrs. J. C. Dorr, alto; and Mr. Alfred Tufts, bass. Mr. Charles Gleason was organist. Other singers of about that time were Miss Sarah Blanchard and Mrs. William Haskins. The congregation rose and turned around during the singing of the hymns.

The pulpit was of mahogany veneer, with sofa and

chairs to match, upholstered in red velvet. A small communion table in front was shaped to fit the curve of the pulpit. The walls were frescoed, and there was a conventional dove over the pulpit. Mr. Southworth and his family sat in a side pew on the east. Mrs. Charles Cushing of Pleasant street and her son sat on the opposite side. Their pews were at right angles with the rest. On the east side I remember the Binney, Clough and Sables families. Deacon Galen James' pew and that of the minister were in the body of the house on the east side. On the other side sat Messrs. Elisha Hayden, Joseph James, Eleazer Boynton, Mr. Nahum Mitchell and the two deacons John and Jotham Stetson, with their families. In west wall pews sat Mr. John Russell, Mr. William Haskins and Captain Redman. These were all neighbors of ours in the church, for we sat in the front pew. The pews were yellow with trimmings of dark wood. The cushions were light brown or gray. Miss Abby Stetson was my first Sunday-school teacher. When she married, Miss Maria Stetson succeeded her. The infant room was where it is now, but in the main vestry, the superintendent's platform was on the west side instead of the north, as at present. There was a Bible Class in the northwest corner, taught by Dea. Jotham Stetson.

We must not tarry too long at the church, for next door is the bakery, where the horse in the treadmill in some mysterious way assisted in the manufacture of Medford crackers. Back of the house occupied by Mr. Henry Withington were the ovens where the bread, beans, crackers and other good things, buns and hermit cakes among them, were baked. To the bakehouse came the children with their tin yeast pails for "a cent's worth of yeast." My mother preferred to use a glass bottle which held three cents' worth, and I was quite a nabob (in my own estimation at least) because I bought in such wholesale quantities. How good that bakehouse smelt, especially on Sunday mornings! Many carried their pots of beans

there to be baked and had big gingham squares to tie up their smoking and savory burdens to carry them home. The brownbread was nice and warm on winter mornings as we hugged it in our little arms and hurried home to breakfast. John Burnett, Russell Symmes and Mr. Howe were our good friends, and we often indulged in a fresh doughnut or warm cracker at their invitation. Those freshly baked crackers tasted good, all delicately brown on the outside and soft and flaky inside. No wonder people came from miles around to buy them. The Withington house and the Lawrence house opposite are connected with many a good time in the memories of my childhood.

In *this* house * lived Mr. Charles P. Lauriat. Just back of it was the old brick shop where the hammers of the gold beaters resounded as those of the ship-builders in the ship-yard had rung in other days, but in war time Mr. Lauriat lived at the lower end of Salem street. How innocent his market basket looked when he started for Boston, although all of us knew what precious freight he carried.

Opposite, on the corner of River street, was the terminal of the Medford and Charlestown horse railroad. This form of rapid transit was in commission in 1863 I know, but for a time was not used; it revived and was discontinued again before street railway service came to stay. In one of these intervals the building was used by Frank Moran as a livery stable.

Beyond "Dead Man's Alley," as the irreverent called it, was "God's Acre," where now, as in days of yore, the forefathers of the hamlet sleep. The Baptist Church came next, with its high flight of outside steps leading to the auditorium, and its basement entrance to the Sunday-school room. Its outlines can still be traced, in spite of the ugly additions which have transformed it into a stable. Opposite was the Bishop mansion, which still retains its dignity of outline, and back of it was its

[* Medford Historical Rooms.]

great garden, which had been cut up into house lots and where some houses had been built.

On the corner of Oakland street was the Methodist Church, standing much below the present grade of the street, in constant danger of a drenching when Gravelly Creek became unruly. The creek was always an unknown quantity and therefore interesting. It might be a little stream just big enough to get wet in, or it might be wide and deep, overflowing its banks and flooding the roadway. In winter it was great fun to "run tittlies" on it, and a coast from the top of Ford's Hill down the steep incline across the creek (if you were lucky, and into it if you were not) had all the elements of adventurous sport. At the top of the hill was the schoolhouse (so entirely changed that it seems another building), where Edward Everett's picture occupied the place of honor in the "big room." The primary room was on the west side, the intermediate on the east, each with a separate entrance. When I arrived there, at the mature age of five years, three months, Miss Emma S. Crouch was my teacher and Miss Isabelle Perry taught the intermediate grade. In the front of the building was the door leading to the grammar department, with stairs on the left for the boys and on the right for the girls. In the upper hallway we hung our "things," and there was an air-box in the corner, the flat top of which was a catch-all for everything that didn't belong there, including ourselves, for we often made it our roosting-place.

The main room, where Mr. Sawyer presided over about sixty pupils divided into four grades, was at the south end of the building, and Miss Sawyer's recitation room was between the hallways on the north side. We sat around three sides of the room on recitation seats about as wide and comfortable as pantry shelves.

Mr. Stillman Derby, the lamplighter and janitor of the schoolhouse, lived opposite. He was no older, to my mind, when he died, many years after, than he was on the first day I went to school.

A quaint little wood-colored house, as they say in the Berkshires, was owned and occupied by Miss Rebecca Reed. It stood close to the sidewalk. The green inside blinds and the beautiful woodbine made the house different from any other. The modern three-decker which has taken its place is doubtless a more profitable investment, but when I go by I want to shut my eyes and remember its humble predecessor.

About half-way between the schoolhouse and Washington street corner lived Mr. William Hall, familiarly known as "Tinker." He was a tinsmith, and went from house to house making and mending tinware. His work was "'pon honor." Good material and good workmanship went into the construction of his wares.

The "old Methodist Church," a tenement house then as now, has changed very little in half a century.

On the corner of Cross street was Noah's Ark, in which Noah Hathaway and his wife reared *at least* nineteen children. Mrs. Hathaway never appeared outside her door-yard, but her husband was a constant attendant at the Methodist Church, where his resounding "Amens" disconcerted the stranger in pulpit or pew.

Mr. Jaquith's store, in what we now call Washington Square (the naughty boys and girls called it "Jake's"), was well patronized by the youngsters. He sold groceries, candy, gum (prohibited in my case, although I fear sometimes enjoyed), pickled limes and other things too numerous to mention, *strictly* at retail. The store was open evenings (except possibly Wednesdays) and the men of the neighborhood made it their club room, where subjects big and little were discussed.

The property next to the store building was owned by Eleazer Davis. It came to him through his wife's family, I think. He and his daughter lived in the westerly half of a low, gambrel-roofed house. The other half, owned by one Stone, was for a long time vacant. He obtained his title from James Stone, who bought the estate in 1812. Mr. John A. Smith bought of Stone and

moved into the house from the old brick block in the square. He afterward bought out the Davis heirs. The whole property was lately sold to Mr. Smith's granddaughter, making only two transfers of the property in a century.

In the "heater" corner, between Salem and Washington streets, was Mr. Sumner Jacobs' house, facing the square and shaded by a magnificent elm. There were gates and stone steps at each end of the piazza, but the north gate was never used. In order to make a straight walk from the front door the tree was sacrificed, and the view down Salem street and the house itself are forever spoiled. There was a lamp-post at the corner, and a few feet beyond, in the middle of the "square," was a cistern for storing water in case of fire, and at stated intervals the fire companies would have try-outs of the engines and hose, with great satisfaction to themselves and delight for the children of the neighborhood.

East of Mr. Jacobs' land was the "James Tufts house," so called because Mr. Tufts had lived there previous to his removal to the three-story house east of Gravelly Creek. Next was Mr. Pyam Cushing's house. He was a coal dealer, with a wharf on Ship street. To this house he brought three wives and reared three sets of children; his children by his first wife were old enough to be parents of their youngest brother. Next came our house, and next to that Grandfather Wild's house, with a gate in the fence between the two lots. Our house is almost unchanged, with the exception of raising the two ells and building a kitchen between them. My father brought my mother to this house a bride in 1843. He hired the east half from Messrs. Galen James and Nathan Sawyer at $17.50 a quarter. The kitchen had no cellar under it, and they found it so uncomfortably cold that they remained there only till January, 1845, when they removed to Washington street. In 1850 my father and Mr. J. A. Smith bought the house, my father going back to his old rooms on the east side and Mr. Smith occupying the west

side. Before 1860 Mr. Smith sold out to my father. My grandfather built his house about 1842. At that time all his children were unmarried except his oldest son.

To illustrate the village life of Medford in the '60s a description of these two estates and something about the child life of the neighborhood may be in order. None of the houses had "modern improvements," which we consider so indispensable. Between the two ells of our house was a little court which contained a well with a wooden pump and shoe. In our sink-room was a force-pump which conducted the water from the well. By connecting a pipe with this pump, water could be forced into a tin bathtub in a room overhead, in winter a chilly arrangement. There was a hogshead for rain-water at the corner of the house, and at the risk of falling in I used to climb up to see the mosquitoes hatching on its surface. Our barn was for horses, and there was ample room in the carriage shed for imaginary rides. In the loft was baled hay and a hay cutter, and it was great fun to throw down hay to Billy or Charlie, who begged for it, with just enough danger of throwing ourselves down too to make it interesting. Grandpa had cows as well as horses in his barn, also hens and chickens. The loft had lovely hay-mows, which were in turn hiding places, houses or theatres, with two pins admission to the shows. Both barns had pigstys, with sometimes the dearest little pink baby pigs. We hadn't any Board of Health, and we were sublimely indifferent to the need of one, in spite of these menaces to health as now understood.

At Mr. Howe's home, at the corner of Allen court, I spent many happy days. In the pleasant kitchen we made paper bags for use at the bakehouse. The paper was dark, yellowish brown, with flecks of straw in it. We became quite proficient in wielding the paste brush. We had a large play-room in the open attic, and often our treasures went down the cracks. I suspect that if the old house, which is now moved back on Allen court,

is ever demolished somebody will resurrect some of our playthings and present them to the Historical Society, duly inscribed.

On summer evenings all the children of the neighborhood gathered at Allen court for a game of hide-and-seek. Five, ten, fifteen, twenty — away we scurried to cover. It was fair to hide in our barn or grandpa's, down Allen and Hadley courts, and around the Fountain House in Mr. Sawyer's yard. There were some yards that I never remember of hiding in, but Uncle David Cushing on Hadley court never seemed to object, although no children belonged there, and we certainly all "belonged" to Mr. and Miss Sawyer. Such fun as there was in "running in" for the swift-footed. When twilight fell Mrs. Howe or my mother rang the bell, which was the signal that the fun was over, and with good-night calls we all started for bed.

Back of grandfather's barn was the garden, with a grape trellis in the center which arched a flower-bordered path. The vegetable garden was on each side of this path and was fenced off from the rest of the yard. The Howe house had a long garden with a summer house at the end of the central path, and there were four o'clocks and ladies' delights in the borders. There were apple trees with low boughs for climbing. We didn't need nature studies in school in those days; we studied without knowing it as we played.

The old Fountain House dated back to the early part of the eighteenth century. It was long a hostelry. I recall the names Bradshaw and Simpson, who were proprietors. Both were soldiers of the Revolution, and descendants of both live in town. We were shown the identical ring in the great tree that shadowed it to which Washington hitched his horse. My faith has wavered a little since the days of my youth. The house was three story, sloping down to a few feet from the ground at the back. It had long been a tenement in my day. Miss Mary Pratt lived in the second story on the east side.

I was sent sometimes with dainties, and the ceremony was always the same. I entered at the double green door, crept up the winding stairs, inhaling the peculiar odor of old wood and trying to tread softly (for the stairs would creak), and knocked at Miss Mary's door. Presently she let me in and seated me in a cushioned chair at the window. She went to the cupboard over the fireplace for a plate or dish, slipped what I had brought into it, and then slowly went to another part of the room to wash my mother's plate, talking to me meanwhile in her chirpy old voice.

Sometimes I wish that all these old landmarks of my youth which are running down were only pleasant memories like the Fountain House. Under the shade of our great elms, which arched the street from Washington to Fulton street, we lived friendly lives. None of us were rich; perhaps some of us were poor. In time of trouble or special happiness there was sympathy, but there was never running back and forth at inconvenient seasons, or familiarity which breeds contempt.

When my grandfather built his house in 1842 there were only two houses on that side of the street between it and the Malden line. (I am not counting two others which stood on lanes just off the highway.) One was the house of Mr. James S. Burrell, now occupied by his son, on the corner of Revere place. This house belonged long ago to William Cutter, a soldier of the Revolution, whose daughter Rebecca married Isaac Sprague of the firm of Sprague and James. But pardon me if I go back to mention Mrs. Eben Jackson, who lived on the corner of Vine street. Her lovely character endeared her to many children. She was active in the Universalist Church, and often substituted in the public schools. Just west of the Burrell lot was Aaron Child's cobbler shop, with the sign of a big, long-legged boot. I learned that "big A, little a, ron" spelled Aaron, not from my Bible, but from his sign.

On the opposite side of the street was the gambrel-roofed house lately owned by Mrs. Thomas B. Dill, and

a similar one on the other corner of Fulton street occupied and owned by Mr. Richard Tufts and his sisters. Mr. Tufts had a little wheelwright's shop back of his house facing Fulton street. The family had lived on Main street, where the Central Fire Station stands, but were burned out in the great fire of 1850 and never rebuilt.

The house at the corner of Court street is a landmark, occupied for many years by Mr. Francis Ewell. The present engine house occupies the site of the Osgood School, which was moved to Wellington. The grocery store at the corner of Park street is little changed since the days when Lewis H. Washburn was its proprietor.

Just opposite the head of Almont street, removed to build Otis street, was the most unique house in Medford, for it deliberately turned its back on the street and faced the sun. It had a lean-to on the street side and a pig-pen in full view of the passer-by. I have read about houses which were built in early times, before the general use of clocks, facing exactly south, regardless of the highway, so that the noon mark on door or window-sill told the time correctly, but this was the only one that I ever saw, and it was the only one I ever heard of in Medford. I wish somebody could "write up" that house, which was one of the first built in Medford, but in this paper it stands as the residence of Mr. William Otis, the farmer who tilled the acres of Mr. Dudley Hall's farm, and for whom Otis street was named.

Between Almont and Cherry streets were two double houses and a cottage, which are now standing. The double houses were built by Beattie & Bradlee, one for occupancy and one for tenants. Mr. Charles P. Lauriat lived in one of them before he removed to this house where we are tonight. Below Cherry street were the Ruggles house and the two cottages owned and occupied by Mr. Edwin Tainter, the expressman, and his father. Mr. Tainter's house and stable have been removed to make way for Sheridan avenue, but his daughter, Mrs. John W. Smith, occupies her grandfather's house.

There were only scrub woods, swamp and pasture land on each side of the street between the Tainter houses and Valley street. It was so lonely that we children always ran the whole distance "around the bend" and did not breathe freely until we reached the friendly neighborhood of the Mayo house, where our friend Nellie Mayo lived. She was lame, but she and her crutch were never in the rear of the rest of the boys and girls.

Then on the north side were the Parker and Tothill houses. The latter had a pretty cascade some hundred feet in height in the side yard. We made up for time gained by running "'round the bend" by loitering to watch the water-fall. Next was the priest's house; we were a little in awe of it because of the high board fence. The building is now the home of the Sisters.

The next house we always called the "old place," for in 1832 my grandfather came to Medford from Braintree to live in half of this house, his sister, Mrs. Jonathan Sawyer, being the owner and occupying the other half. She also owned the farm which lay on both sides of the street. My aunt, Mrs. Alfred Odiorne, and family lived in the west half of the house until 1867, and Mr. Francis H. Tay owned and occupied the east half. Mr. Tay's part was removed when the parkway was built. The hill which rose immediately behind the house offered all sorts of pleasures to adventurous young folks. No need of gymnasiums or "hiking" excursions for these young folks who had a forest at the back door. I remember only one house on the north side of Salem street beyond the "old place," a pretty dwelling owned by W. O. Fiske.

The two houses just west of the car barns were occupied about 1860 by my uncles, George W. and Henry M. Wild, who operated the slaughter house which stood at the end of a lane which ran between them. Before my remembrance Mr. George Wild removed to Danvers, but Mr. Henry Wild lived in the house afterward owned by Mr. Hill for some years. The Plummer brothers succeeded to the business, and later Mr. John White re-

moved from Brighton to the house nearest the car barns and was in the slaughtering business for many years.

Between Mr. White's house and the church was the hotel or road house, which was built after 1855, as it is not shown on the town map of that date. Known under several names, it had a checkered career as regards respectability.

The Roman Catholic Church, not as large as now, was known as "St. Mary's." Below the church I remember only two dwellings. That of Mr. O. M. Gale, which, with its farm buildings, stood on a lane which has since grown into Gale avenue. Mr. Gale was a familiar figure — an old man driving an old horse to and fro between his house and the square. He had two daughters who were childhood friends of my aunts. One was an actress. They both live now in Somerville and quite frequently come to Medford, for they still keep up their interest in the Universalist Church. Below the Gale lane was a double house, the owner of one side of which was a resident of Malden, the other of Medford, the town line running in those days diagonally through the house.

Salem street in the days I am talking of was not macadamized; there were no car tracks; there was no water system, therefore no street watering. On market days droves of cattle and sheep followed each other almost in procession. No wonder the housewives were slaves of the broom and the dust-cloth. (No carpet-sweepers or vacuum cleaners then!) The soft pat-pat of the sheep, the dust they raised, the bark of the sheep-dog, the calls of the drivers and the pitiful bleating of the weak ones who had fallen out of the ranks and which were packed into the wagon which always followed the drove, was of interest to us, not coupled with fear; but when a drove of *cattle* came, there was a skurrying for shelter within the yard fences and a hurried closing of the "big gate" against any possible straggler. I was so afraid of these half-wild things that to this day it takes all my courage to pass the mildest cow.

After the street was widened, and before the advent of the tracks, Salem street in winter was one round of gaiety. Sleighs were in two lines, one going east, the other west, so thick that the horses noses brushed the backs of the occupants of the sleigh in front, and "up and down the middle" the fast horses had "brushes" one with another. It was great fun to see it, but it was greater fun to be "in it."

And what better time to take leave of the old street of my childhood than this, with all its imperfections hidden under a mantle of snow, with the sun flashing on pretty turnouts, its brightness rivalled by the faces of young and old enjoying the nipping air and the musical rythm of the sleigh bells.

AN OLD SHIP-MASTER'S EXPERIENCE.

Captain Jacob H. Holmes, who resided on Cudworth street for several years after his retirement from active sea-faring life and died in 1898, had a memorable experience on his last voyage. He put into the harbor of Valparaiso, South America, with a cargo of nitrate, his vessel being the ship *Republic*, owned in Boston by Messrs. George C. and Charles Lord. (This ship was built at Newburyport, and registered 1,200 tons.) Valparaiso harbor is peculiar in that it is not safe to make fast to the stone abutments and pier, so that all vessels with cargoes are unloaded into hulks or old vessels anchored some distance out in the harbor. A northwest wind, for which this coast is famous, sprang up, and Captain Holmes' vessel, heavily loaded, was caught between two of the old hulks and his foremast and rigging, and mainmast also, were torn away, and the mizzenmast had to be cut away to save a worse disaster, The captain's wife (now living on Dudley street in this city), who was on board, was lowered over the bow into a life-boat just as this happened and taken ashore. The ship, although ruined, did not sink, and with the damaged cargo was sold.

Captain Holmes recovered his instruments and belongings, and with his wife came down the coast by steamship to Panama, thence across the isthmus to Colon, and then to Medford, where he lived until his decease. His genial good nature and ready wit and fund of "sea yarns" were appreciated by his neighbors. Mrs. Holmes traversed the sea with her husband twelve years. The "old hulk" that crashed into his vessel in Valparaiso Harbor and wrought such destruction was the ship *George Peabody*, built in Medford at the yard of James O. Curtis. It was somewhat singular that Captain Holmes should take up his residence in Medford within sight of the spot where the *Peabody* was launched.

FRED H. C. WOOLLEY.

SOUTH MEDFORD ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO.

TO BE LETT,

(*And enter'd on the Fifth of* April *next:*)

A LARGE AND COMMODIOUS FARM,

pleaſantly ſituated in *Medford*, near *Boſton* (within four miles of *Charlestown* Ferry) containing Three Hundred Acres of choice Land, accommodated with a good Dwelling-Houſe, a Dairy, two large Barns, a Cow-Barn, and an Engine for ſcrewing of Hay; alſo a Canal lately cut from *Medford* River, wherein a Lighter may come up within a Few Rods of the Houſe, which is very convenient for bringing up Muck, or any Thing elſe either for the Uſe of the Farm or the Family. The ſaid Farm is all well fenc'd in with Stone-Wall, and is properly divided into Paſturage, Tillage, Orchard and Mowing-Land, produces plenty of the beſt Engliſh Hay, Salt-Hay, and Black-Graſs, ſo called, (which laſt is eſteemed very little

inferior to Engliſh Hay) and is capable of keeping a large Stock of Cattle and Sheep thro' the Year. There is now ſeven or 8 Acres of the Tillage Land ſown with good Winter Rye. Any perſon inclining to Hire the above Premiſes, who can bring on a ſufficient ſtock, and give good Security for the Performance of Leaſe, may have it on reaſonable Terms for a Number of Years. For further Particulars enquire of ISAAC ROYALL, Eſq'r at *Medford*

☞ *There has been no more than Two Tenants on the above Farm for 35 Years laſt paſt.*

From *Boston News Letter* and *New England Chronicle*, Thursday, March 17, 1763.

The farm referred to in the above advertisement is the easterly portion of the Royall estate, the westerly boundary being at or near the line of Two-Penny Brook, the northerly boundary is the Mystic River, the easterly and southerly bounds being the line between the cities of Medford and Somerville. The dwelling-house stood where the Mystic House formerly stood, and it was removed (to make way for that house) to the brick-yard on Buzzell's lane, and was destroyed by fire years ago. The barns stood on the westerly side of what is now known as Golden avenue, and the canal referred to is that portion of Two-Penny Brook that extended from the river to a point on the southerly side of Mystic avenue, where it met the solid ground, the landing-place of the lighters above referred to. The brook was probably straightened, widened and deepened. There was formerly a wharf on the easterly side of the brook or canal, about half-way between the river and avenue, at which small vessels used to discharge cargoes of firewood for the use of the brick yard on Buzzell's lane. The Middlesex Canal afterwards ran through the farm, and the Southern Division of the Boston and Maine Railroad is located across it.

JOHN H. HOOPER.

Did the REGISTER's space permit, it would be interesting to review in detail the various enterprises and industries that have found place within the limits of the farm advertised a century and a half ago; the South Medford of today.

It was once invaded by the British, when they marched from their landing place on the river bank to the old powder house and back again with their plunder, minus the Medford portion, however.

A little later the presence of some British horsemen on the hill sent Revere through it, instead of on the direct route to Lexington.

Next the New Hampshire troops crossed and recrossed it to and from Bunker Hill.

Two years later the Hessian prisoners here ended their long march from Saratoga and encamped on the upland corner of the farm.

Then came the time and arts of peace. Forty years after the advertising (and we may not know how many tenants in *those* years) the Middlesex Canal was dug through its eastern border. Soon after, the Medford turnpike crossed the marsh beside the canal.

Then after three decades came the railroad through the southern corner, and for many years beside the railroad and on the extreme edge of the farm was the Medford cattle market.

In the middle sixties there was a half-mile race track between the railroad and the site of the present Lincoln school, which track was soon displaced by the extensive works of the Massachusetts Brick Company. Traces of these latter may still be seen, near and parallel with the railway.

The Mystic Trotting Park with its mile-track was located between the Mystic House (built in '46) and the turnpike. Its location was then known as the Adams farm, and early in war time a military camp was there. Several times the "New England Fair" or cattle-show was held there; and for years the numerous horse races

drew vast crowds of the sporting fraternity. In more recent years its neighbor, Combination Park, with more pretentious structures, flourished for a time; its grand stand at last destroyed by fire.

The more useful and legitimate business of brick-making was done beside Winter brook for some years, and now on the other side Tufts park and playground have redeemed an unsightly bog.

Through this section in '64 were laid the supply mains of the Charlestown water works, leading from the reservoir on College hill; and later the Tufts school-house was built over them. Winter brook (now insignificant) once supplemented the power of the tide mill on the turnpike, but, with Two-Penny brook, had to be reckoned with in the construction of highway, canal and pike.

For more than a century the dwellers on this farm of Colonel Royall's were few. In 1870 a few dwellings were built, the result of a "land scheme," but the increase was very slow until after the closing of the race tracks. The construction of the Lincoln school-house and its enlargement in more recent years is an index to the increase in population, while the erection of dwellings, stores and churches, the establishment of a fire station and the opening of numerous streets, is in marked contrast to the times of Colonel Royall.

Westward across Two-Penny brook various brick makers plied their trade. This industry has vanished, leaving a huge pit extending to the willow-shaded College avenue, the border of which is being filled with ashes and refuse by the city. But nearer the brook is one always filled with water (perhaps supplied by springs) which has been used as an ice pond. In view of the rapid increase of dwellings in the vicinity it would seem that here is an opportunity for Medford to secure a park site, of which she has none too many. A park there would enhance the desirability of the place for residence and add to the beauty and attractivess of the city. A similar improvement might at little cost well be made along the brook from Main street to Mystic avenue.

Colonel Royall's old canal, "where muck and anything else" could be conveyed, is still to be seen. Restored to its original form, or enlarged, it might well serve as a public landing for motor boats. Here, too, on the river bank might be erected a public bath-house.

These things, comparatively inexpensive, would be a vast improvement upon the existing unsanitary conditions (an increasing menace to the public welfare), and affect for good many people that the present proposed monument to "civic pride" will benefit but little.

M. W. M.

MEDFORD MEMORIALS.

Of Medford ship-building it might be said the days of its years were threescore years and ten, 1803–1873.

On December 4, 1873, was launched the last ship built on the banks of the Mystic. She was named the *Pilgrim*, and built by Joshua T. Foster for Henry Hastings, by courtesy styled Commodore.

It was the lot of a Medford school-boy to be present on that occasion and to receive indelible impressions on an artistic temperament just then beginning to develop.

After the lapse of forty years, with increased skill, and with kindly remembrance of his boyhood home and haunts, Mr. Fred. H. C. Woolley has reproduced the scene which closed the great industry of former days. We are by his courtesy allowed to reproduce in this issue a copy of his water-color, which he exhibited to an interested company in the Historical Society's rooms on Saturday evening, May 3, 1913.

Mr. Woolley described the launching (unsuccessful on the day set, but carried out on the next), and gave a brief account of the *Pilgrim's* career. She sailed from Boston for Hong-Kong, commanded by Capt. Frank Fowle, on February 14, 1874, taking out a cargo of ice, and made the voyage in one hundred and twenty-four days. For several years she was in the East Indian trade.

In 1890 she was barque rigged and sold to Daniel Bacon of New York. In 1892, under the command of

one supposed to be an efficient navigator, she was wrecked on one of the Bahama Islands while on a voyage from Philadelphia to Cienfuegos, Cuba. Her cargo of coal and the vessel were a total loss, but the captain and crew escaped.

It seems somewhat remarkable that of all the Medford-built vessels (numbering about six hundred) not one is now known to be in service; and of the buildings in the many ship-yards but one remains in any form as a relic of an industry once so thriving.

A photographic copy of Mr. Woolley's picture of the *Pilgrim* has been purchased by Mr. Henry Hastings and hung in the "Henry Hastings Room" (commemorative of his father) in the Old State House in Boston. Mr. Hastings takes an especial pride in keeping this room thoroughly furnished with whatever he can find of models, pictures, plans and interesting mementos of his father's ships.

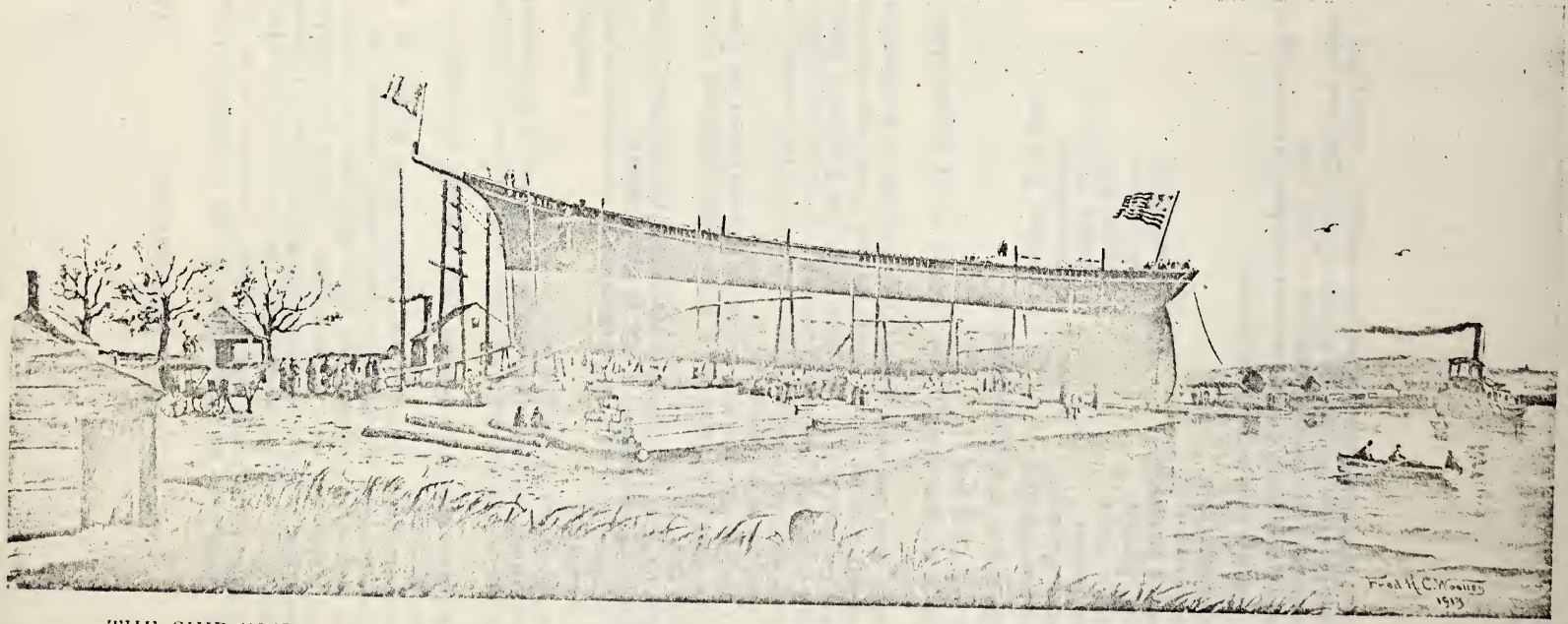
One material relic of those busy days is Medford's only school-bell (that in the tower of the Curtis school), donated the town by James O. Curtis, in whose ship-yard it formerly did service. There it rang at the opening and closing hours of daily labor. Very few are living of the many who assembled at the call of the "Old Bug-horn." Is there anyone in Medford or elsewhere who can tell how the ship-yard bell acquired that name?

THE MEDFORD GRASSHOPPER.

A SMALL record book of fifty-four pages, seven by eight inches in size, was recently placed with others in the hand of the editor with the remark, "Perhaps there is something of interest for the REGISTER."

Its leather binding and board covers are still strong, and the unruled paper, little colored, is both strong in texture and *odor* of days long gone, for the earliest date is "Monday, the 4th day of January, 1808."

On its first pages is written, in elegant penmanship:—



THE SHIP "PILGRIM,"—READY FOR LAUNCHING, AT FOSTER'S YARD, MEDFORD, MASS., DECEMBER 4, 1873.

LAST OF ALL THE MEDFORD-BUILT SHIPS. BUILT FOR HENRY HASTINGS.

Length, 173 ft.; Beam, 35 ft.; Depth, 21 ft.; Tonnage, 956.86 register.

FROM A WATER-COLOR PAINTING BY FRED H. C. WOOLLEY.

We the subscribers being appointed by the Selectmen of the Town of Medford for Engine men do subject ourselves to the following regulations 1st To assemble on the first Monday in every month from April to November including both months for the purpose of examining the state of the engine And if any member neglects to attend at the time and place appointed or does not appear before the clerk has put up his list he shall pay the sum of fifty cents for the good of s[d] company unless he be excused by a vote of the company

2d No person shall be a member under the age of twenty-one years

3d No person shall be voted into said company only by ballot

4th If any member unnecesarily neglects to attend at the Annual meeting in November he shall be held

[End of first page.] Turn over.

to pay his proportionate part of the expenses of the evening or such a part as shall not be abated by a vote of the company

5th Any member that shall be absent shall pay his fine at the next meeting after trial.

6th If the clark shall be absent at any meeting appointed by the company it shall be his duty to give the list to some one of the company who shall act in his stead. . . .

7th There shall be three members drawn from the company in rotation until every man has served for one year whose duty it shall be to see that the engine is in compleat order the Day after being called out at any time for fire or otherwise and if they neglect to do the same they shall for each neglect pay the fine of seventy-five Cents. . . .

8th Every member shall repair directly to the Engine House on hearing the cry of fire

Then followed the signatures of

Zaccheus Wyman
Jonathan Brooks
Isaac Brooks
James T Floyd
Patrick Roach
Leonard Bucknam
John Symmes 3d
Joseph Bucknam
Samuel Teel Jun
John Dickson
Joseph Wyman Jr
Daniel Wier
W[m] Harris
Isaac Floyd

[On same page, in same expert hand as before]

At a meeting appointed by the company and held at the house of M[r] J. Johnson on Monday the fourth day of Jan[y] 1808 . . .

Voted that Zaccheus Wyman be Master of the engine and James T Floyd Clerk to s[d] Company for the year ensuing. Also voted to

meet the first Monday in April at Half past five oClock P.M. at the engine house

At the bottom of the page, in the handwriting of the "Clark" is

		cents
Isaac Floyd	fined	50
Wm Harris	Do	50

Six records of monthly meetings are upon the next page, each being a vote to meet the next month at the "enjoine house."

On July 4 it was voted to

Heve the fines remain due till November meeting

At the October meeting it was

Voted to agree with Samuel Teel Jr to cleane the enjoine for one dollar and fivety cents Also voted to meet at the enjoine house the first Monday in November at four O Clock P M Also chose a cmmitty to prevoid the super

Commity { Samuel Teel Jr, Patrick Roach, John Dixan

The vote at the November meeting fixed the next in January

At Josiah Johnson Innholder at 6 O Clock P M for the porpose of chusing Officers for the year ensueing

Two dollars in the fines

At that meeting the officers were re-elected and the next meeting fixed for April. In April (after a winter vacation) Seth Wyman was voted into the company, and Patrick Roach fined fifty cents.

The record of the October, 1809, meeting is significant:

At a legal meeting on the first Monday in October then Voted to agree with Mr. Samuel Teel and John Dickson to Clean the Engine to the Satisfaction of the Company for one dollar and fifty Cents Also Chose Joseph Bucknam and Joseph Wyman to be a Committy to provide a Supper Also Voted to meet the first Monday in November at 7 O Clock P M at the Engine house Also Voted that any that be absent from the Supper Shall pay his part of the Supper and pay fine besides

This "enjoine" was the Old Grasshopper, the first

bought by the town in accordance with its vote of March 7, 1763. After it had seen over thirty years of service, and housed near the market-place, it was located near Hastings lane at the top of Marm Simonds' hill. That any enginemen or company were then appointed to care for it, records fail to show. Probably it was simply housed there during a dozen years. In the record of October, 1816, it was styled the Western Engine, and in January, 1826, the No. 2 Engine. After the earlier years, at the November meeting, some one was appointed to keep the snow from the doors at a stipend of fifty cents for the season and under the penalty of one dollar for neglect.

The company's hours of meeting varied from two o'clock in November to seven in June, and no meetings were held in December, February or March. Various members were "drawn" to see that the "engine is in perfect order after being called out to a fier." Absentees' names were recorded and such were fined for the "good of the company."

The meeting for "chusing officers" was in January, usually at the tavern, and during these twenty years of record Medford had quite a number of innholders, whose names appear. One thing they never failed to do at the October meeting — the committee to provide the supper in November was named. But one record of a supper partaken of is given. Sewell Pierce, Amos Butters and Varnum Pratt were the committee.

November 6th AD 1826 No two Engine Company tuck Supper at W. Westons Tavern in Woburn and thare voted to meat at Wyman & Dexters Tarven in Medford at half past six P.M. Absent at Supper Oliver Wyman and Daniel Simons two members of the Company.

December 18th Ingine No 2 Cald out to a fire Absent Sewell Pierce Thomas Huffmaster Oliver A. Floid Cleon G. Town Frederic A. Kendall

After sixty-five years of service the old "Grasshopper," must have begun to show signs of decrepitude. So the record of January 27, 1828, is pertinent —

Voted that unless the town provide a new Engine we disband ourselves, also voted that James T Floyd Jr F A Kendall & Edward L. Staniels be a committee to communicate the same to the Selectmen & request them to lay the same before the town at the next march meeting.

The next entry is ominous —

The firft Monday in April 1823 no meeting

Reference to the town-meeting records shows that after discussion at several meetings, on April 6, 1829, it was voted "to purchase a new engine for the west part of the town," and the committee for that purpose, Samuel Train, John Bishop, Leonard Bucknam, were directed to dispose of the old engine.

The new engine was called Extinguisher No. 2, and in 1837 received name of General Jackson, in honor of the President. There is no reference to the new one in the old record book, and the last entry is —

Medford January the fifth 1830
Paid to Edward S Staniels forty five cents for services

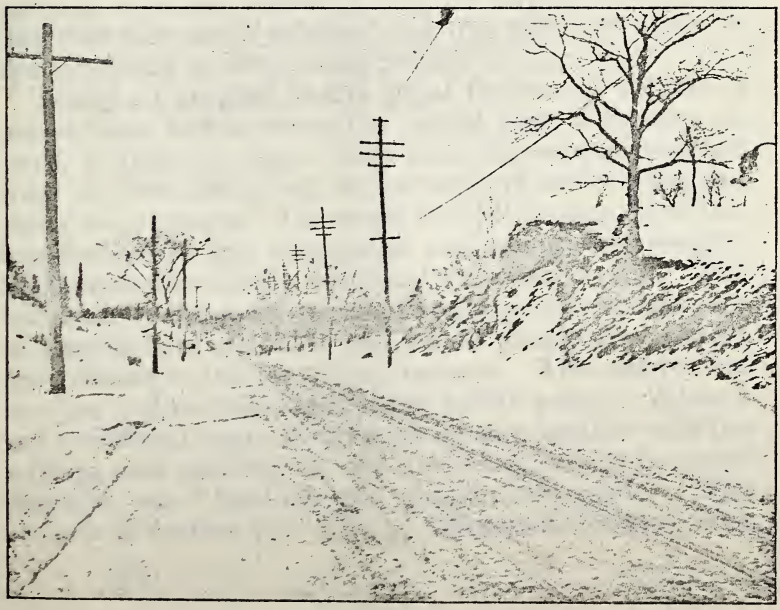
This was according to vote of previous year and the only record we notice of such payment, and follows —

Sewell Pierce agrees to keep the snow from the engine house doors till the first of April for ten cents.

The old Grasshopper went to Upper Medford (Symmes' Corner) for a time, the people there relieving the town of any expense, and lastly was housed in the hearse house at Salem Street Cemetery and finally (see Mr. Hooper's history) sold for twenty dollars when eighty-five years old.

During the writing of this article the motor-driven combination chemical engine of West Medford, returning to its quarters, has passed the writer's open window. It is a far cry from that to the old Grasshopper, which "looked like a tub on a hand-cart," but not much farther than from the old hose carriage the engineers furnished West Medford in 1871.

OLD RAILROAD GRADE.



THROUGH SUGAR-LOAF HILL.

The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XVI. OCTOBER, 1913. No. 4.

VOLUME II OF MEDFORD RECORDS.

BY ALLSTON P. JOYCE, City Clerk.

[Read before the Medford Historical Society, February 17, 1913.]

AT a meeting of the Medford Historical Society, held in the spring of 1905, I had the honor of reading a paper, descriptive of the *first* book of the town records, the same being later published in the REGISTER. In that paper I stated that I was firmly convinced that we have now all the records of the Town of Medford that ever existed (Mr. Brooks and Mr. Usher to the contrary notwithstanding), and gave my reasons for this belief. I find my contention ably seconded in the excellent article of Mr. Hooper, in which he says, "The loss of early town records, so often lamented, may be largely due to the fact that they never existed," and this may well apply to the statement so often made relative to our own.

Tonight I propose to talk about the second volume of our records, which covers the period from February 12, 1718, to June 23, 1735. This is of different dimensions from the first, being 12¾ inches long, 8¾ inches wide, and contains 374 pages. The paper is of the quality made two hundred years ago, substantial and strong, but roughly finished and evidently destitute of any wood pulp. The ink used by the town clerks in writing the records was of a permanent character and would satisfy the present law relative to ink for official records. The entries are as clear and readable as if made within a day. When I say *readable*, I mean they are so by any familiar with the writing and spelling of our ancestors, which in many respects was "fearfully and wonderfully made." The records of the first year were by Thomas Tufts, and when

compared with those of some of his successors, seem to show that his education was far superior to theirs. There are very few errors in spelling, and in this respect he equalled some of our perhaps better educated clerks of the present day. William Willis succeeded him for two years, followed by Benjamin Willis, who was clerk from 1721 to 1726, when William Willis again filled the position for two years. Ebenezer Brooks, Jr., was elected in 1728, and at the March meeting of 1729 was re-elected. There arose a dispute as to the legality of this meeting, and a petition was presented to the General Court by the disaffected ones, which was favorably considered, as appears by the record, a portion of which is as follows:—

In the House of Representatives: April 18th: 1729:

Read and ordered That the prayer of this petition be ſo far Granted as that the Whole of the proceedings of Each Party att the Town Meeting held at Medford on the third Day of March Laſt be and hereby is Superseded and Declared Nu'l Null and Voide and of no force and that Richard Waite late Counſtable of Medford be and hereby is Ordered and Directed forth with to Notifie and Warn the freeholders and Other Inhabitants of Said Town that they Aſſemble and Convene on Munday the Twenty Eighte day of April Corrant at teen of the Clock in the forenoon then and there to Elect and Choose Town Officers for the year Enſuing in and no person but what has been ratted one ſhilling at Least to the Last Province Tax More then The Poole Tax Laid in Said Town Shall be Admitted to Vote in Said Meeting and that the Aſſeſsors that Laid ſaid Tax be directed to Lay the Towns Raite Bill, or Liſt of the Laſt year Before them for the Regulating of the Said Meeting

Then follows the form directing the constable to make a return of his doings on the order, the whole being signed by "William Dudley, Speaker, Joſiah Willard, Sectry." Apparently they had political troubles "in the good Old Colony Times when we lived under the King."

The result of this meeting was the election, among other officers, of Benjamin Willis as town clerk, and it is his writing that appears in the remainder of the book. More than half of the pages of the book are used in the lists of the taxes levied for various purposes. It was the custom whenever a town meeting was held and money

appropriated for any purpose, to order a tax levied to meet the same. If the minister's salary had to be provided, each person was assessed his relative share. If a school was to be kept, the expense must immediately be raised by a tax. So we find separate lists in the same year providing for a "Province Tax," a "Town Rate" (levied semi-annually), a "County Rate," a rate for the "Town Stock of ammunition," a rate for money for a school, and a rate for the minister's salary every six months, making eight tax bills per year. It occurred to me, as I was looking over these lists, that if this custom should now prevail there might be more difficulty in collecting taxes even than there is now. These lists are divided into two and frequently three columns, at the top of which is written "Heads," "Real," "Personal Estate," and the amounts are entered in pounds, shillings and pence. The first list in the book contains eighty-six names and the last one one hundred and eighteen names, an increase of over thirty-seven per cent. in eighteen years. This, of course, practically shows the percentage of increase in the population during the same time. This book, as also the one preceding and the one immediately following, in which are entered similar lists of those assessed for taxes covering the years from 1673 to 1781, inclusive, and containing thousands of names, have all been completely indexed by the card system, giving a reference to every name and to every place which appears in either volume. These lists, you can readily see, practically give a census of the adult male inhabitants during those years. Scattered through the book are entries of the finding of stray cattle of all kinds, which the law required should be recorded in the town records and a description of the animal found, entered therein. Some are quite interesting, as will be seen in the following: —

DECEMR 1th 1719

Taken up A Stray by Thomas Willis Junr of Medford A Dark Brown heifer Adjudged to be about Two Years Olde with some

White on her taile & under her Belly & A piece Cutt of her Right Eare with a Slit & fork In ye Same Where the Owner paying Reasonable Charges May have his Owne Againe

August 13th 1734

Taken up in Damage fesant and Strayd a Brown Cow Judged to be about 7 years old her Naturall mars are a White Spot behind Each Ear —— her Artifitiall mark is a Swallow Tayle in ye Near Ear & a Slit in ye off Ear

Taken up in Dammage fesant by Stephen Larrebe of Medford Five Swine on ye 19th of this Instant & made Strays ye Discription whereof is as followeth (viz) one Learge Sow, Sandy & Spoted with Black & with her Three Piggs or Smale shoats Adjudged to be about Foure or five Months Olde One of them a Boare mostly white Somthing Sandy toward ye Head & one Barrow Shoat which is chiefly Sandy ye Other a Sow Pigg which is all white Except a Blak Spot on her Side And also one Learge Barrow white & Spoted with Black. these are ye marks Given in ye Notifications of sd Swine.

The law relative to such matters is still on the statute books, being first enacted in 1698.

Some of the town meeting warrants are curious, and those for the collection of taxes equally so. One of the latter reads as follows: —

To the Constable of ye Town of Medford *Greeting*

In his Majests Name you are Required to levy & Collect of ye Seveall Persons Named in ye List herewith Commited unto you Each one his Respective proportion therein Sett Down of ye Sume Total of Such List Being A Tax or Assessment Grant-ed and Agreed upon by ye Inhabitants of ye sd Town of Medford Regulerly Assesed for ye Nessesary Charges Arising within the sd Town and to Deliver and pay in ye Sum of Thirty Pounds which you Shall So Levy & Collect unto Dean John Whitmore Treasurer of Sd Town who is Apointed to Receive the Same And to Compleat and make up account of your Collections of the whole Sume att upon or before the Last Day of June next Ensuing and if Any person or persons Shall Refuse or neglect to mak payment of ye Sume or Sumes whereat he or they are respectively Assessed and Sett in the Sd List To Distraine ye Goods or Chattles of such person or persons to ye Value thereof and the Distress or Distresses So Taken you are to Keep by ye Space of four Days att the Coast and charge of ye owner & if ye owner Do not pay ye Sumes or Sumes of money So Assessed with ye said four Days Then ye sd Distress or Distresses So taken you are to Expose and openly Sell At an out crie for ye payment of said Money and Charges Notice of Such Being Posted up in Some

Publick place within y^e^ Same Town Twenty four hours before hand and the overplufs Coming by s^d^ Saile if any befide the Sume or Sumes of y^e^ Afsefsment & Charges of Taking and Keeping of the Difstrefs or Difstrefses to be Immediately Reftored to y^e^ owner And for want of Goods or Chatles whereon to make Difstrefs you are to Seize y^e^ Body or Bodys of y^e^ perfon or perfons so Refufing and him or them Commit unto the Common Goale of ye said Count^e^ ther to remaine untill he or they pay and Satisfie y^e^ Several Sumes or Sumes wherat they are Refpectively Afsefsed as aforesaid unlefs upon Aplication made To the Court of y^e^ Generall Sefsions of y^e^ Peace the sume or any part thereof fhall be abated —

The first record in the book is the warrant issued February 12, 1718, calling the annual March meeting for the election of town officers and the transaction of certain other business, a part of which was "to consider what may be done to defend the Town from charge by strangers coming in." This warrant is followed by the record of the meeting, in which is entered the following: —

MEDFORD March y^e^ 3^d^ 1718

To the Selectmen and Clerk of the Town of Medford.

GENT^MEN^

our desire and Petition to you is that our Town Meeting may be regulated according to Law, for we know that those men that made the law were wifer than we are and there-fore we the Subscribers will by no means be the Breakers of the same and therefore if our Town meeting be not regulated according to law, we must enter this diffent against it.

THOMAS WILLIS SEN^R^	JONATHAN HALL
EBEN^R^ BROOKS	PERCIVALL HALL
PETER TUFTS	FRANCIS WHITMORE
JOHN WHITMORE	THOMAS HALL
SAM^LL^ BROOKS	JOHN WHITMORE
STEPHEN HALL	ISAAC FAREWELL

MEDFORD March y^e^ 3 1718

In Answer to the desire and Request of some of our Inhabitants that our Town Meeting may be regulated according to law we the Subscribers Have openly declared at sd meeting, that those of our Inhabitants and only those, that are worth or have in pofsefsion to the Value of Twenty Pounds Ratable Estate may Vote at sd meeting.

SAM^LL^ WADE
JOHN BRADSHAW } Selectmen
STEP^N^ WILLIS

In the record of this meeting, as also in the warrant calling it, every word is spelled correctly, although capitals are used indiscriminately.

Notwithstanding the report of the selectmen relative to who should have a right to vote in town meetings, as I have read to you, another meeting was called for March 24th, at which the question of the qualification of voters was referred to Mr. Remington and Major Bond for their opinion, they to report at a meeting to be called in May. The meeting was called and evidently they reported, as there was a vote of thanks passed for them at that meeting, but I find nothing in the record to tell what the opinion was.

Town meetings, as you all probably know, were held in the meeting-house, and so continued to be until the formation of the second church in 1824, by which action the church and town became two distinct organizations and the affairs of the church were no longer regulated in town meetings. They were always called "in His Majesty's name," and this custom pertained until the Declaration of Independence in 1776, from which time, until the adoption of our constitution, they were called in the name of the people, and since then in the name of the Commonwealth.

At the meeting of March 24th it was voted that those officers chosen at the annual meeting who had not been "sworn" should be dropped and no record made of the election, and new ones elected. It was a common custom, after the election of selectmen or assessors, to vote to add to the number from one to three more, also to vote each year whether or not to choose a representative to the General Court, and frequently the vote was not to do so. Evidently competition for this office was not as great as it is at the present day. Among the most important offices were those of constable (to which position, if a man was elected, he was obliged to serve or pay an amount to be excused *); tithing-man (whose duty it was

* At March meeting, 1733, Andrew Hall chosen constable and paid £5 to be excused from serving.

to keep order in the church and not allow any one to snore loud enough to disturb the meeting); and hog-reeve, who had charge of the hogs that ran at large to see that they did not trespass or do damage, and to yoke, or ring them through the nose to prevent it.

But I am straying away from the subject a little — that is, telling you what is in Volume II of our records.

On August 18, 1718, it was voted that "every Inhabtant of this Town shall whe^{n} they buy any Se^{r}vant Male or Female Be obleiged to acquaint and inform the Select men of s^{d} Town for their approbation." I think this is the first reference to slavery in the records.

On February 9, 1719, the question of a new meeting-house was raised, and voted not to build one.

On July 20, 1719, education seems to have been called to their attention, as it was voted that "the town will have some meet person to keep a writing school in the town for three or four month in y^{e} winter season." This was done at a town meeting especially called for this purpose and no other action was taken except to appoint a committee to "Treet with Some meet perſone or perſons to Keep A *writing* School in the Town as afore-mentioned." On November 30th the house of Thomas Willis, Jr., was selected as the place where the school should be kept, and on December 11th voted to employ "Mr. Henery Daviſon . . . to Keep A School In Said Town for One q^{r} of A Year Next Enſuing," and to allow him "y^{e} Sume of Three Pound Money for Keepin School the Time above s^{d} and alſo To Diet him for y^{e} time above Said." A committee was appointed to collect by subscription eight pounds for defraying the charges of the school, and in case it could not be so raised to levy a tax on the inhabitants for it. At this time it was also voted that it should be a "writing and A *Reading* School." This was the first public school kept in Medford. In 1647 the General Court had passed an act making it obligatory on towns of fifty families to keep reading and writing schools and towns of one hundred families to have grammar schools.

Evidently Medford had not reached the size demanded by the first requirement until this period. Prior to this time the children obtained what education they received in the neighboring towns where schools existed, or were taught privately. On February 22, 1720, a vote was passed to appoint a committee to "choose a convenient place for setting a schoolhouse" to best accommodate the whole town and report at the March meeting. This committee was appointed, but there is no record of any report from it. The next reference to a school-house is at the meeting of October 5, 1730, when it was again voted to appoint a committee to select a location and report the proper dimensions. On October 19th the committee reported

"That it would be Proper for The Town To Build Their Scoole-Houſe Twenty fouer feet Long & 20 feet wide & Ten feet Stud & The Place The were of oppinion To Build was on The Town Land by The Meeting House Joyning Near Ebeneſer Brooks Jurs land."

This report was accepted and the meeting promptly refused to appropriate any money to construct the building — £80 being desired for the purpose. Compare $400 for the erection of the first school-house with the cost of one today. The school-house, however, was finally built as recommended on what is now High street, on the southerly side, next easterly of Meeting House Brook. This building supplied the wants of the town for educational purposes for over forty years. By vote of town meeting, in December, 1720, two schools were to be established during the coming winter, one in the easterly and one in the westerly part of the town, and on December 26th the committee appointed to arrange for the same reported that Caleb Brooks had been engaged to keep a writing school in the west end for three months at forty shillings per month, and Henry Davison for the easterly part of the town for three months for four pounds and what he could obtain from the scholars. The vote to establish a school during the winter months became an annual custom, but some peculiarities of different years are noted. In 1722 it was voted that persons who send

their children to school shall pay the town three pence per week per scholar, and on December 9, 1725, it was voted to have a reading, writing and ciphering school for three months.

A large part of the business at the town meetings was the consideration of matters pertaining to the meeting house. On March 7, 1720, it was voted to select five gentlemen in some of the neighboring towns to decide whether to build a new meeting house or enlarge the old one and to stand by their decision. How well they kept their agreement to stand by the decision of these men is shown in that on May 19th following it was voted not to raise any money for a new meeting house, and on February 20, 1721, it was voted not to "except of y^e^ Reſult of y^e^ Comt^e^ Refering to a meeting houſe for Medford as A perfect Result According To y^e^ Votes of y^e^ Town." This action did not suit some of those interested, as twenty of the apparently most prominent citizens entered their "Decent againſt y^e^ Towns proceedings In y^e^ above writen Vote for y^e^ following Reaſons (To Wit)." Then follow four reasons stating that the town voted to abide by the report of the committee selected, that the committee met and declared its decision, that by the result of the report and vote relative to it, the inhabitants were obliged to procure land for the erection of a new meeting house, and in accordance with such result the committee had procured land at their own cost, "and for theſe & y^e^ like Reaſons we Ent^r^ against s^d^ Vote as being Illeagall and unjuſt."

This protest did not seem to have much effect, as there does not appear to have been any action taken on it. On May 17, 1721, one of the articles in the warrant was "to know y^e^ Minds of the town Concerning some persons that have been in vited into the Meeting hous and have not been accomidted" and it was voted a committee be appointed to invite Mr. John Tufts of Charlestown to sit at the table in the meeting house and also his wife to sit in Captain Tufts' pew by his consent.

On January 23, 1722, Rev. Aaron Porter, who had been

minister nine years died, and the town voted to allow £20 for funeral, a large part of which, I suppose, was spent for the entertainment common on such occasions.

On March 5th, following, the town voted to allow 10s per sermon "to these persons that Shall preach y^e^ word of God in y^e^ s^d^ town" and all persons who contributed to have their taxes reduced by such amount. A committee was appointed to supply the pulpit.

On May 8th it was voted to appoint a committee to consult with the president and fellows of Harvard College and ask their advice concerning what proper methods may be most suitable for the town to proceed to obtain a minister, and also advice and direction as to some suitable to preach and settle.

On June 18th it was voted to proceed according to advice and keep a day of fasting and prayer for direction in settling a minister and to send to Revs. Mr. Coleman, Fox, Hancock, Brown and Appleton, and desire them to come and help the town in keeping it. Mr. Hancock, who was the grandfather of the revolutionary patriot of the same name, had previously preached in Medford, and Mr. Coleman was minister at the Brattle Street Church in Boston.

On July 19th the town voted to build a new meeting house. As frequently the custom when action was taken which did not suit a number, a protest was filed, signed by two of the selectmen and twelve others against such action.

In October it voted to hire Samuel Dexter as minister and give him £100 in bills of credit of the Province or passable bills of credit for encouragement in settling, but he did not conclude to come, although he was again urged to do so in the following February.

On November 18, 1723, it was voted to request Nathaniel Leonard to settle at £60 first year, to be increased £5 per year until it should amount to £80, together with strangers' money, and in the next February they offered him £80 and the strangers' money to settle, but the bait didn't seem attractive.

May 25, 1724, it was voted to hear Mr. Turell preach two days and Mr. Lowell preach one day, the church then to make a nomination, and the meeting was adjourned three weeks, at which time a choice was to be made, and it was voted to set apart the 15th day of June as a day of fasting and prayer, that God would please to direct the affairs of that day in the choice of a minister, and to request Revs. Mr. Coleman, Brown and Appleton to assist on that day, and the meeting adjourned to meet on the evening of the fast day. The final result was that Rev. Ebenezer Turell was chosen at a salary of £90 per year and strangers' money, which was increased to £100 in September; and he continued as minister for fifty years.

April 20, 1725, it was voted to build a new meeting house and then voted not to appropriate money for the purpose.

On January 10, 1726, a vote was finally passed to purchase of John "Allbry" an acre of land adjoining Marrabell's brook to build thereon a new meeting house, and on January 24th the town voted to buy the land for £55 and appropriated £200 towards the construction of the building, which was afterwards decided should be 52 feet long, 38 feet wide and 33 feet posts.

On March 7, 1726, the town voted to "have A Steeple Built To The New Meeting Houſe."

Votes were afterwards passed to appropriate more money for construction and furnishing, but the several amounts are so intermixed that I think it would take some one more astute than myself to decide what was actually appropriated and spent.

The first meeting was held in the new meeting house, by vote of the town, on Sunday, September 3, 1727.

Much legislation was necessary to settle the right of ownership of the pews, their location, size, etc. A committee was appointed to adjust these matters and lay out the plan for the pews. A list of those to whom they were assigned by this committee appears in the records, there being twenty-eight of them, and in this list at least six different sizes are given, ranging from 4 feet 4 inches

to 5 feet 9 inches, and a list of the price of each pew follows. Each one built his pew and some were allowed the privilege of passing others, without trespass, in order to reach their own. Another committee was appointed later to lay out pews in the space not used. Disputes immediately arose relative to these assignments, for, strange to relate, even members of the church do not always dwell in harmony. Suits were entered in the courts and the matter was even carried to the General Court, which appointed a committee to give hearings and take evidence pro and con, and "Determine the Said Disputes & Controverfies." Those connected with the disputes filed bonds to be bound by the decision to be given. The committee rendered a decision which made several changes in the ownership and other things in controversy. The town voted to accept the result and conditions as expressed in the report of the committee, and I suppose the dove of peace hovered over the meeting house for a time.

The *old* meeting house was finally sold after several votes relative thereto, and permission was given to certain ones to build stables (sheds I suppose we would call them) in the rear of the meeting house.

The records of these years, while largely devoted to matters of which I have spoken, do occasionally refer to other things. Politics seem to have been as prominent in those times, proportionately, as is the case today. Disputes arose, votes were passed and protested, officials elected and afterwards declared to be illegally chosen, and all the excitement of the present-day town meetings and elections seems to have prevailed. Several town meetings were declared invalid in their entire procedure by order of the General Court.

In 1721 there appears to have been an epidemic of small-pox, for on October 12th of that year it was voted to turn the road by "Icobod peirces house and out by samue^{ll} pollys so long as it shall be needed by Refon of y^{e} small pox being at Jonathan pollys and also by Keeping a gard at y^{e} said pollys hous" and it was also voted to

provide a house to "Stand Ready for y^e^ Remaining of Any perſons to that Shall be thought to have taken y^e^ Small pox In y^e^ said town."

The burial lot, which is a part of the Salem street cemetery, bought of Aaron Cleveland, an ancestor of our former President, was fenced by vote of May 12, 1718. Later, on December 10, 1733, I find a vote "to fence the front of the burying ground with good red cedar posts and white pine boards and make a gate — handsome double gates and color the same red."

In the early part of the eighteenth century the people of Medford began to feel that the territory of the town was too small, and took action looking toward increasing its size. Efforts were made several times to have a part of Charlestown annexed, and on March 19, 1733, a committee of three was appointed to treat with the inhabitants of Malden, those that dwelt on Wilson's farm (Wellington) and the inhabitants of Charlestown (those on the northerly side of the town extending to the Stoneham line and westerly, including "Gardener's" farm) about their being annexed. The line of Medford at this time was only one mile from the river to the north, and what is now mostly Middlesex Fells was then called the Charlestown wood lots, to reach which Fulton street was laid out. This committee does not seem to have accomplished anything, but in 1754 the General Court, on petition of many prominent citizens of Medford, added to our territory from Charlestown the section on the north to the Stoneham line and the part south of the river to about what is now the Somerville line.

On September 17, 1734, I find this entry: "Put to Vote wheth all Negro Indian and Melatto Servants that are found abroad without Leave and not on their maſters buſineſs Shall be takin up and whiped ten Stripes on their Naked back by any freeholder of this Town and be Carryed to their Reſpective Maſters ad y^e^ Said Maſters Shall be obliged to Pay the Sum of two Shillings & Sixpence in Money to y^e^ ſaid Perſon that Shall So Do.

Voted In y^e^ affirmative."

The article in the warrant calling the meeting relative to this matter reads: "Also to Know the Mind of the town whether they will make any by Law about Negrof being out unſeaſonably at Night."

This vote, together with the one I previously referred to in regard to the people reporting to the selectmen when servants were bought, are the only references to slavery in the book.

There was also another article in the warrant which I perhaps may call unique. It reads: "Also whether they will Do any thing whereby Dogs may be Prevented making Diſturbance in the Houſe of God on y^e^ Lords Day." I do not find any account of the action on this article.

I might continue the account of these various records longer, but lest I tax your patience will close with thanks for your attention and the privilege of addressing you.

A PROJECTED MEDFORD RAILROAD.

MR. BROOKS, in his history of Medford, devoted but sixty lines to the subject of railroads, carefully tucked away in the chapter on roads or highways, and mentioned three corporations. These were the Boston and Lowell, Medford Branch and Stoneham Branch. The success attending the building of the Medford Branch, chartered in 1845, caused Stoneham people to attempt the latter enterprise. They obtained their first charter April 27, 1847, as an extension of the Medford Branch, with the proviso that organization and location be made within one year, and construction within three years. So little was done, however, that on April 21, 1848, the general court extended the time of location to April 23, 1849.

As the conditions were not met, this charter lapsed, and on May 15, 1852, a second charter was granted. Mr. Brooks names Thaddeus Richardson, Amasa Farrar and William Young as corporators. Mr. Farrar was a

civil engineer and probably surveyed the route the road was to take.

By the charter provision it could connect with either the Medford Branch or the Boston and Lowell. To either of these roads the new could sell, the purchasing road increasing its capital stock therefor. The charter named the capital stock of the new road as $100,000, and forbade beginning the construction till one-fifth of that sum had been paid in. On May 13, 1852, the time was extended to May 1, 1853, and on April 29, 1853, a further extension of three months was granted.

The work of construction began. Mr. Brooks records, "It was graded from Stoneham into the bounds of Medford, when its construction was suddenly stopped."

After sixty years have elapsed it is of interest to trace its course in Medford as far as may be seen, and incidentally to think what the development of Medford territory might have been had the railroad been built.

Twenty years before, Purchase (now Winthrop) street was built from the old Woburn road, just north of Whitmore Brook, in a comparatively straight course to the angle of old High street now called Winthrop Square. This formed a shorter and more level route from Medford's adjoining town of Woburn, and led to the building (across Meeting-house Brook and the marsh) of Winthrop street, where were the "upper ship-yards."

In the fifteen years since the Boston and Lowell railroad was built, rapid strides had been made in engineering, and this new road was to overcome as much elevation in three miles as the former did in twenty.

Its steepest grades were at its northern portion, in the adjacent border of Stoneham and Woburn, then through the level of South Woburn, which had just been incorporated as Winchester, along and across the old mill pond and crossing the main highway near the present parkway. It followed the valley of the Aberjona till the old boundary between Woburn and Medford was reached, there it curved eastward and crossed the highway at Symmes'

Corner, as that part of Upper Medford was and still is called. To this point the last half mile had been up grade in the side of the hill, but from thence the grade required a cut of more or less depth till the present Medford boundary line was crossed.

At various places along the line in Winchester and Medford may still be found traces of the work in the cuts and embankments made, while the stone bridge built over Whitmore Brook still remains, though a few rods away all trace of the roadbed disappears where Whitmore road enters the Fells reservation. Southward the elevation of Ram's Head slopes down to Winthrop street so steeply as to raise the query as to how the railroad was to pass without crossing it twice at grade to connect with the visible remains of the work farther on.

Near the entrance to the Medford Almshouse is a well-preserved embankment in which trees have grown, which was built across the meadow through which flows the Albree Brook. A narrow strip of this meadow lies between the highway and the railroad embankment and sometimes holds water. This is often mistaken by passers-by for a remnant of the Middlesex Canal. (The writer has several times heard it thus spoken of by some in the trolley cars in passing.) The statement is about a mile from being correct. At the end of this embankment is a rock cut through the edge of Sugar-loaf Hill, and next is the lane leading northward into the Fells. There all trace of the roadbed ceases, though it was probably graded further ere work was suspended, and we may be curious as to the cause. Whether the work was begun and "ground broken with ceremony" at Stoneham is uncertain. As to the Medford end of it, let us call in Caleb Swan, who grew up to manhood in Medford, and get his story as he wrote, in (about) 1856, with the case fresh in his mind: —*

* Mr. Swan was a brother of the two he refers to. The "fine old mansion" still remains, though moved a little from its site which was closer to High street, and the wing and cupola added and otherwise remodeled by the late A. D. Puffer in 1871.

The Stoneham Rail Road was intended by its projectors in Stoneham only to go to Winchester, where the Lowell cars go to Boston 11 times a day, — in an evil hour the route was changed, to come down through Medford,—crossing the Medford road at Mr. Swan's land and again at the Medford Bridge — thus coming through the heart of the town.

The Town was entirely opposed to it, and at a Town Meeting a vote was passed *intending* to instruct the Selectmen to oppose it — but the vote was worded by Mr. Perry for the selectmen "to do what they thought most for the interest of the town," and under this wording they *favored the road*, Mr. P. C. Hall being chairman of the selectmen.

In locating the road through Mr. Benj. L. Swan's land Richardson the President had it laid out *down through the garden*, *within thirty feet of the house*, — thus wantonly and unnecessarily destroying the value of that old mansion as a pleasant residence! — when the proper and natural route, was along through the meadow not Six Rods distant from the garden — more level and as short a distance.

To protect their property from this wanton destruction Dr. Swan (for his property front of his house) and B. L. Swan (for the Homestead) brought suits in the Supreme Court against the road, on the ground that the Stock had not been taken *by responsible parties*, as required by the Charter.

Cahill, of Worcester, the contractor, who took [$] 55,000 of the Stock was proved to be bankrupt, his property in Worcester mortgaged, and he did not pay his mechanics in Worcester.—Yet Judge Myrick's decision was "that as Cahill *had complied with previous contracts* he might comply with this and be able to pay for the stock"!! and therefore was *a responsible person.*

but although the relief the Messrs. Swan's sought for was not obtained from the Court, yet it was obtained from public opinion,— for after the disclosures made on the trial, of the entire bankruptcy of Cahill, and of the whole concern, they could not borrow or fleece the public out of another dollar, — they could get no more money to pay the laborers, and they consequently broke down and failed in July 1853—just as they were on the point of entering Mr. Swan's land He had accidentally heard in Boston (not from Mr. Perry his Lawyer) of a late law requiring a road to fence the land, before entering upon it, — and on demanding this of them, they could not get money to buy materials to do it and had to stop work; the next day they would have entered upon Mr. Swan's land and commenced the destruction of his garden.

Mr. Russell's farm west of the Town Poor house is nearly destroyed by their coming over the best part of his land, — which he gave the Road.

Mr. Peter C. Hall and Mr. Hastings wanted the road to improve the value of their land for house lots — and to effect this they were willing to see their neighbor's farms broken up and destroyed.

Mr. John Bigelow; Mr. Thatcher Magoun, Jr.; Mr. Holman; Mr. Howe; Dr. Bemis; Dr. Swan; Mr. Dudley Hall; Mr. Joseph Manning; Mr. George Porter (probably); all are opposed to the road coming through Medford.

Mr. Angier, doubtful; Mr. Perry, do. — he entirely opposed its coming through *his own* land.

The town records show that after the abandonment of the work, action was taken to repair damage caused thereby. It would seem that work had extended to Purchase street and perhaps crossed both the Albree and Meeting-house brooks. According to Mr. Swan's figures the railroad would have crossed High street about midway between the brook and the square, and so paralleled lower High street, passing behind the town hall, crossed Main street and connected with the Medford Branch; thus Medford would have ceased to be a terminal station. This last was eminently distasteful to "them of old time."

In the work accomplished a large portion of the entire distance was covered, but the most difficult sections as regarded land damages and bridges yet remained.

Mr. Brooks also said, "that its course through Medford may be changed and the whole road completed is probable." Prior to the time of his writing, viz., April 19, 1854, the Legislature authorized the construction of the railroad "from its location in Medford to the B. & M. in Somerville or the B. & L. in Winchester, with discontinuance of part of present location." Also, "may increase capital stock to $200,000, time of construction three years."

This latter was what was finally done under a third charter, several years later, connecting with the Boston and Lowell just below its old flag-station of "East Woburn & Stoneham." The new station was called by the appropriate name Montvale. By this about five miles of the earlier route were abandoned, half of which nearly paralleled the Lowell tracks, in some places but a few

rods away. Winchester, just incorporated, was favorable to the early scheme; some of its people "took stock in it." In its youthful municipal enthusiasm a brass band, a military company and various societies were there formed, also a gas company. After a time the wind gave out, "the guns have gone off" (the Lawrence Light Guard is now at Medford under its charter) and the gas works, erected beside the new railroad location at the old Medford boundary, went to ruin.

It seems remarkable that in the eighty years since Purchase street was opened that but ten houses have been built beside it. Four are near Winthrop Square, and three of these date from more recent years. One was erected three years since, one in the '80s, while one was moved from High and Allston streets at about the time of the railroad enterprise, leaving three probably erected in the early '50s.

Mr. Brooks mentions twelve and Mr. Swan eleven trains daily, probably excellent accommodation at that time.

Mr. Usher makes mention of Mr. Lothrop, who lived in one of the three houses named, who had in the thirty years walked 17,264 miles to and from the West Medford station in his daily trip to Boston. Surely this railroad close by his own door would have been a convenience, a saving of effort and shoe leather. Steam was, of course, to have been its motive power, but when electricity was thus utilized there came this way through Winthrop street the modern trolley, not only twelve times, but quarter-hourly, or some sixty times a day. In its track, just below Sugar-loaf Hill, is a switch, signal, and the "ledge turnout."

The old lane still retains its sinuous course, elm-shaded from the mulberry tree and out-cropping ledge at Wyman street, and after crossing the highway and track, leads past the rock cut and past one secluded dwelling to Cedar Hill. Lily-pond lane is a rare example of an old-time wood road crossing a modern, much-

used and yet lonely thoroughfare, and this within six miles of the State House. The question naturally arises, Would this condition exist had that railroad been completed and operated? Would not Medford have grown here, as elsewhere, a residential section?

It is a coincidence that Medford, at about the same time, established nearby its almshouse and cemetery. People naturally keep from both as long as possible. It was once (and long since) satirically said in town meeting that prosperity would only come to Medford after some first-class funerals. Without any thought of personal reflection, we may add there surely has time enough elapsed for them to have occurred.

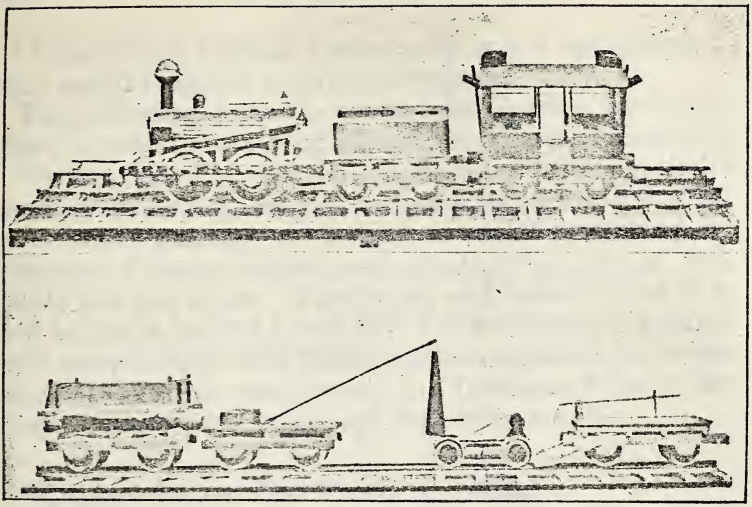
Winchester is growing in worthy style toward Medford line. The silent city of Oak Grove on the one side and the narrow strip of Park Reservation on the other, must ever lie between, but there is an opportunity on the Medford side, along the old railroad location, for excellent home sites and tasteful, comfortable homes of a thrifty people, beautiful as any for situation, and backed all the way by our great natural park, Middlesex Fells.

M. W. M.

A QUERY ANSWERED.

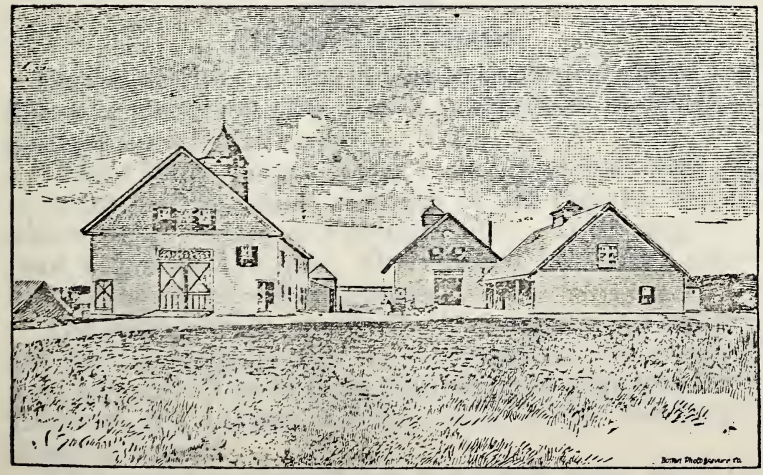
On page 97, Vol. XV, of the REGISTER, is a quotation from Francis Parkman (written in 1845) relating to a "navy surgeon at Medford," followed by the editor's query, "Who was he?"

Mr. Francis Wait writes, referring to Parkman's stay in Medford: "In those days a Colonel Jaques lived at Ten Hills Farm-house, which was a short distance over the line in Charlestown (now Somerville) and set some way back from Medford turnpike. I have seen Jaques ride through Medford on gunning trips with his hounds following, and sometimes on the return home there would be one or more dogs hours behind him. I have been told the story of his swapping horses with a man in Charlestown Square, after which he told him to examine the horse's eyes, one of which was artificial.



FIRST ENGINE AND CARS, B. & L. R. R.

Photographed from models made by Waterman Brown of Woburn, Mass., early and till his death in the service of the railroad company.



ELMS FARM BARNS.

Courtesy of B. J. Griffiths.

"I think that Colonel Jaques, who was a veterinary, if not a naval surgeon, answers the query."

The following, from the *Somerville Journal* Souvenir, 1892, is communicated by Mrs. H. M. Heald of that city:

"About 1830 Col. Samuel Jaques bought the Ten Hills estate, and one hundred and six gentlemen furnished $300 each for the purpose of starting a model farm held by trustees. Colonel Jaques was noted for his love of field sports and the chase. His horses and hounds (and it is said he had a pack of forty) were known for miles around. As a steeplechase rider he was seldom equalled, but *never* excelled. In this vicinity and in Middlesex Fells, in the hunting season, his bugle call was daily heard.

. . . . . .

"Colonel Jaques died March 27, 1859."

Mr. Parkman was in error as to the colonel's residing in Medford. His home, the old Temple mansion in Charlestown (now Somerville) was demolished in 1877, and much of its elevated site was used in filling the marsh land along the Mystic. Being so near the border it was a natural error for Mr. Parkman to fall into, as may be seen by the observations we have noted.

ALONG THE TRACK.

By the courtesy of Mr. Hodgdon we are furnished the following items from the *sixth* annual report of the Boston and Lowell Railroad: —

"Eight levels, length 18,443 feet; 18 inclines from 2.6 to 30.46 feet per mile. Length in all, 136,019 feet, of which $18\frac{3}{8}$ miles are in a straight line. Total length of road, $25\frac{3}{4}$ miles, $59\frac{7}{10}$ feet. One curve in Medford is 2,800 feet radius, all others are greater."

The rolling stock consisted of "6 engines, 29 passenger cars, 3 baggage and 99 merchandise cars, costing $111,037.02." Two of these engines were imported from England, the others probably built in the company's shops at Lowell.

This report was issued two and a half years after the

opening of the road. Less than half of its second track was then laid, as the outlay to date exceeded the capital stock of $1,500,000 by $8,400. Enough rails of the "fish-belly type" had been purchased in England to lay both, but sold without loss for lack of capital to finish the work. Note illustration, and contrast the first (English) engine and cars with those now used, and their four round trips with the present daily traffic through Medford.

THE ELMS FARM BARNS.

Allusion has been made in a former issue to the passing of the Brooks estate at West Medford. Near the site of the great barns, modern dwellings have been erected and are in occupancy. As a memory of the past, the REGISTER presents a view of the buildings destroyed by incendiary fire in the early morning hours of July 13, 1910. These replaced others of equal size destroyed by a lightning fire July 12, 1888, one of which was erected by Gilbert Lincoln after the destruction by incendiaries of one on August 10, 1855. This, erected during the absence of Mr. Edward Brooks in Europe, was on a massive basement of Medford granite that withstood both conflagrations, but is now entirely removed.

At the erection of those last built there was an old-fashioned "raising" (of which photographs were made), and refreshments served to the company. Ham & Hopkins were the builders and made record time in their excellent work, that the season's hay could be housed and the business of the farm continue.

SOME OLD VERSES.

Among the manuscripts preserved in the Society's rooms are some verses supposed to have been written nearly a century since by a Medford man, who was a schoolmaster. Well worth reading today, the REGISTER presents them: —

ON BOOKS.

Books, of all earthly things my chief delight,
My exercise by day, my dreams by night;
Dispafsioned masters, Friends without deceit,
Who flatter not; companions ever sweet;
With whom I'm always cheerful, from whom rise
Improved and better, if not good and wise;
Grave faithful counsellors, who all excite,
Instruct and strengthen to behave aright;
Admonish us when Fortune makes her court
And when she's absent, solace and support.
Happy the man to whom ye are well known;
'Tis his own fault if ever he's alone.

PLEASURE.

Ah, fly, incautious Youth the flattering snare,
Which pleasure spreads to lure thee to her Gate;
In her soft Courts conceal'd pale Want and Care,
And dire Disease, and keen Remorse await;
These Fiends shall drive thee from her dazzling shrine,
And swift to Infamy's dread Cave consign.

—*Andrew Hall.*

THE SOCIETY'S WORK.

The published History of Medford is the work of Rev. Charles Brooks, 1855, reprinted with some omissions and little addition by Mr. Usher in 1885.

Twenty years later (in the necessarily limited space of ninety pages allotted him by the publishing committee) Mr. Hooper covered the entire period of Medford's existence in a concise and interesting compilation of historic facts. These he combined with some results of his own research and illustrated it by maps.

Ten years before this, however, the Historical Society was formed, one of its objects being to gather such facts relative to Medford history, near and remote, as were likely to be lost or forgotten. It has sought to do this by papers and addresses, many of which have appeared in the REGISTER. During the past season they have been as follows: —

October 21. — "Distinguished Guests and Residents in Medford." Miss Eliza M. Gill.
November 18. — "The Roman Catholic Church in Medford." Mrs. Louise F. Hunt.
December 16. — "Milestones in and around Boston." Charles F. Read, Esq.
January 20. — "Old Salem Street." Miss Helen T. Wild.
February 17. — "Old Medford Records." Allston P. Joyce, Esq.
March 17. — "John Trumbull, Painter of the Revolution." Mr. Samuel Abbott.
April 21. — "The Massacre at Lancaster and the Story of Mrs. Rowlandson." Mrs. Augusta R. Brigham.
May 19. — "The Romance of Records." Rev. Arthur W. H. Eaton, D.C.L.

On Saturday evening, May 3, at a special meeting, Mr. F. H. C. Woolley exhibited his water-color of the *Pilgrim*, and told the story of this last Medford ship.

The society rooms have been open to members on Saturday evenings, and members are privileged to invite friends to the meetings. It is to be regretted that more do not avail themselves of the opportunity and become acquainted with our work, and also that our limited means prohibit the opening of the rooms to the public on stated *days*.

With this issue the REGISTER completes its sixteenth volume. There is but little on its nearly two thousand pages that is foreign to Medford, and much that can be found *thus* in print nowhere else. It is the result of the painstaking work, a labor of love, of many who claim Medford as home. Not all the story of the remote past of our ancient town has been as yet written. There are certainly many events and items of more recent time well worth notice. And this for the bettering of the city that is and is to be.

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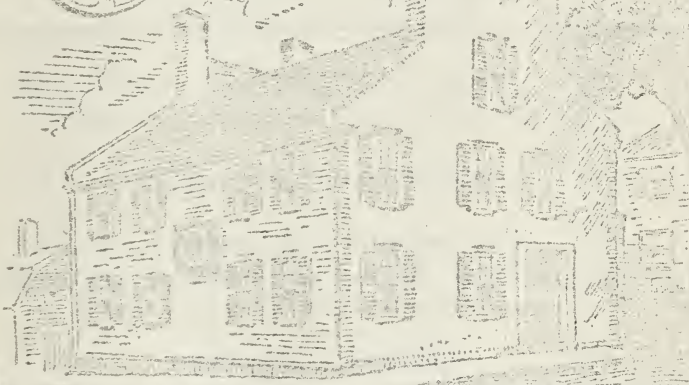
HISTORICAL REGISTER



JANUARY, 1913

PUBLISHED BY THE

MEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY

MEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

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Entered as second-class matter, under the act of July 16, 1894, Medford Station, Boston, Massachusetts.

MEDFORD HISTORICAL REGISTER.

Published quarterly (January, April, July, and October)

BY THE

Medford Historical Society,

AT

No. 2 Ashland Street, Medford, Mass.

Subscription price, one dollar a year, postpaid. Single copies, 25 cents.

For sale at the Society Rooms and by the Treasurer.

Publication Committee.

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Exchange list in charge of GEO. S. T. FULLER, 7 Alfred Street.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to the Medford Historical Society, in the city of Medford, Mass., the sum of _____ Dollars for the general use and purposes of said Society.

(Signed) _____

WILLIAM, JR., PRINTER, MEDFORD.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP AND MANAGEMENT
OF HISTORICAL REGISTER.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY AT MEDFORD, MASS.

As required by Act of August 24, 1912.

Editor: MOSES W. MANN, 138 Boston Avenue, West Medford.
Business Manager: GEO. S. T. FULLER, 7 Alfred Street, Medford.
Publishers: MEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 2 Ashland Street, Medford.

Owners:
MEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Medford, Mass.

Known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders, holding 1 % or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities,
None.

(Signed) GEO. S. T. FULLER,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 5th day of October, 1912.
(Signed) ROSEWELL B. LAWRENCE,
Justice of the Peace.

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1896

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